

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

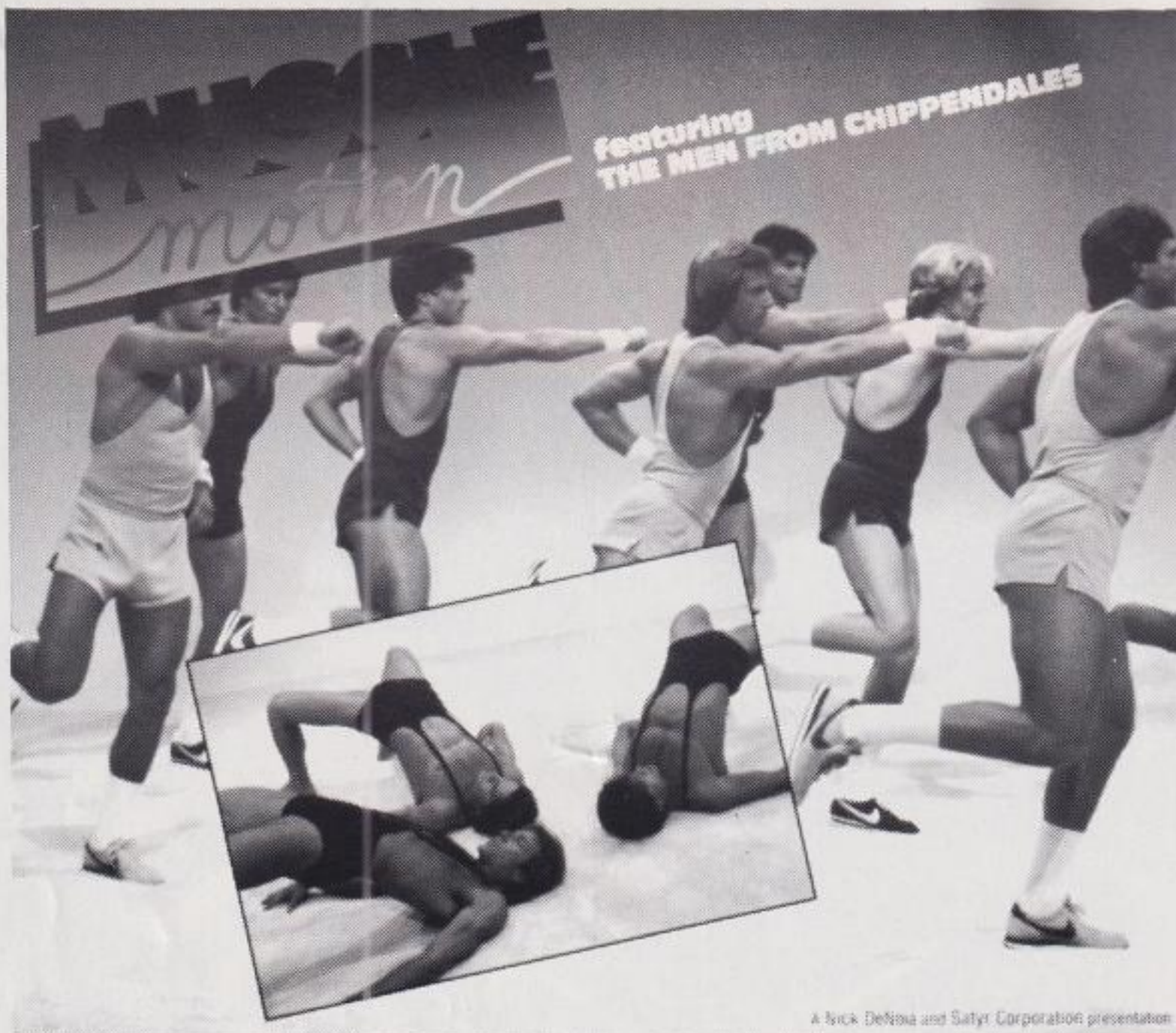
3⁹⁵

I WAS
LOANED
OUT TO
BE USED
FOR AN
EXPERIMENT!

BONDAGE

THIS ISSUE IS FULL OF IT!

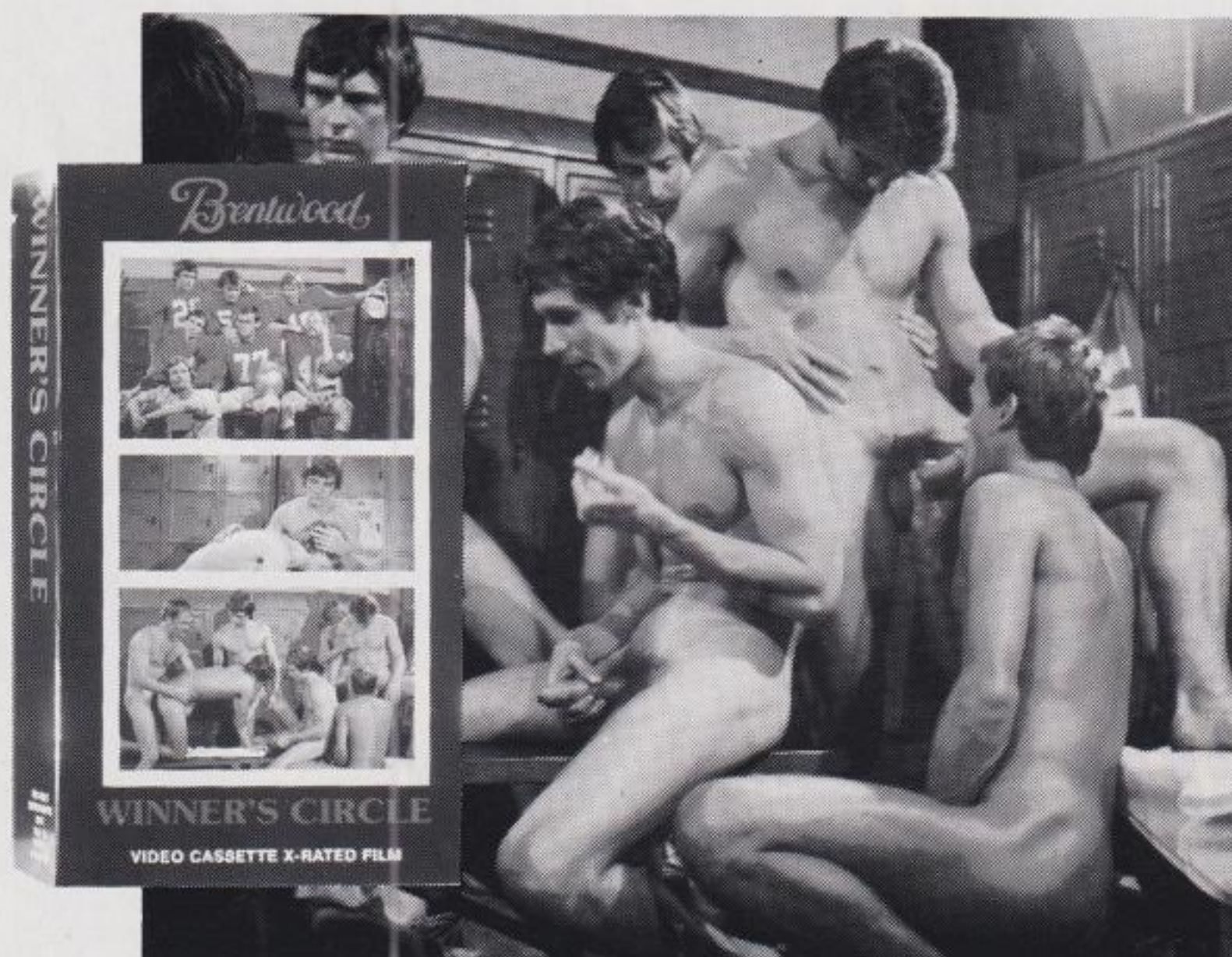
ISSUE 72



MUSCLE MOTION

There is nothing like the Chippendale Men, and there has never been an experience like *MUSCLE MOTION*, a unique video cassette created by the most famous male strippers in America. Structured as a series of aerobic exercises featuring one or more of the hot Chippendale Men, *MUSCLE MOTION* will put you through your paces as you watch these handsome, muscular, athletic guys work up one sweat after another. The single most erotic look at exercise ever filmed, *MUSCLE MOTION* will become the most watched cassette in your video library.

VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**



WINNERS CIRCLE

Leave the football field with the players and go into the locker room. A full team of beautiful hunks stripped and hot, grab-assing and messing around until it turns into a full-fledged orgy. These athletes are hung, hot and horny. One of Brentwood's finest films! One hour.

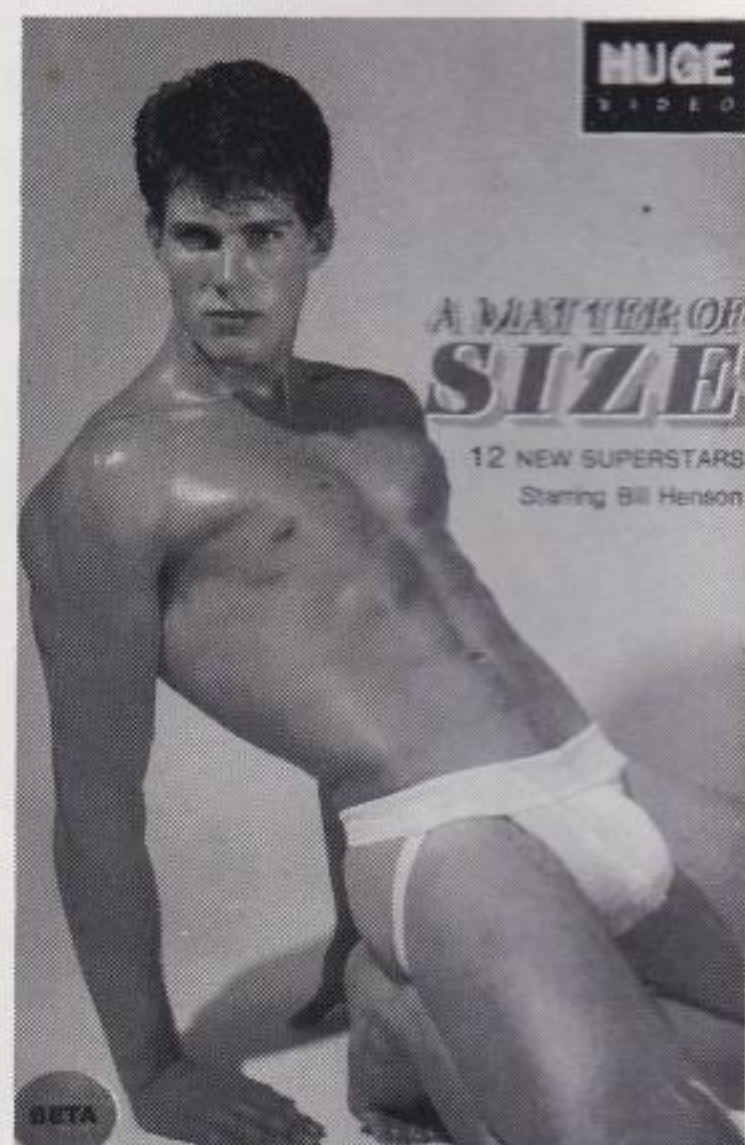
VHS/BETA **59⁹⁵**



FALCONHEAD

Michael Zen's mystical and sensual tale of what happens to a number of men who come together under the power of the Falconhead and his mirror of lust. One of the finest, most creative gay films ever made. Starring Joe Dietrich, Adrian Wade, and introducing the powerful, menacing Dante. Plus an award-winning short film, *Tattoo*, that explores the mystique and pain of body decoration.

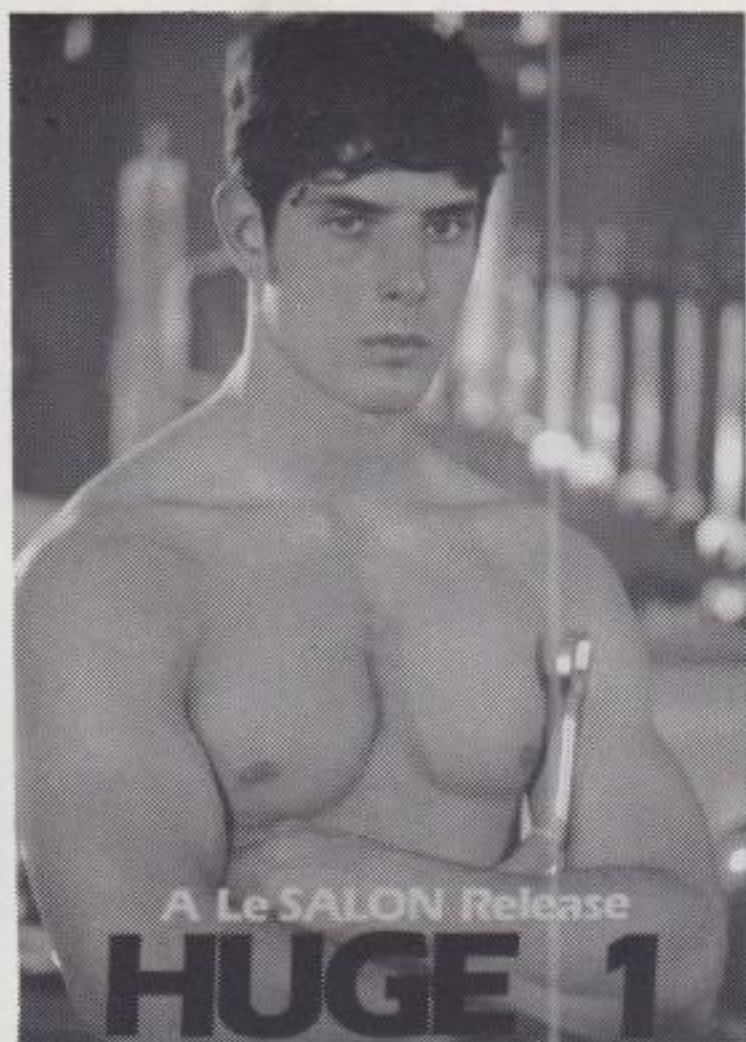
VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**



A MATTER OF SIZE

The explosive new package from Huge Video of 12 of the biggest new stars on the video screen: legendary Bill Henson, strikingly handsome Brian Michaels, muscular Eric Stryker, sultry Doug Weston, ultra-macho Lance Chisholm (and others) in a non-stop hour of some of the finest action from the best hung of the new breed! The one video cassette you will want to watch over and over and over...

VHS/BETA **69⁹⁵**



A LeSALON Release

HUGE 1

HUGE ONE

It's a slice of porn history—the debut of Lee Ryder, the biggest hunk since the legendary John Holmes, and one of the most popular of the screen's new superstars! In *HUGE ONE* he is pitted against the tight bodies of Mike Weldon, Steve Rossi, Brian Spence, Rick Jensen and Matt Stoker; each a powerful hunk in his own right. Plus: Joe Reeve and Mark Hunter tangle in a bout of supermeat meets supermuscle. A solid hour of solid-weight action!

VHS/BETA **59⁹⁵**



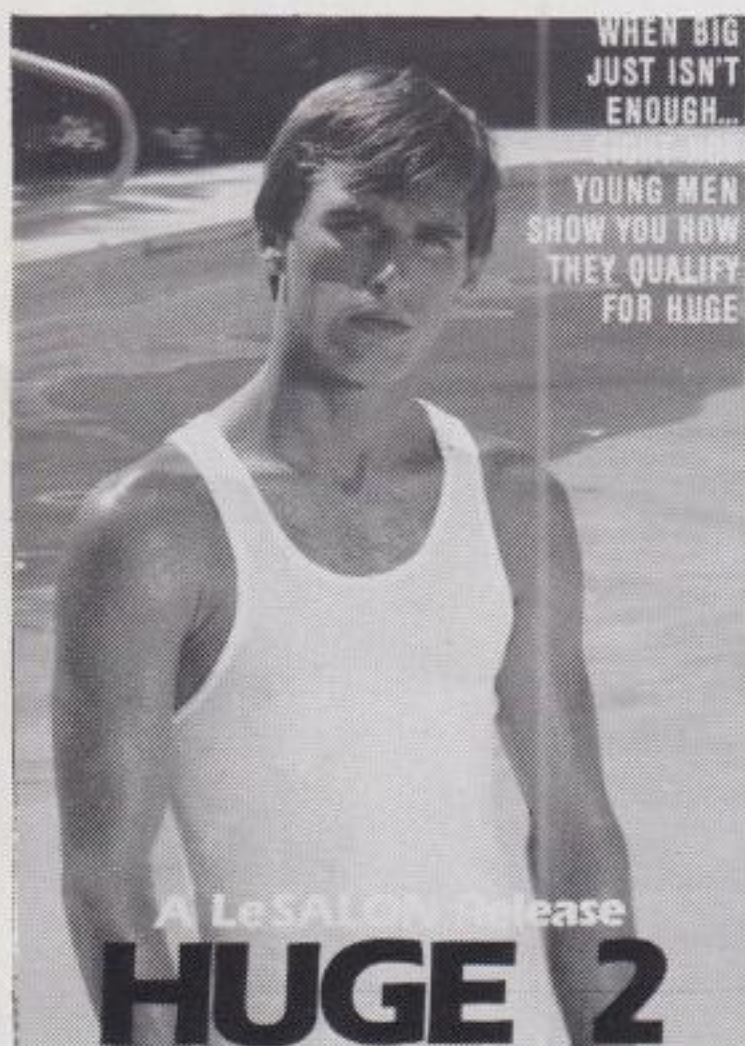
BORN TO RAISE HELL

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of VAL MARTIN and why the L.A.P.D. has never let it be shown commercially in Los Angeles. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatre film, The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to finally be able to offer it to you.

"BORN TO RAISE HELL is a ninety-minute hard-on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather S/M."

Robert Payne DRUMMER

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**



A LeSALON Release

HUGE 2

HUGE TWO

Eight of the biggest and the best make for an hour of heart-pounding action: Lee Ryder and Mike Stoker use pumping iron as an excuse for pumping meat; Andy Fuller and Peter Hansen give a new meaning to "bare-ass" in the woods; Steve Sprague and Chris Randall will amaze you with their relentless, throat-stretching encounter; and Doug Miller finishes the package with Mitch Helms in one of the most sensuous encounters between two men ever filmed. *HUGE TWO* is the only possible sequel to *HUGE ONE*!

VHS/BETA **59⁹⁵**

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- ☐ FALCONHEAD \$79⁹⁵
- ☐ A MATTER OF SIZE \$69⁹⁵

- ☐ HUGE ONE \$59⁹⁵
- ☐ HUGE TWO \$59⁹⁵
- ☐ BORN TO RAISE HELL \$79⁹⁵

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DRUMMER



More pages of original artwork and fiction than any other Gay publication

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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More fan mail for the D.I., and some Finn mail to boot.
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Domination carried to the severest degree—and the aftermath. A story to blow you away. Click, click, click...
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- 94 IN PASSING**
Here's looking at you, kitty.

Cover and Opposite Page: Washday chores got you down? Grab a slave and get rid of that frustration! Photos by Close Up.

GETTING OFF

Unlike in New York (both city and state), gays and liberals in California have just about gotten a gay-rights bill passed. The Democrats in the State Senate pushed it through over the dead bodies of the Republicans 22 to 16.

The Bible thumpers were there, of course, spouting ancient Judean law and speaking on behalf of God Himself.

Before the smoke cleared away, there was a surprise or two. Of the mere four Republicans to vote for the rights bill, one was the heretofore homophobic former police chief of Los Angeles, Senator Ed Davis, the terror of the gay community during his years in police work.

He even made a statement or two. He described how the Christian opponents of the bill threatened him if he voted for it. He described a call from a "Christian" woman with the message that, "because I'm a Christian, I have to love homosexuals."

"You love them, but you starve them to death," Davis said, and added, "We cannot have one branch of faith making our laws for us. God must be thoroughly disgusted at some of the things we do in the name of religion." Who would have thought that DRUMMER would be quoting the wisdom of the man who once sent at least 107 L.A. policemen to break up the Leather Fraternity's charity slave auction?

Now the bill is waiting to be signed, vetoed, or ignored by the right-wing governor, who has been careful to express no opinion about it to date.

It would seem that the term "gay Republican" is as self-cancelling as is "young Republican."

John H. Embry

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MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

MORE MUSCLE

Congratulations on *Drummer* 70, with the hunky guy on the cover and pages 8 through 13 ("The New Police State Exposed"). Ever since buying issue number one, I have hoped you would use hunky young musclemen in SM accoutrements—that's the reason I like the Cavello drawings and Tom of Finland.

So from here on give us hunky body-builders in your great mag—and also give us more stories by John Preston and Fledermaus.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

(Editor's note: the letters on Brutus—that hunky guy in *Drummer* 70—started pouring in last issue, and they keep coming. There's more of Brutus on the way. Meanwhile, you can catch him breaking in a new slave recruit in MACH 7, and hear the action on the Compound Tape No. 1, "The Interrogation.")

KUDOS & NYLON

I am a regular reader of *Drummer* and have enjoyed it very much for a number of years, but you've outdone yourselves in issue 70—really great stuff. You couldn't have enough photos of your cover man Brutus, a really hot man who exemplifies your publication and style. (I've been told I resemble him very much, which made it even more of a turn-on.)

Also, there was a letter in issue 70 titled "Men in Nylon," from MM in Atlanta, that really intrigued me. I'd like to get in touch with him. I'm a muscular (very much into BB) and masculine "in the closet" guy who gets into nylon thongs, bikinis and socks.

And please pass my appreciation on to John Preston for "Interludes"—good writing as well as hot material. The fiction in *Drummer* is among the best I've ever read on leather, SM, and gay life in general.

Your magazine is really great. I hope you'll keep up the good work through '84—though *Drummer* 70 will be a tough act to follow.

JDP
Phoenix, AZ

GETTING IT DOWN UNDER

My best buddy, a hot-blooded Cuban named Jorge, moved from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia, about a year ago (he did it for love). He likes the men and the weather Down Under (and of course his lover), but really misses a lot of the everyday products he used to take for granted in the States, and often sends me a "want

6 DRUMMER



list" of things that are hard to find in Sydney—and *Drummer* is usually at the top of the list. I bundled up a bunch for him a few weeks ago (and threw in some copies of *Mach* for good measure), and he's just written back telling me they were a "lifesaver." He passed them around to his leather "mates," and tells me a lot of "Aussie sperm" was spilled as those *Drummers* were passed from hand to hand (one hand at a time, I presume). I'm flying down to visit him in a few weeks, and I've got a feeling I'd better show up with the latest *Drummer*—from America to Australia via personal courier!

RKS
San Francisco

NOT JUST SEX MACHINES

I want to thank you for the great job you're doing with your magazine. It is truly the most outstanding publication of its kind I've ever seen. The scope and depth of your articles is amazing, not to mention the pictures. Yours is the only magazine that doesn't conceive us machos as only sex machines—important as the sex is!—but realizes that we can both feel and think, and that we're not averse to a bit of laughter, too. Keep up the good work, you're needed more than you'll ever know! You're my lifeline to the big world. Thank you again.

Ilkka Pellikka
Helsinki, Finland

ROAD WARRIORS

I enjoy every issue of *Drummer* over and over. Living in a closeted city, I have had very little opportunity to participate in the activities your mag describes/represents—very frustrating. It's impossible for me to travel or relocate at this time, and *Drummer* keeps me from going

over the edge. Thank you!

My reason for writing is to tell you of a wrestling team seen on several TV cable channels. They're called the "Road Warriors" and they wrestle in black leather chaps over tights. When they promote themselves, they're adorned with wristlets, collars and armbands (the kind you'd find in the Studstore).

After rereading back issues on wrestling, I began to wonder and fantasize about these two. Any remarks?

Dulled
in Duluth

(Editor's note: Yes, we happen to have caught the Road Warriors while channel-hopping from time to time, and agree they're the stuff that wet dreams are made of—big, brutal, muscular, mean, and they definitely look good in leather. Only thing we couldn't figure out was why the audience kept booing them...)

BEEN THERE

Allan Eagles' story "Gravestone" in *Drummer* 70 was terrific! Such an episode really could happen in eastern Kentucky, I know. I've been there. I'd love to see a sequel reveal whether the cop's body really was "forever off-limits..." Beauford Stowell is also to be commended for his truly erotic illustration. Hope to see more of his work, too.

Richard Saiser
Albuquerque, NM

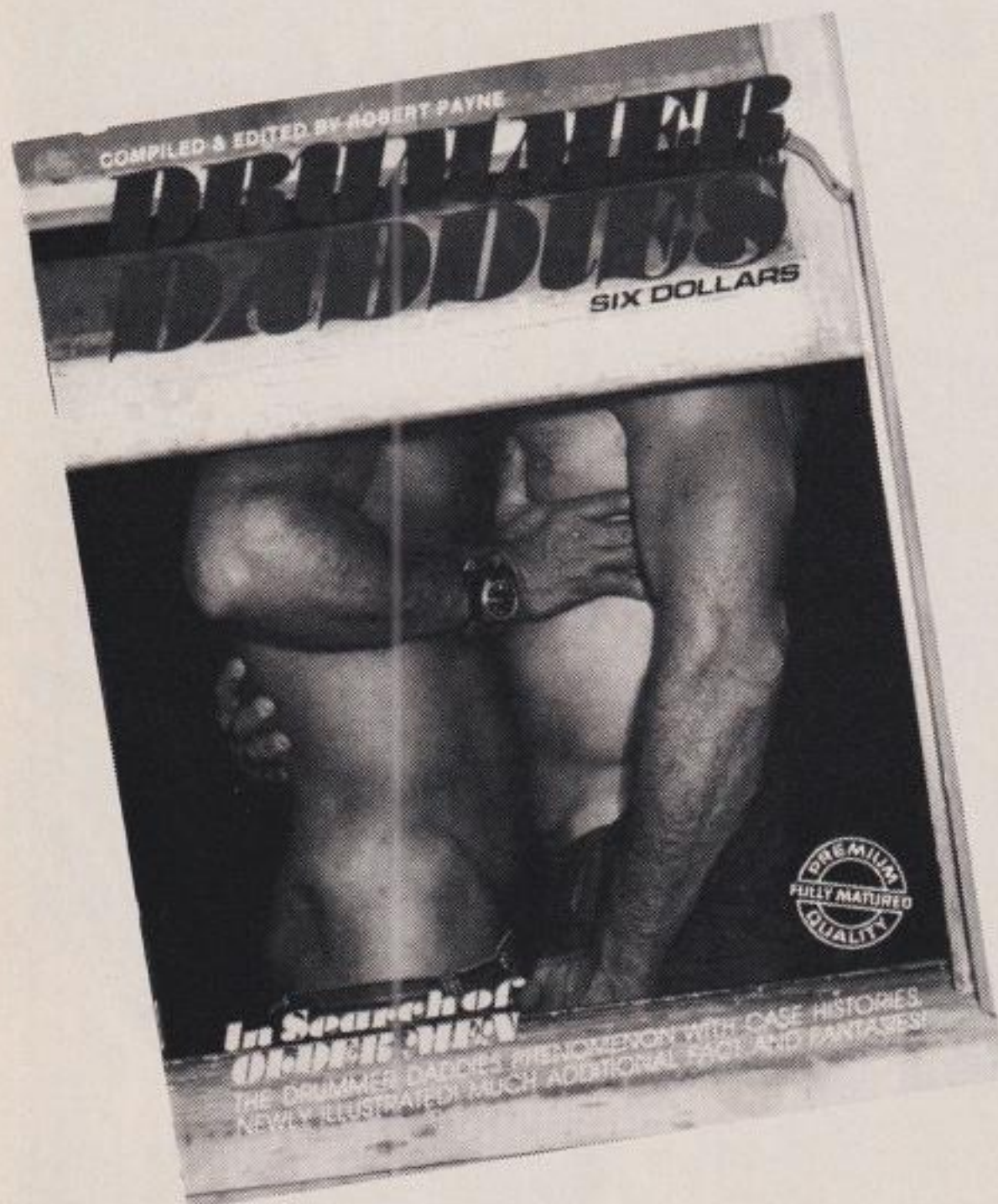
ORGASMIC 69

Thank you for a very HOT issue, *Drummer* 69. An interesting number, 69—it's always been a good number for me. Keep up the good work. Sure is orgasmic!

D.C.
Vancouver, Canada

THE PHENOMENON GROWS...

"From the earliest that I can remember, I have always had a hard-on for my father. The very first erection that I can remember was while he was playing pony with me..."

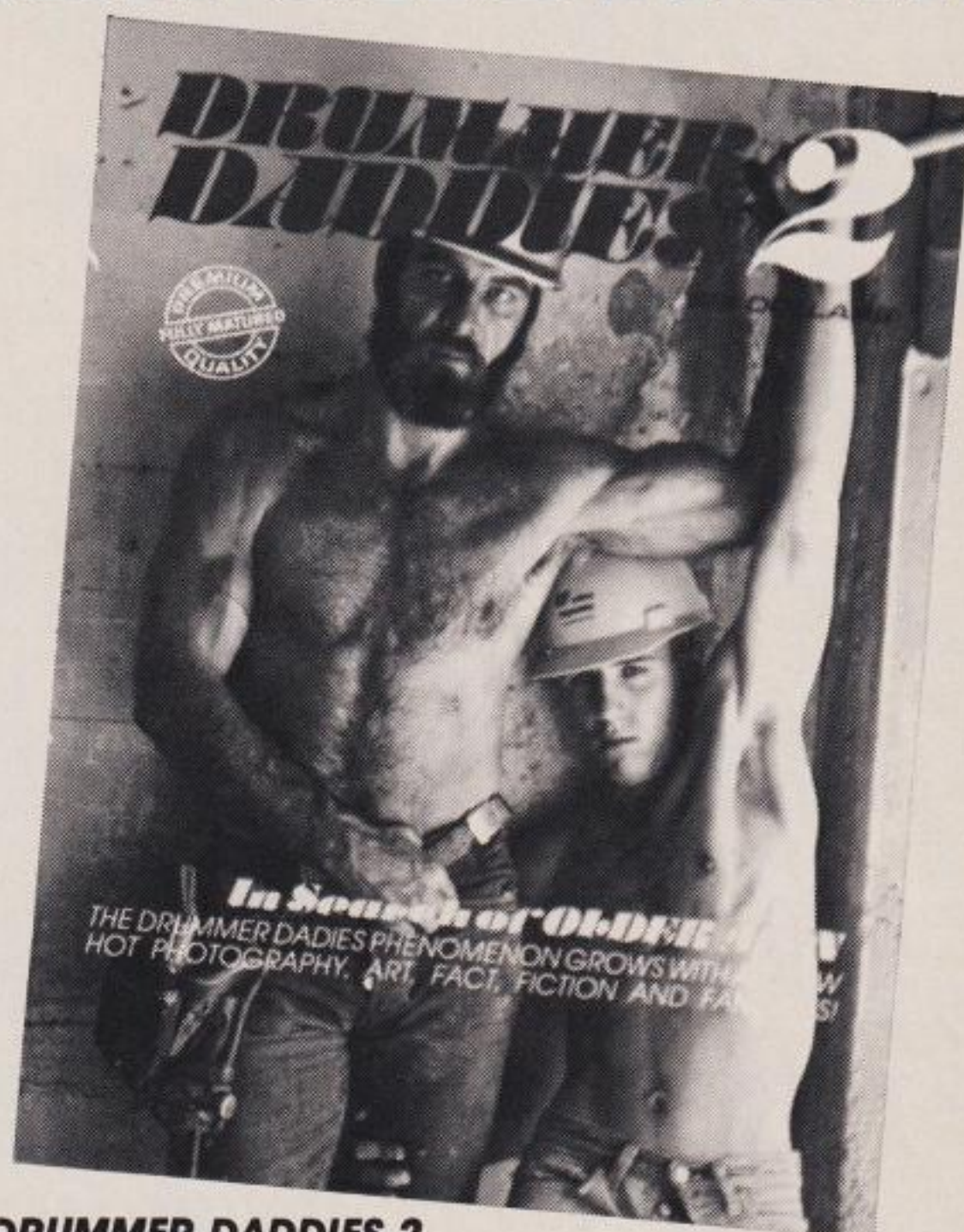


DRUMMER DADDIES

The Search for Older Men begins! It started in *Drummer*, when we put out a call for Daddies and their sons to share their personal case histories—and did they ever! Pretty soon it was clear that we'd discovered a genuine sensation, and the phenomenon grew too big for even *DRUMMER* to contain it—and *DRUMMER DADDIES* was born!

This special Six Dollar/No Advertising edition features a score of sizzling true-life case histories (where Daddies and sons lay it on the line), training tips, hot fiction, and much, much more! Packed with photos and artwork, including a very special "Daddy Art Portfolio," where over a dozen masters (including Tom of Finland, Rex, Etienne and Bill Ward) show their visions of the Daddy Phenomenon! The first *DRUMMER DADDIES* is already a classic!

\$6



DRUMMER DADDIES 2

The Search for Older Men reaches fever pitch in *DRUMMER DADDIES 2*, the only possible follow-up to the first *DRUMMER DADDIES*! We explore the phenomenon in greater depth than ever before—new case histories, new fiction, new photography, and exclusive new artwork, including stunning never-before-seen masterworks by Olaf and Rex!

Like its predecessor, *DRUMMER DADDIES 2* is cover-to-cover excitement with no advertising. Daddies demand it! Good sons deserve it! This is the man-to-man breakthrough of the '80s—don't miss it!

\$6

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MY TRUE STORY

I WAS LOANED OUT TO BE USED FOR AN EXPERIMENT!

**USING MOSTLY ITEMS
YOU'D FIND IN ANY
HARDWARE STORE, HE
TURNED OUR BODIES
INTO 'WORKS OF ART'**

Photography by
CLOSE UP PRODUCTIONS
Dialog by
ROBERT PAYNE



"IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE, COCK-SUCKER. DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE FIVE MINUTES LATE?!"

"I'm sorry, Sir. No excuse, Sir."

"You know you are on loan to me by your master. I'll have to report this to him, along with anything else that happens this afternoon."

"Yes, Sir. I am sure I will be punished, Sir."

"You bet your ass. Get your shirt open so I can get a look at that collar."

"I may have to take it off. I don't think it will fit in with the rope design."

"Yes, Sir. My master said you had the key."

"That isn't all I've got. Pull down your fucking pants and let's look at the rest of you."

"Yes, Sir. Were you going to shave me for this session, Sir?"

"No, you are pretty smooth and it takes too much time. You want to be shaved, talk to your master."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sorry my prick is so hard, Sir. I haven't been allowed to come for almost two weeks, Sir."

"And you are not going to come today, either, asshole. But I would like to watch you beat it while I am getting this rope ready."

"Yes, Sir. Are you sure it is alright, Sir?"

"I said so, didn't I, pigshit? Pump that meat until I tell you to stop."

"Pinch your tits! I want to see how excited an asshole can be that never gets to play with himself."

"Sir, I don't think I can hold it back. Sir, I'm going to come!"

"You are not going to come until you are told to come. And I am not about to let you come. Just keep pounding that dick and pulling on your tits, boy."

"Yes, Sir. But I don't think I can hold it back much longer, Sir."

"You'll hold it back or you'll be damned sorry you didn't. I want those tits standing out."

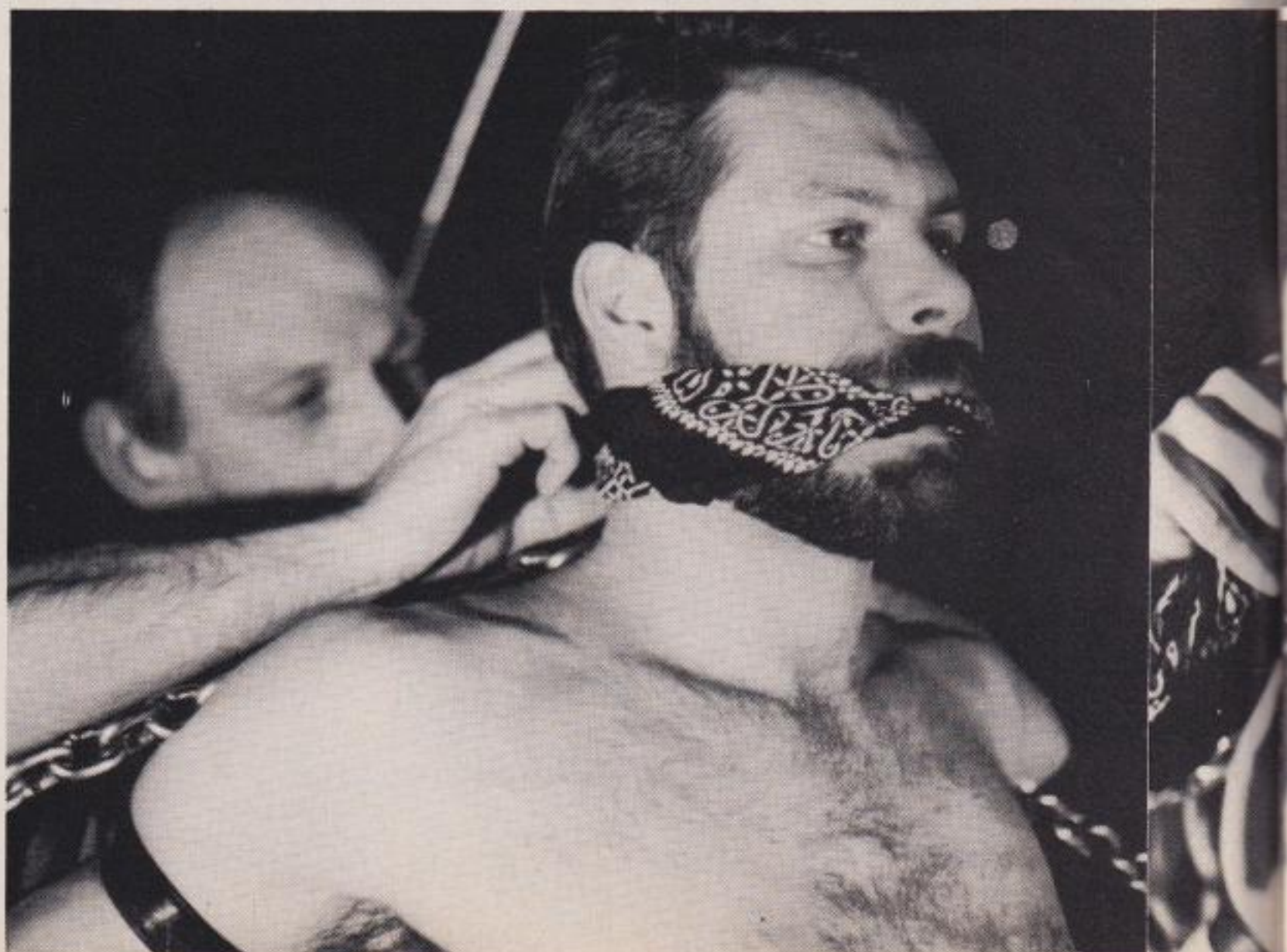
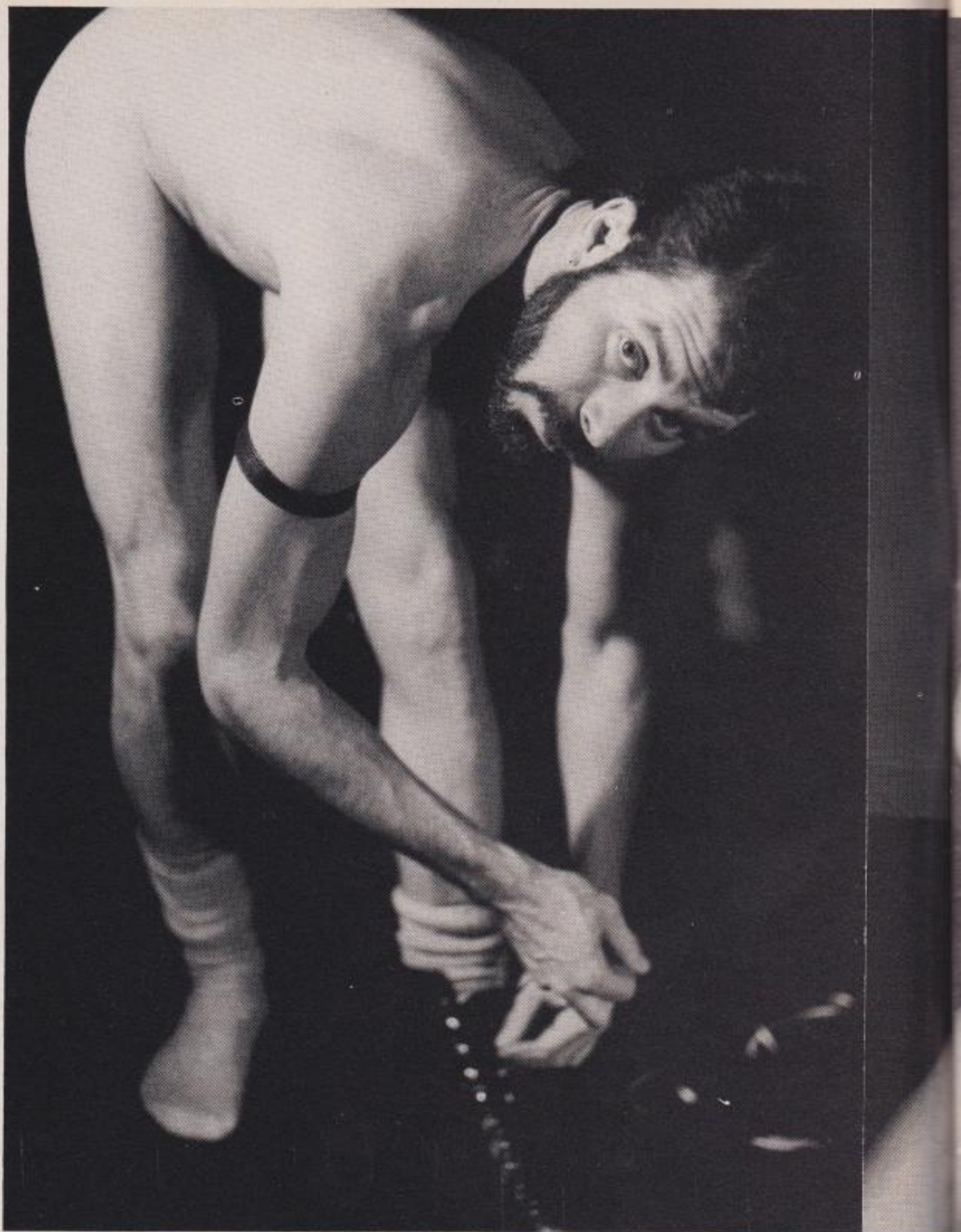
"Yes, Sir. Are you going to take the butt-plug out of my ass, Sir?"

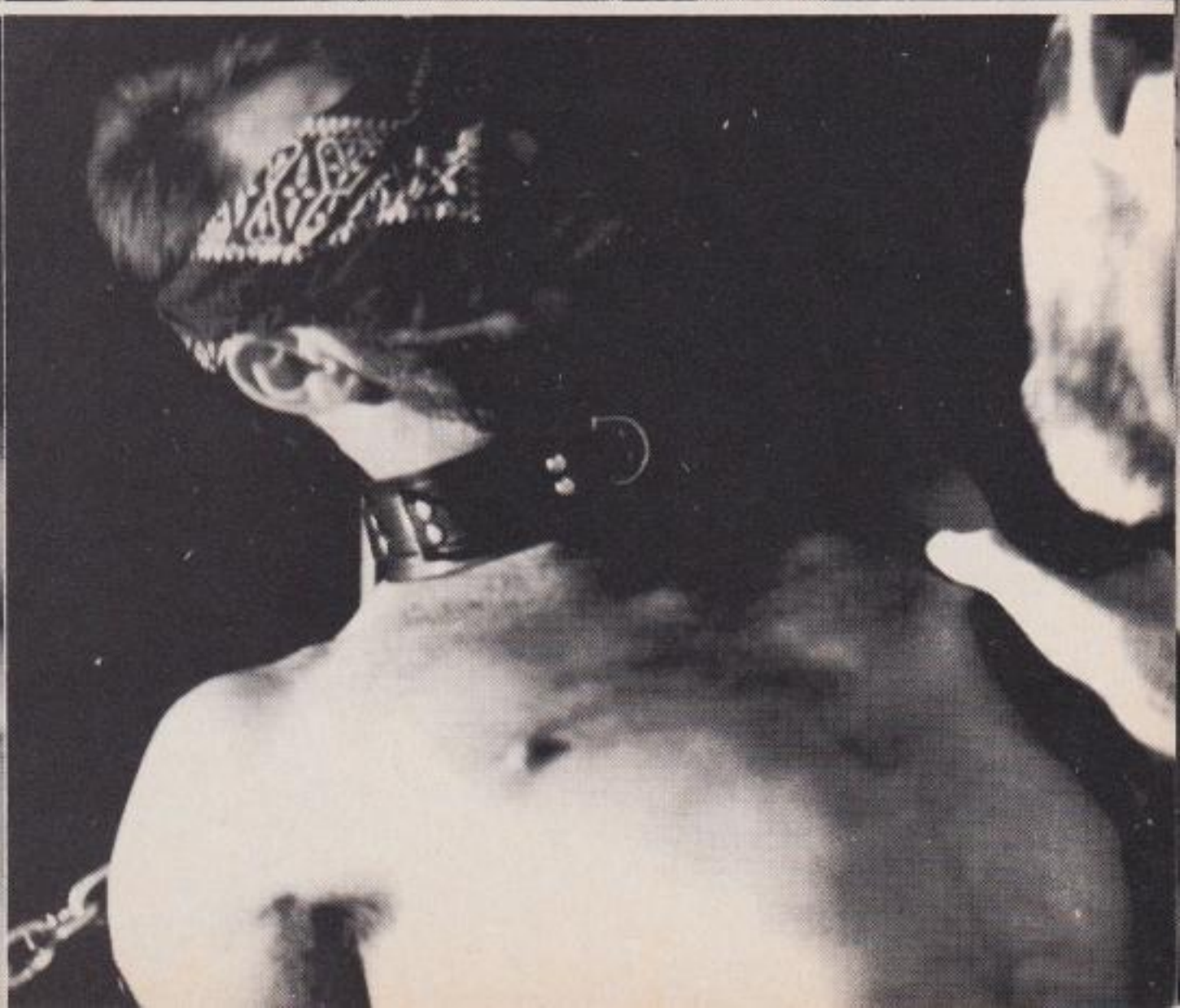
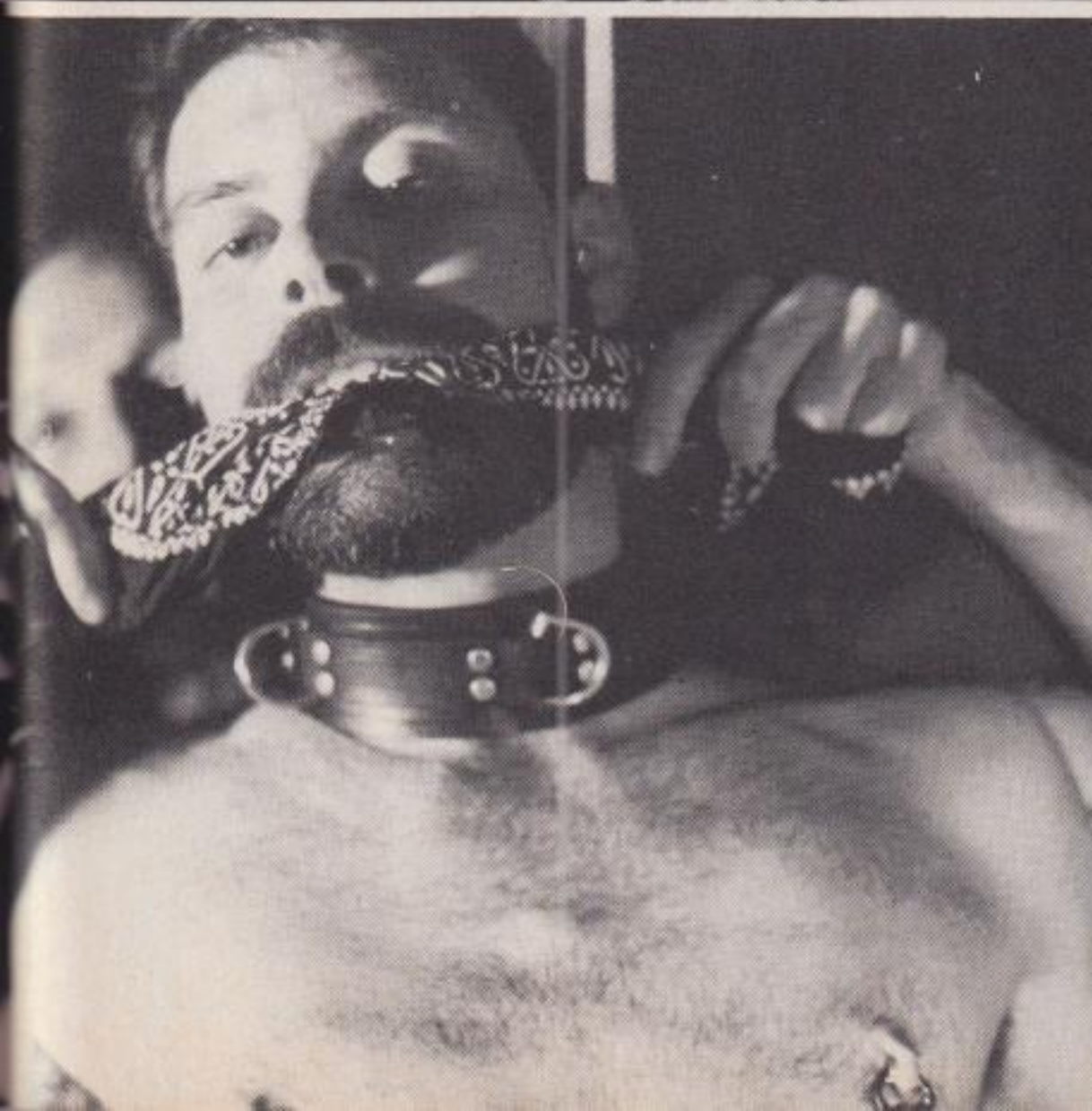
"I didn't know you had one in there. Bend over and show me."

"I'll be damned. Do you wear one of these all the time, asshole?"

"Only when I am out and my master can't supervise me, Sir."

"Son-of-a-bitch! So the bastard doesn't trust me, huh. Well, we'll keep the plug in





**"LET'S PUT
SOME CLAMPS
ON YOU WHILE
YOU TELL ME
MORE ABOUT
WHAT YOUR
MASTER'S
FRIENDS USE
YOU FOR."**

there but you are going to be one marked-up slave for him to inspect when I get through with you, boy."

"Yes, Sir. Sir, my cock is getting sore."

"Let's tie it up. That'll keep it hard while I work on you."

"Yes, Sir."

"Does your master lend you out very often for projects like this, boy?"

"I don't know what this project is, Sir. But he lends me out about once a week to several of his friends, Sir."

"What do they do to—with you?"

"Whatever they want, Sir. My master says it is part of my training."

"Well, what the fuck do they do with you?"

"I get used for all sorts of things, Sir. One friend of my master's likes to work with electrical devices. He says I am very sensitive to electric shock so he uses me whenever he wants to experiment, Sir."

"What parts of you does he shock, asshole?"

"All over, Sir. He attaches the wires to my balls, my cock, my feet and even a metal rod he puts in my ass, Sir."

"I'll bet you get a charge out of that."

"Yes, Sir. It seems to give him a lot of pleasure, Sir. He lets me scream as much as I want."

"Here, let's put these clamps on those tits and you can tell me more about what your master's friends use you for."

"Yes, Sir, thank you Sir. Those, those are very tight ones, Sir."

"They are supposed to be tight, asswipe. Keeps your mind off whatever else is happening to you."

"Yes, Sir, thank you Sir."

"We're going to do some artistic things with rope, using you in the middle. You ever been used as a piece of art, boy?"

"Yes, Sir. One of my master's friends painted me one weekend."

"Did you have trouble getting it off?"

"Yes, Sir, he used the wrong kind of paint and it took a long time to get it all off."

"What did your master say?"

"He thought it was very funny."





"What did you say, boy?!"

"He thought it was very funny, SIR."

"I've thought of doing body painting along with rope sculpture. If I decided to paint you right now, what would you say?"

"Nothing, Sir. It is up to you what you want to do to me, Sir."

"Has your master ever talked about tattooing you?"

"Once he did, Sir. But he never actually had it done."

"How do you feel about that?"

"I have nothing to say about it, Sir. It is up to my master as to how I should look, Sir."

"This rope is cotton and isn't as abrasive as nylon. Let me check your circulation here."

"Good, you're alright. I will probably leave you hanging here for some time. Do you need anything to drink?"

"It is up to you, Sir."

"This beer is going through me in minutes. Here, I'll fill a glass so you can have some recycled Miller's."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You don't need to piss or anything do you?"

"No, Sir. I can hold it, Sir."

"Good. Later I'll let you piss and we'll run it through you again."

"Yes, Sir. I'm used to that, Sir."

"You seem to thrive on it. How are those tits doing?"

"They are very sensitive, Sir."

"Here, I'll switch them. First the left one comes off..."

"Argghhhhh!"

"And then the right."

"OOOOOWWWHHHHHHhhhh!"

"Hurts more coming off than going on, don't they?"

"Y-y-yes, Sir."

"No, that's where you are wrong. I'm putting the right one on your left tit now..."

"P-p-please, Sir. Uuugghhh."

"And the left on the right. There."

"T-t-thank you, Sir."

"How does it feel to be a piece of art, hanging around the room?"

"Very good, Sir. Do you plan on having other people looking at me too?"

"Of course I do. I'm going over to some friends' house and get them to come by and look at what we've created here."

"Yes, Sir."

"And I want that pecker of yours standing straight up when they come to see you."

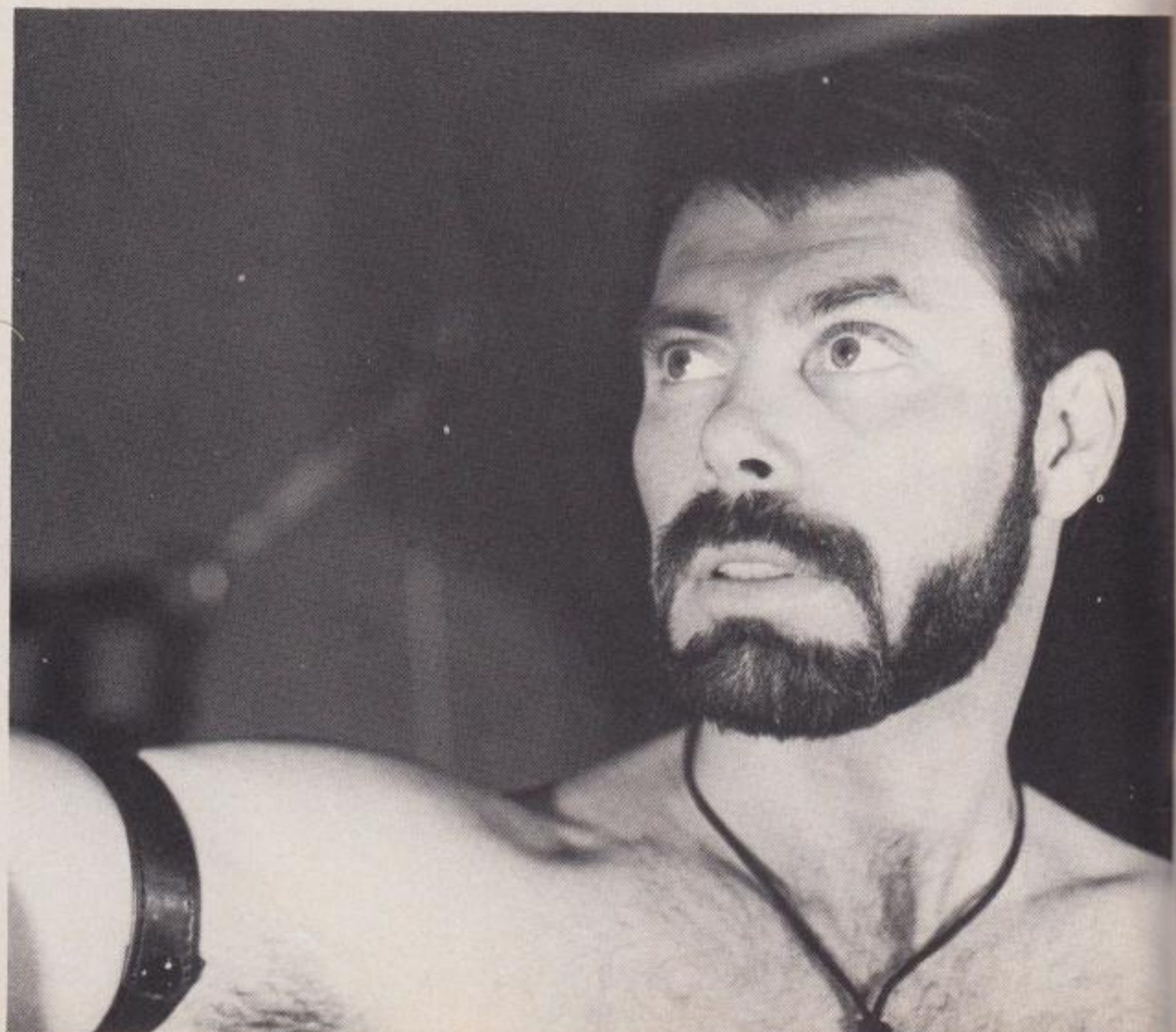
"Yes, Sir. It will be, Sir."

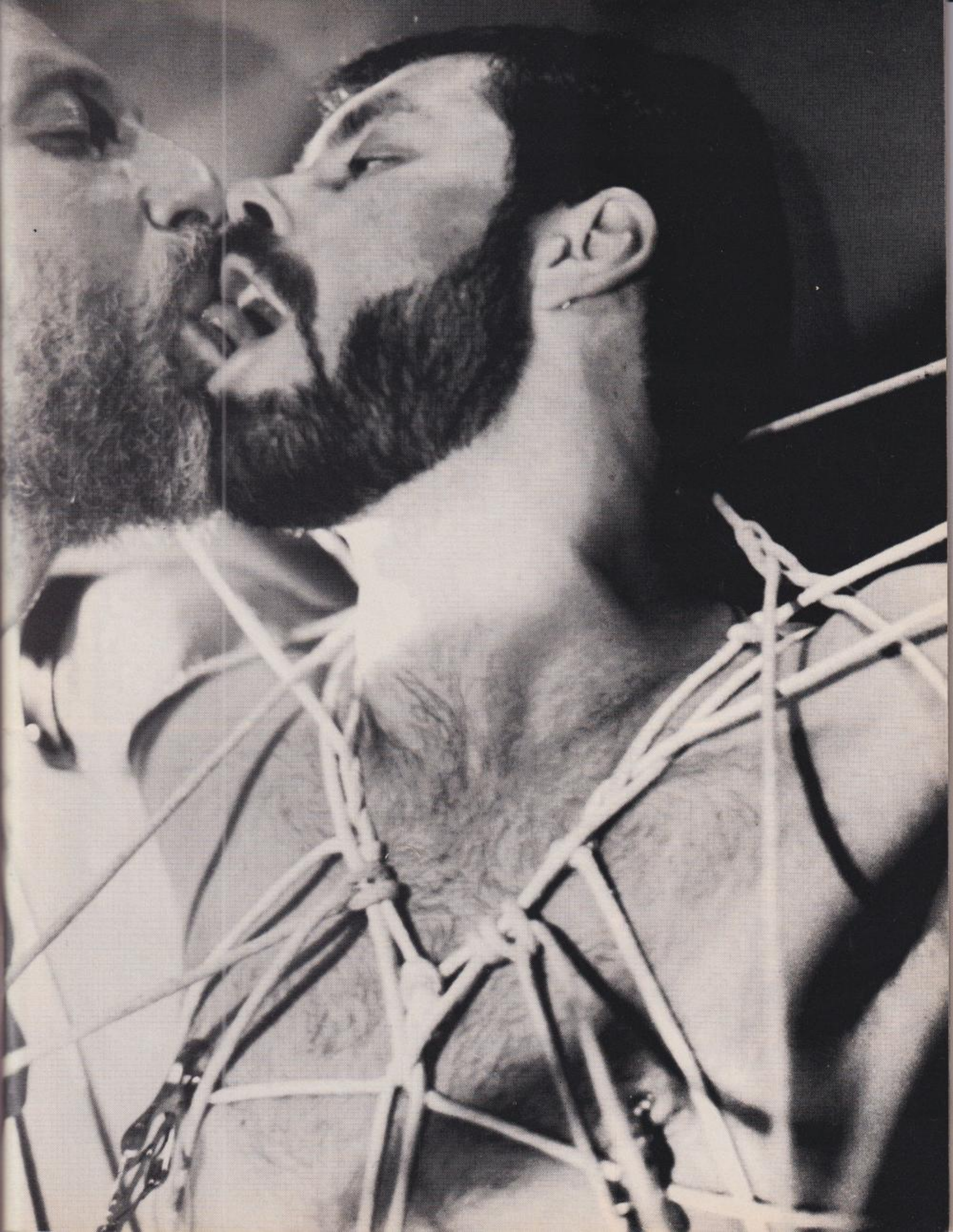
"You know you are a pretty good looking kid for a cocksucker. Here, let's exchange a little spit. Show some appreciation for all the work I've done on you. We have taken these photos to show your master what a good boy you have been. Correction, are going to be."

(Kiss and fade-out)



"THIS BEER KEEPS GOING THROUGH ME. HERE YOU CAN HAVE SOME RECYCLED MILLERS." "Thank you, Sir."





THE SECOND SESSION

ADDING CLOTHESPINS TO ROPE... AND INJURY TO INSULT.

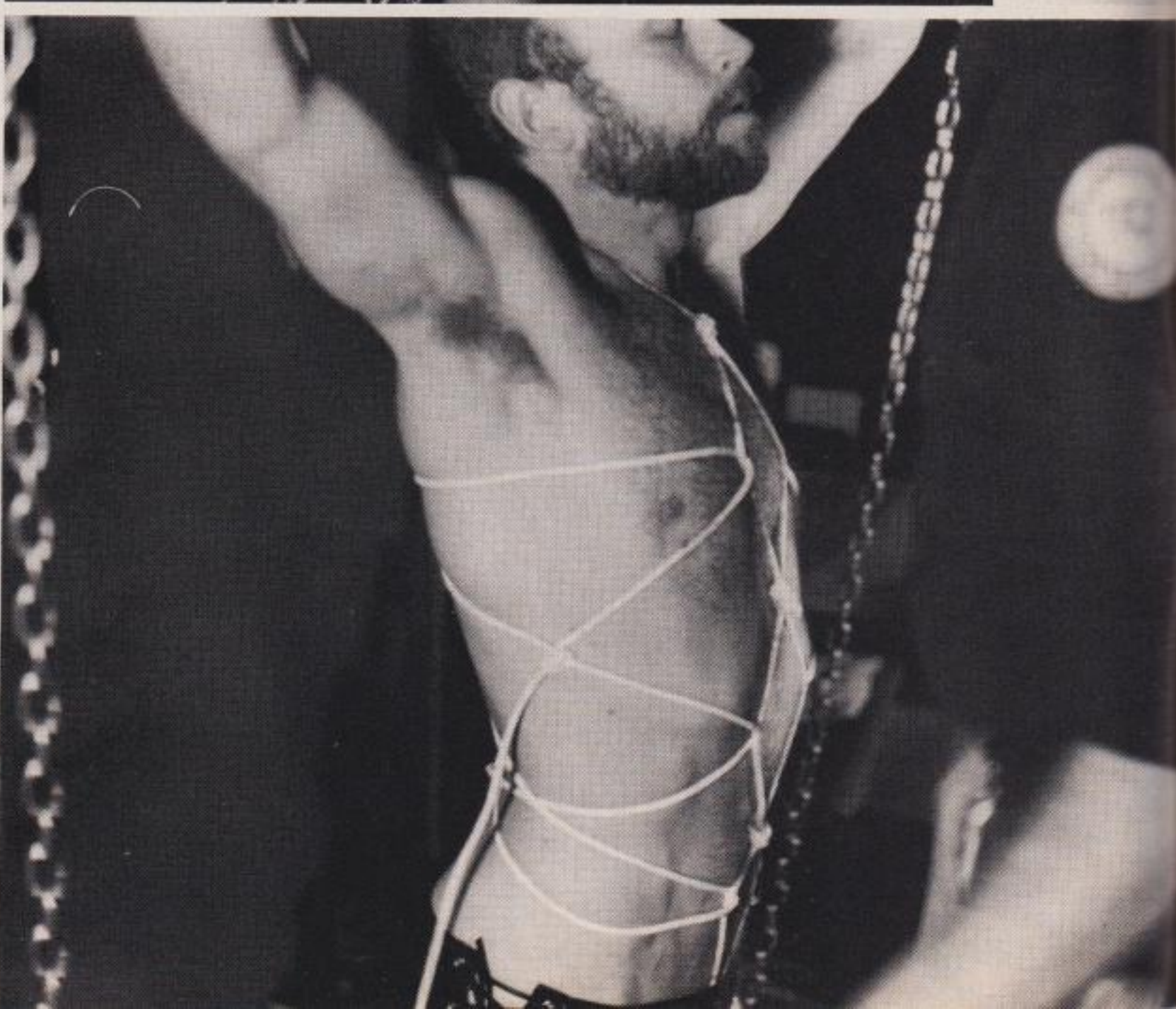
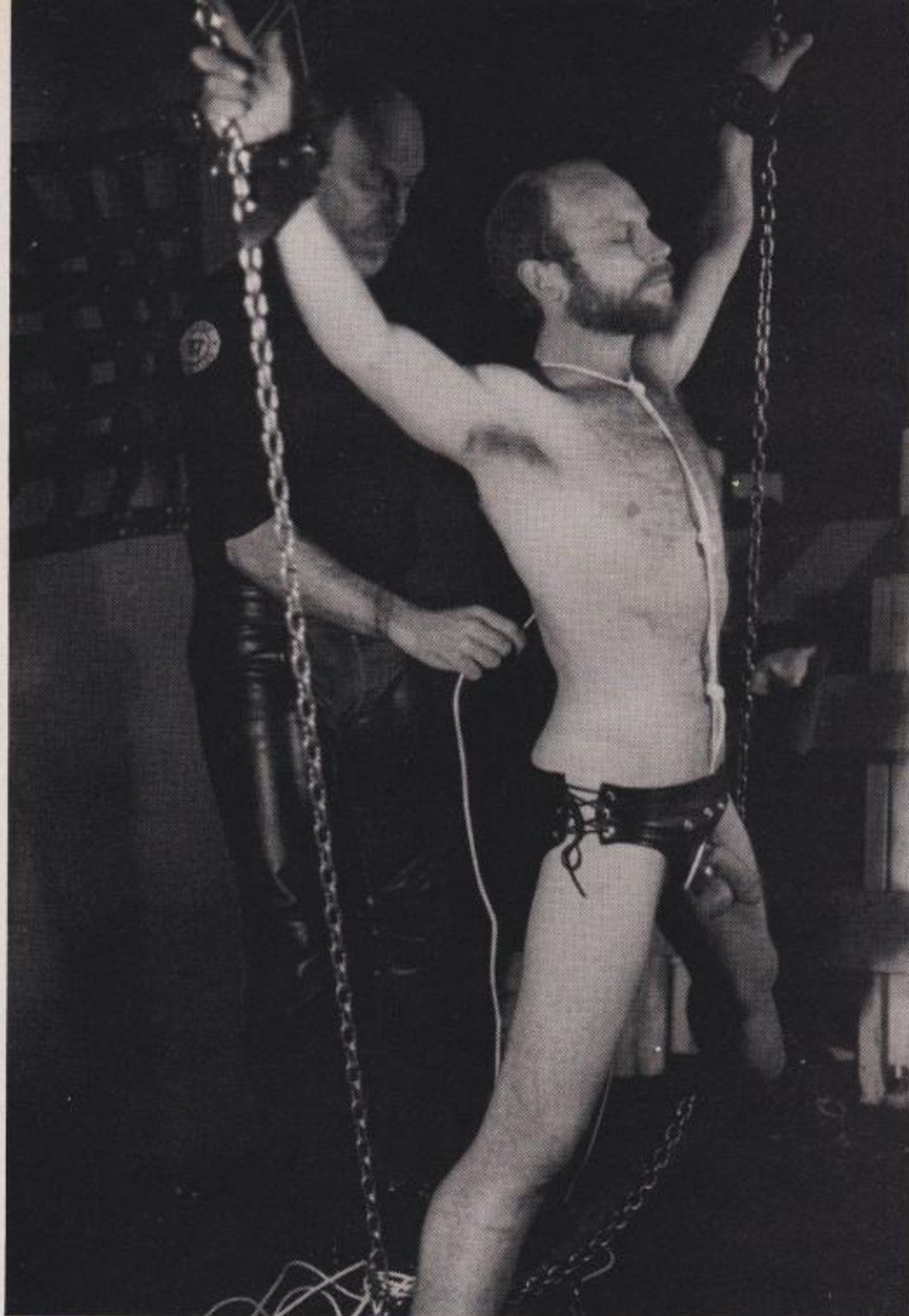
For the second session of creative art, the dialogue is different. In fact there is no dialogue. Our subject is also a slave but since he does not belong to anyone at the moment, his use is not subject to anyone's rules. Anything the bondage artist wishes to do to or with him is fine with anyone concerned. He was volunteered to be used by members of the bike club he belongs to. We understand that is one reason he does not belong to anyone at present. He is used by his club brothers throughout the week (as well as during their all-night meetings). They will not let anyone take him over on a permanent basis and of course they will not let him get involved with just one person. The only understanding for our session is that everyone would get to see and take their choice of our photography after it was all over.

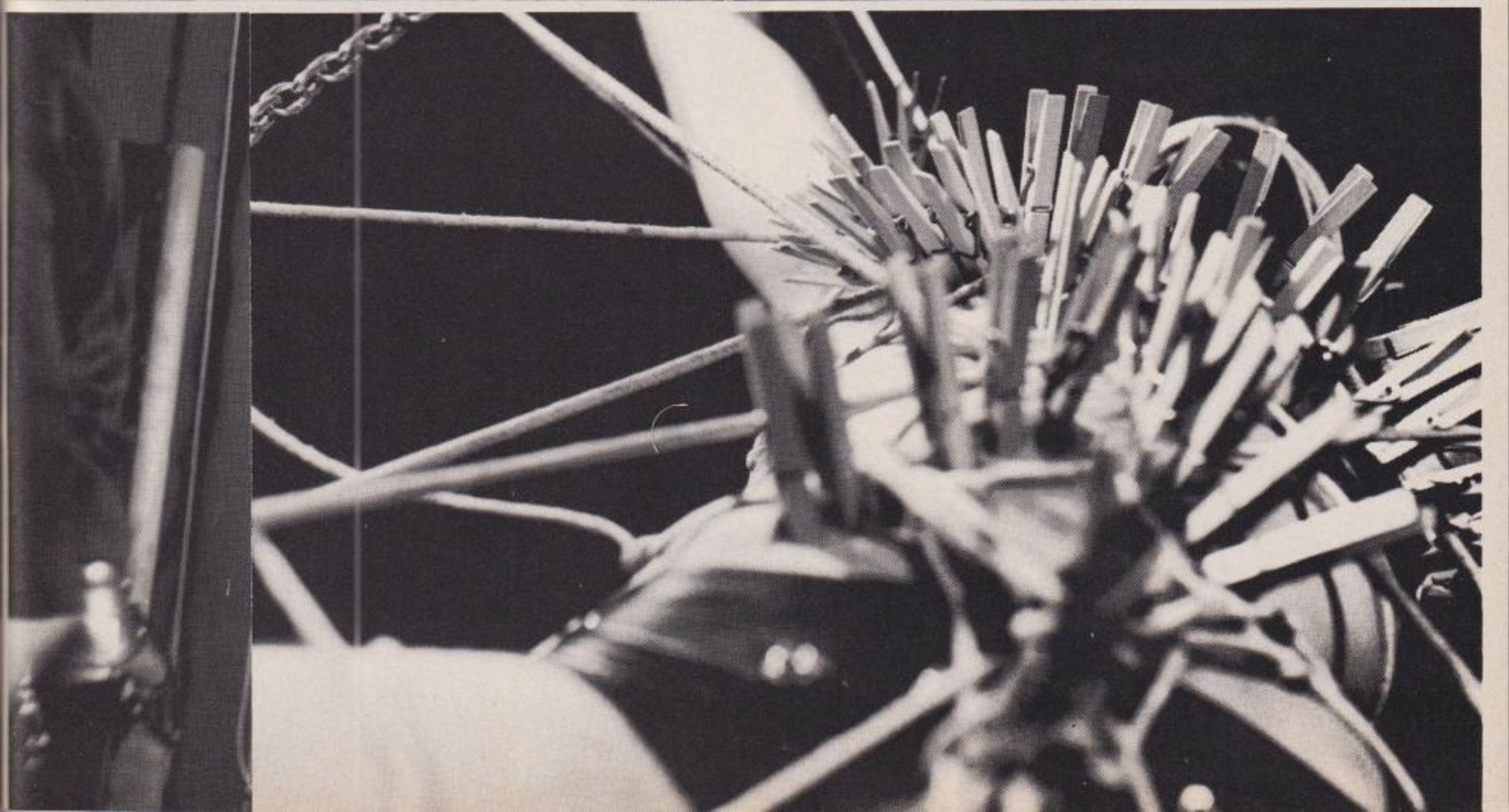
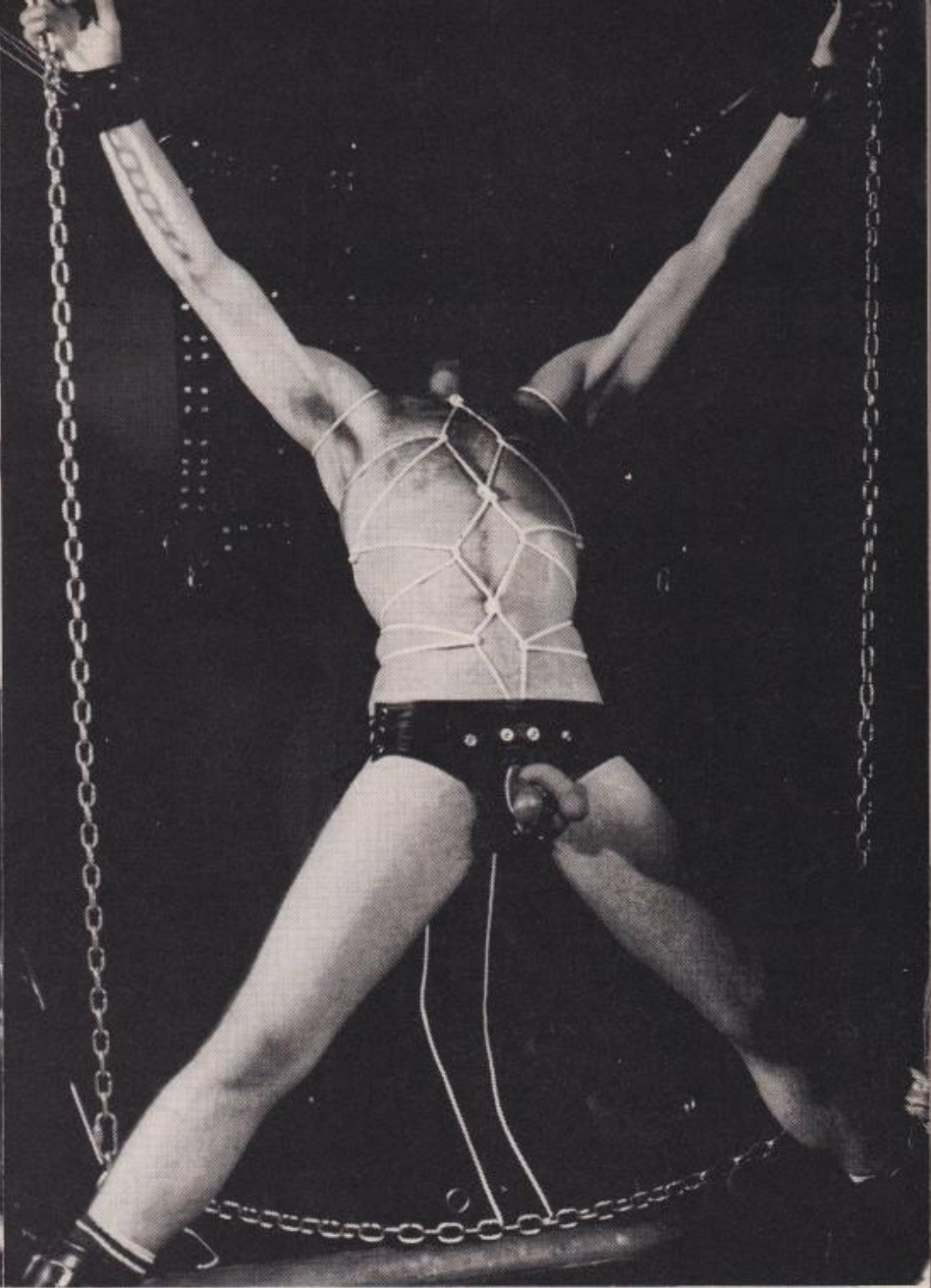
For this creation our creative genius elected to add clothespins, in fact several packages of them. Our subject was ordered to pick up a half-dozen bundles from a nearby K-Mart. When he appeared at the door, he was very apprehensive, obviously having been mulling over in his mind what he assumed was in store for him.

First he was ordered to strip down, then told to put on a leather bikini which laced at the side and was open so his cock and balls could hang out. We had been told that this was his official club uniform for attending their meetings. He already had on a cock and ball harness that pulled his testicles down to the maximum and kept his penis standing straight out. He was immediately spread-eagled with wrist and ankle restraints and the bondage master began weaving the rope around the firm young body. The master decided he would hood him, so a leather hood with heavy collar was placed over his head. This one left the mouth open to enable the man to put a rope around it and hold the subject's mouth open. He wove the rope around like a web, not neglecting the balls, and cock which seemed to be straining to their ultimate.

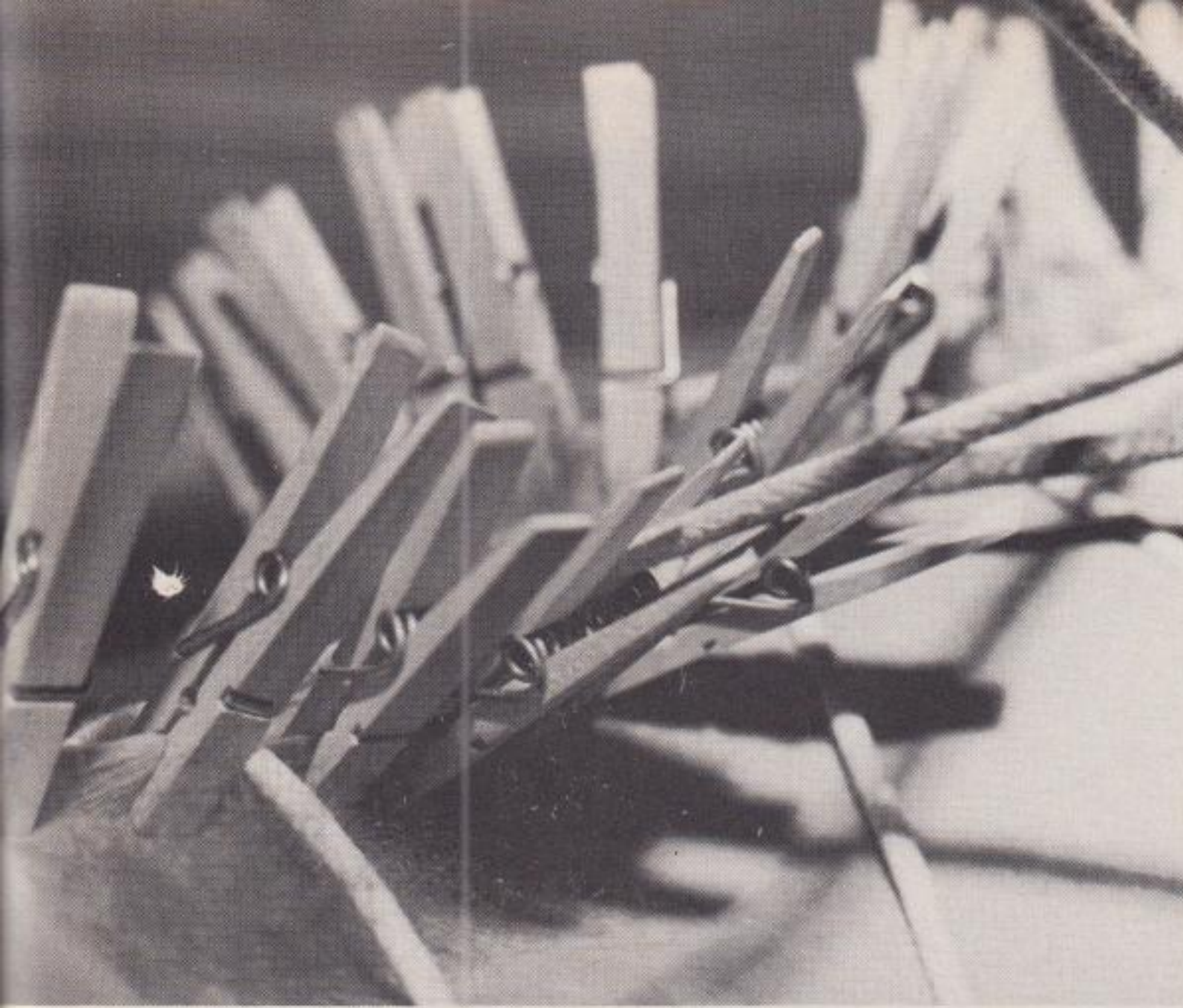
Then came the spring clothespins.

I tried one on my arm. They have an









instant, biting feel to them, nasty, almost like giant insects whose bite increases as they hang on. I could only imagine what dozens of them would feel like all over the more tender flesh of the body. While our subject quietly squirmed, he did not flinch or utter a sound as the front of him became covered with the biting wooden clips. His legs were spread to their utmost and his arms must have been ready to drop off but he hung there completely at the convenience of his tormentor... A good boy and one whom I could imagine had put up with many hours of hard use at the hands of his superiors.

He began to look like a piece of sculpture, although much more interesting than most since he was a living, breathing piece. How long he stayed in that position, I can't say since I had to take my leave before the work was finished. Pity. All that is left of the sculpture now are these pictures and we are very happy to share them with you.

If you want to try it yourself all you need is an expert, about a hundred and sixty pounds of slavemeat, fifty feet of clothesline and a few hundred clothespins. □



DOWN WHITE BOY!

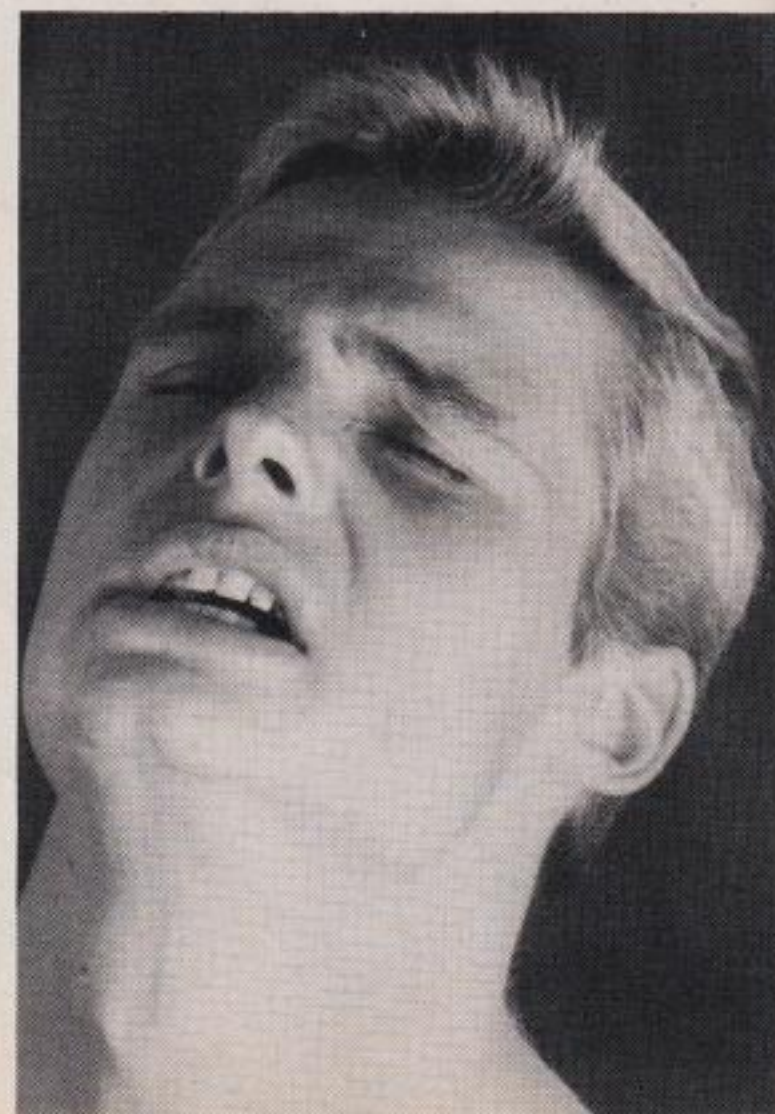
When they found him, he was a surfer in a beach town. Blond, tanned, living the good life with no responsibilities, belonging to no one. How soon that changed!

He became the captive of black studs willingly enough. They used his white body as they saw fit, passing him around from one to another. He felt a responsibility for the way his people had treated blacks in earlier times. But his atonement went beyond his wildest dreams, or even theirs. Bought, sold and used through his young adulthood, he seemed to want more and more abuse and degradation. As his needs grew, so did those of his Masters.

"Whitey" serves his time with each of his masters and then is passed on. And on. And on.


The casting search for our blond is over and we have found enough ready, willing and able black studs to complete the story. DOWN, WHITE BOY! will be out soon, with very little text and lots and lots of pictures shot for our project by Male Express.

SNEAK
PREVIEW

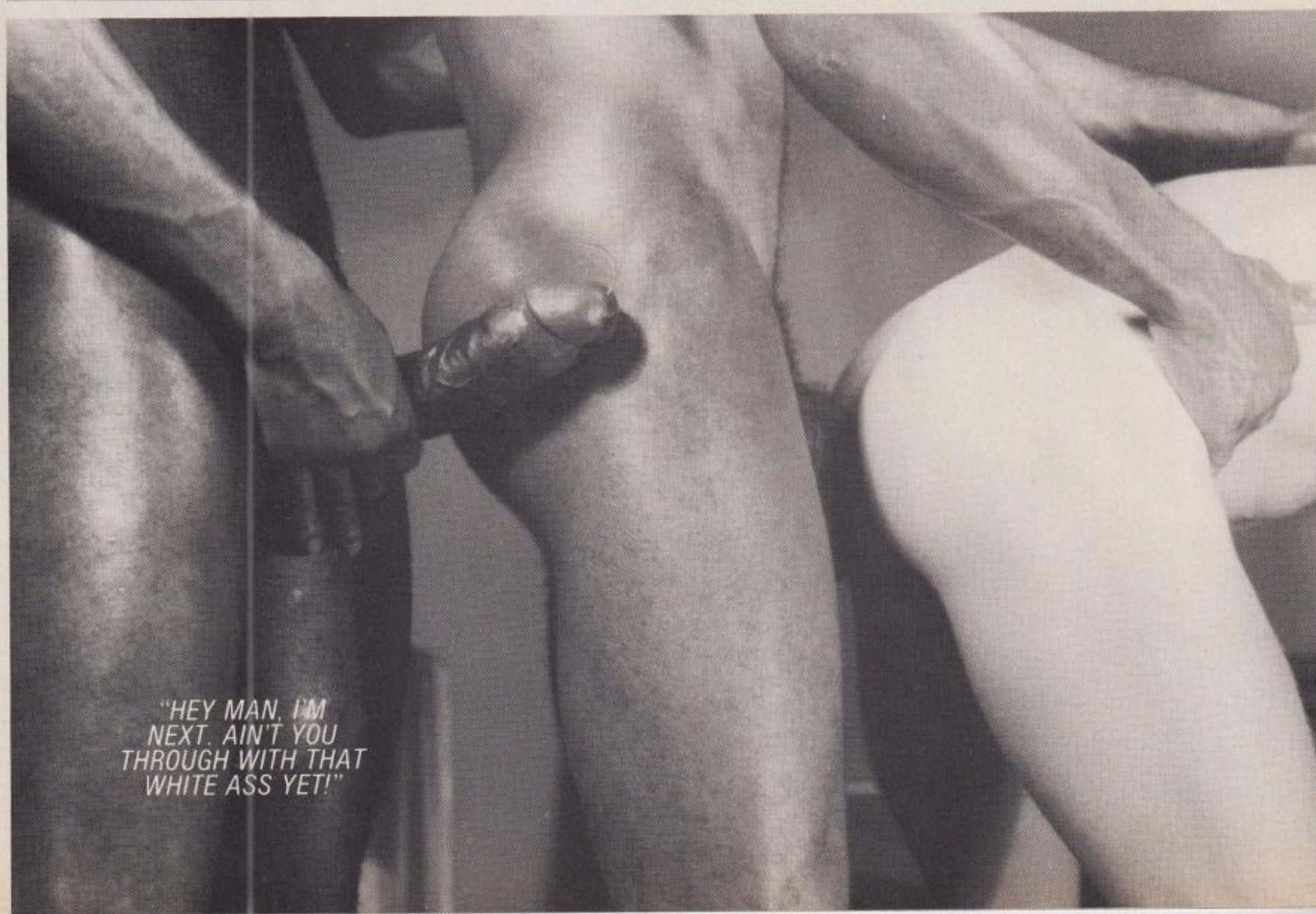


"OKAY, BOY. LET'S SHOW
YOU WHAT YOU PEOPLE
USED TO DO TO MY
BROTHERS A COUPLE
GENERATIONS AGO!"

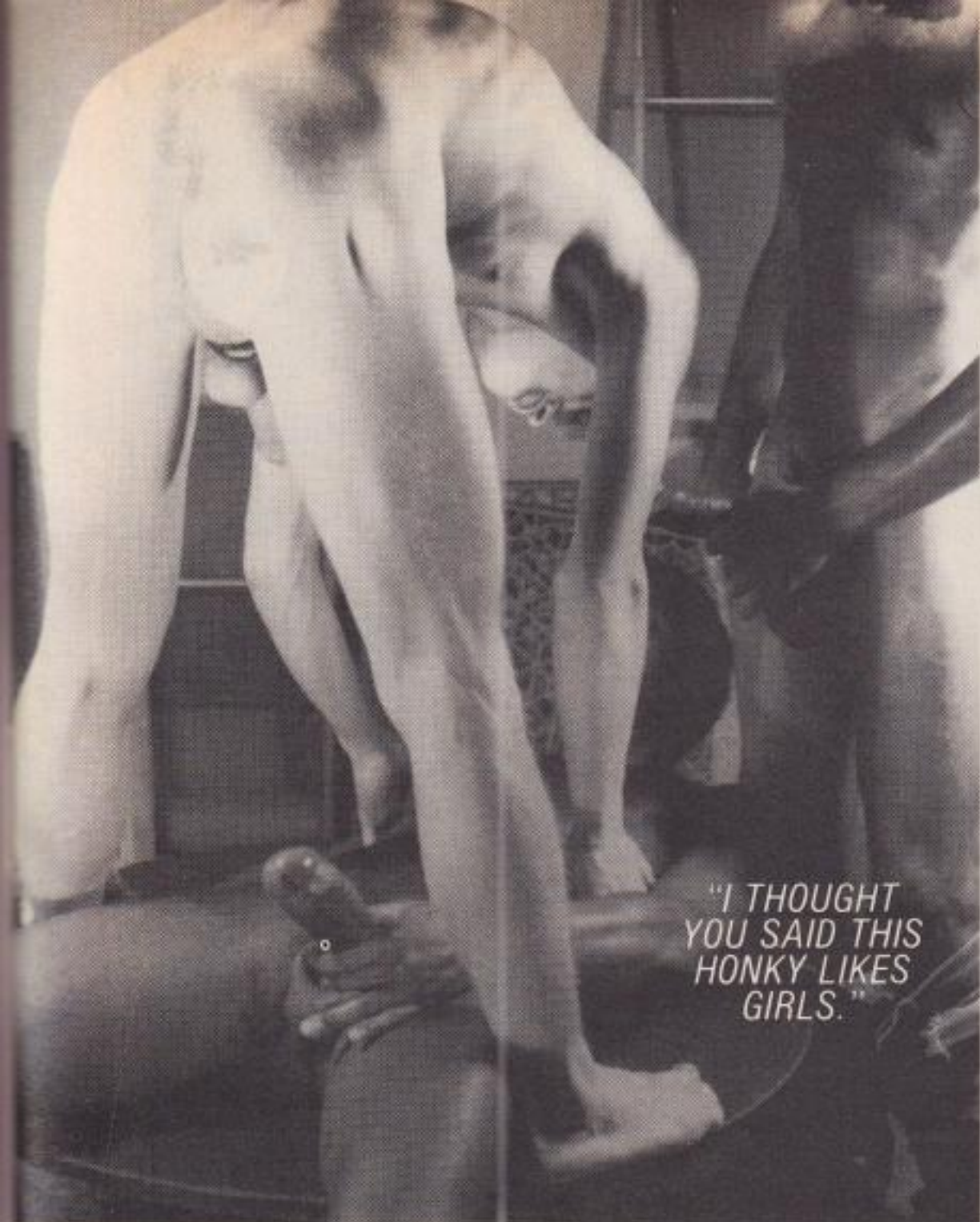




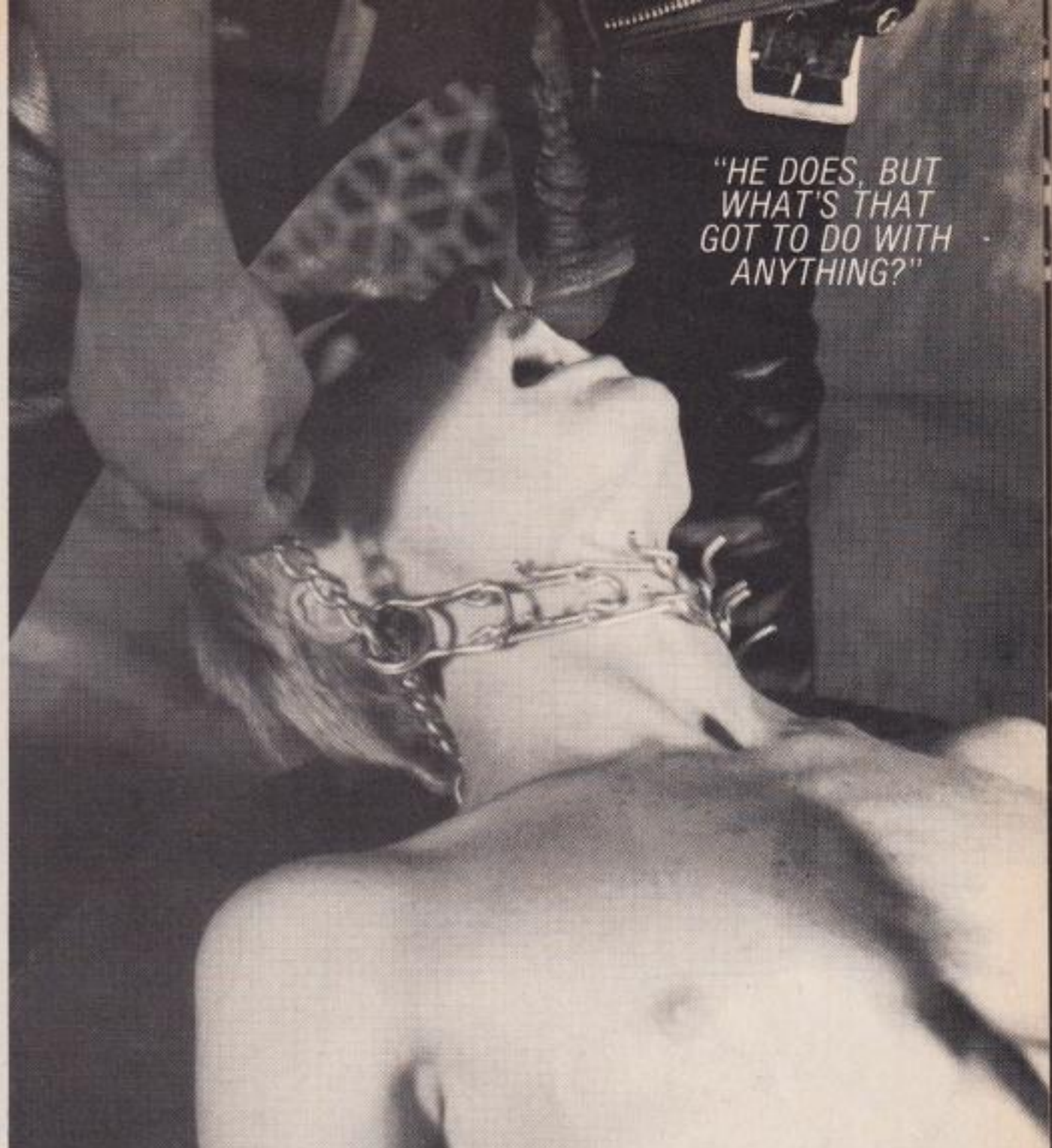
"I'M YOUR NEW
MASTER, BOY.
YOU GONNA STAY
LIKE THIS 'TIL
I TELL YOU DIFFERENT...
HEAR?"



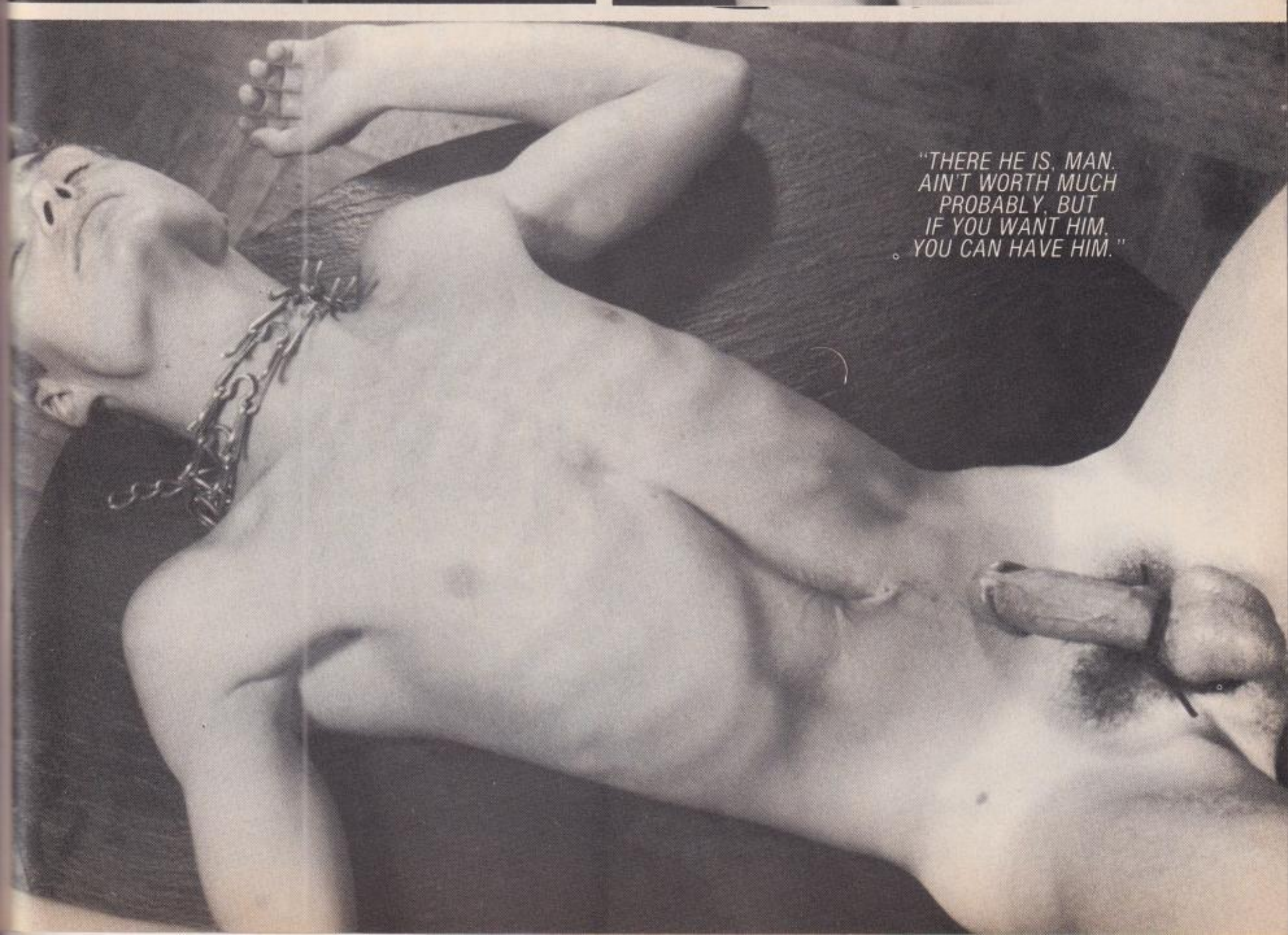
"HEY MAN, I'M
NEXT. AIN'T YOU
THROUGH WITH THAT
WHITE ASS YET!"



"I THOUGHT
YOU SAID THIS
HONKY LIKES
GIRLS."



"HE DOES, BUT
WHAT'S THAT
GOT TO DO WITH
ANYTHING?"



"THERE HE IS, MAN.
AIN'T WORTH MUCH
PROBABLY, BUT
IF YOU WANT HIM,
YOU CAN HAVE HIM."

DRUMSTICKS

Hemp Hugged

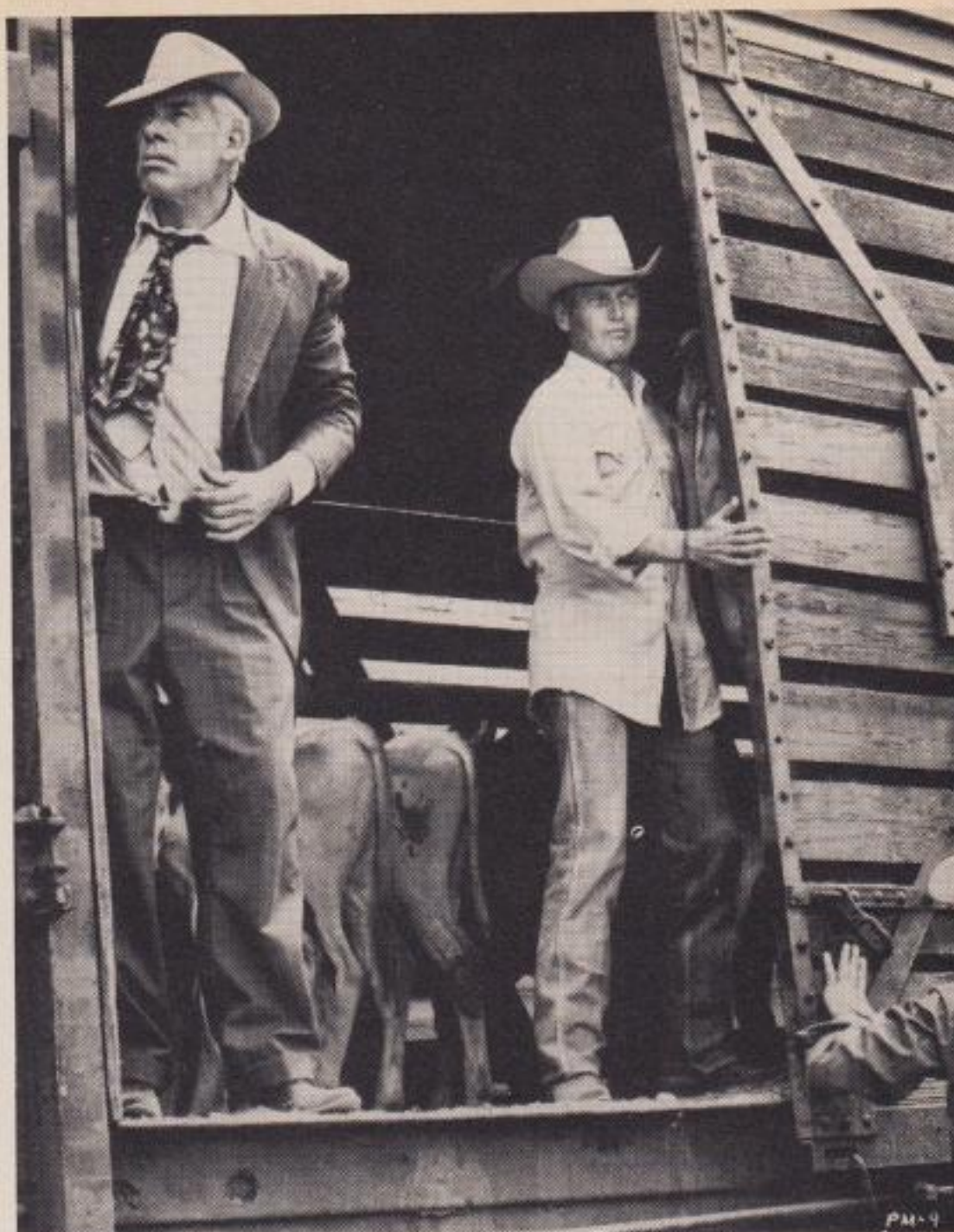
Feet in the air,
Covering virgin ground.
Gagged and bound with rope.
Release? No hope.

—Auggie Camelli



"John, did you come yet?"

Carlo



"Okay, it's a deal. I get first crack at the little heifer,
and you keep watch."



"We kiss in a shadow,
we hide from the moon..."

"Our meetings are few,
and over too soon..."

KINK

BY AUGUST SMITH

He stands in his window.
We watch him from the alley.
We wear our swollen meat outside
our jeans so it won't hurt so much.
Sometimes we shoot. Ribbons of
milky juice stream across the alley. The little
one licks it off the asphalt.
We form a kind of club. In many ways I am the leader.
They don't know it, but I am.

The bed of the gray truck was laden with goods from around

about his ankles and shoulders, and hosed him off. Then he led him into the kitchen. He tied the boy's feet to his chair and unbound his wrists. He set in front of the boy a feast such as Kink could never have imagined. He ate like a wild animal.

The boy produces his toy. An enormous dildo, a wedge on a handle, looking more like the idea of a prick than a prick. With one smooth, even motion he takes the entire length up his ass. He pulls it out to the head and takes it again.

Cyrus poured the boy a cup of coffee and set it in front him. He cut the rope around his ankles. He poured himself a cup of coffee. He returned to his chair.

"That was breakfast. After a while comes lunch. Later comes dinner. You're welcome to them." Cyrus smiled. "But I expect you to earn them. And you're welcome to leave any time you like."

The boy pulls his toy out of his ass and kisses it. He licks the wedge with his red tongue. He swallows it. He fucks his face with it.

Kink stayed with Cyrus for five years.

A siren begins to wail.

The boy returns his toy to its home deep within him. he picks up a strap from the floor. He slaps it across his testicles. He shudders in response.

Cyrus wanted either one of two things. He wanted discipline or self-discipline.

The sirens wail louder.

Some of us begin to shuffle and look nervously up and down the alley. The boy in the window looks at us. He slaps the strap against his testicles. His ass chews on its toy. His penis begins to lurch.

The sirens wail louder and louder.

His pale eyes smoulder. His luscious red lips contort into a mocking grin. His penis lurches up and down. We stand, transfixed.

He arches his back. He pins his penis against his abdomen. Its

knot turns black. His knuckles turn white. A silent scream, a sudden convulsion, and torrents of creamy fluid vault into the air. Then, with the flip of a switch, the window goes dark.

Sirens wail at both ends of the alley. Tires squeal. Some of us stuff away our meat and run toward the oncoming cars, dodging them and running into the night. Others hop walls and climb fire escapes.

The blond next to me freezes. I pull him through a door in one of the buildings. Brakes screech. The little one is licking one last ribbon of milky juice from the asphalt. He scurries over a fence. The police stand in a deserted alley.

The blond still shakes with fear. I lead him down the hall and into a room. His nice meat still hangs outside his jeans. His tool is thick and straight. His rocks are round and heavy.

I want that nice meat.

I take his rocks into my mouth, suck them, stretch them. I swallow them. He cries out.

He yanks his rocks from my throat. He spreads his fingers across my face and pushes me to the floor.

He finds the hole in my ass with his tool. He thrusts. I whimper. He slaps my face. He covers my mouth. He grabs me by the throat.

He begins to stroke. Fierce, furious strokes. The room begins to blacken. He becomes nothing but a blur of undulating bronze and tremendous stabs of agony.

When I awake my head is dizzy and dull. My limbs are numb.

"You want some whisky?" The blond walks over to me. His meat swings with his steps. He hands me a bottle.

"Thanks."

"I'm sorry I—I'm sorry. I was all worked up. It's that kid in the window..."

After five years Kink went off to the city. Sometimes Cyrus goes to see him.

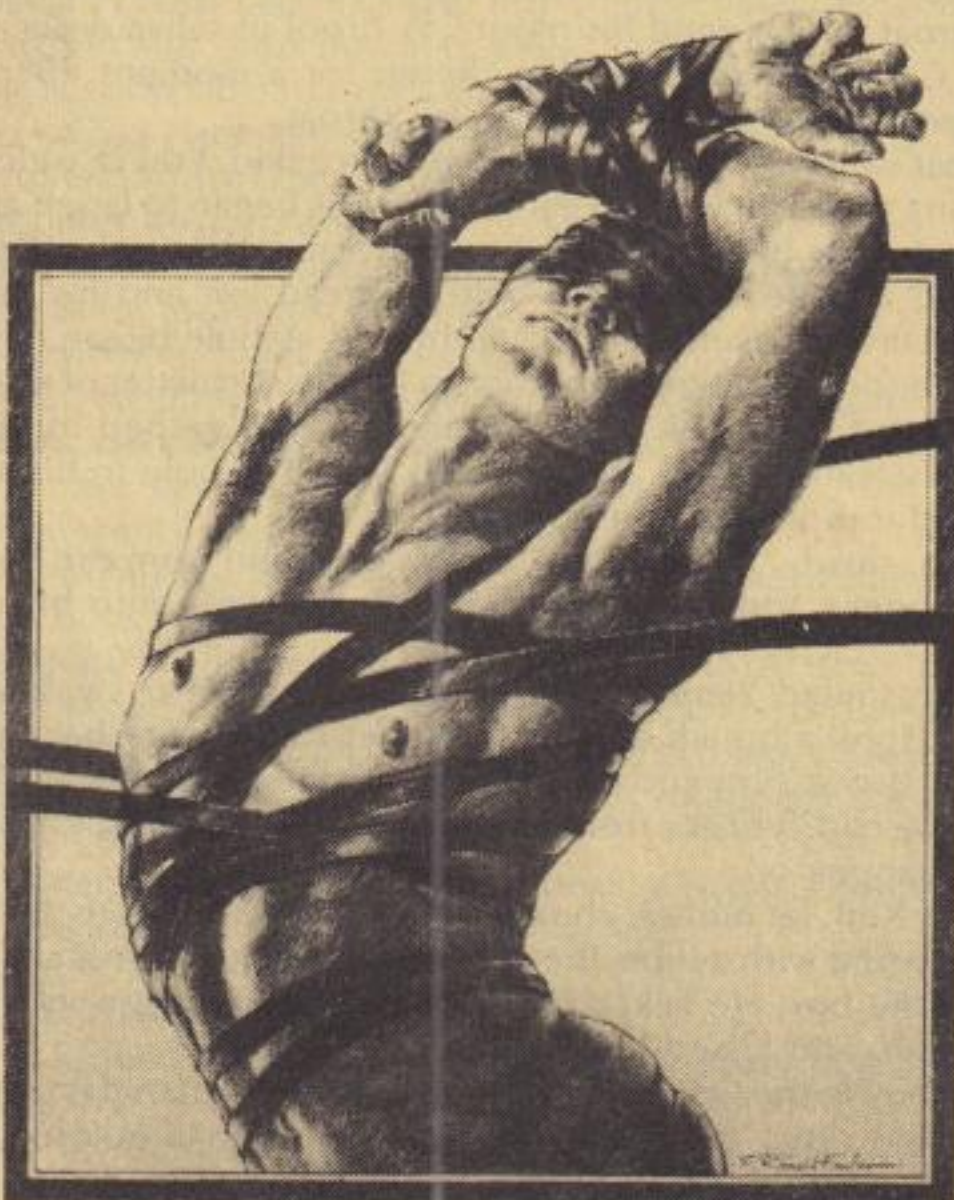
"Do you know who he is?"

"His name is Kink."

□

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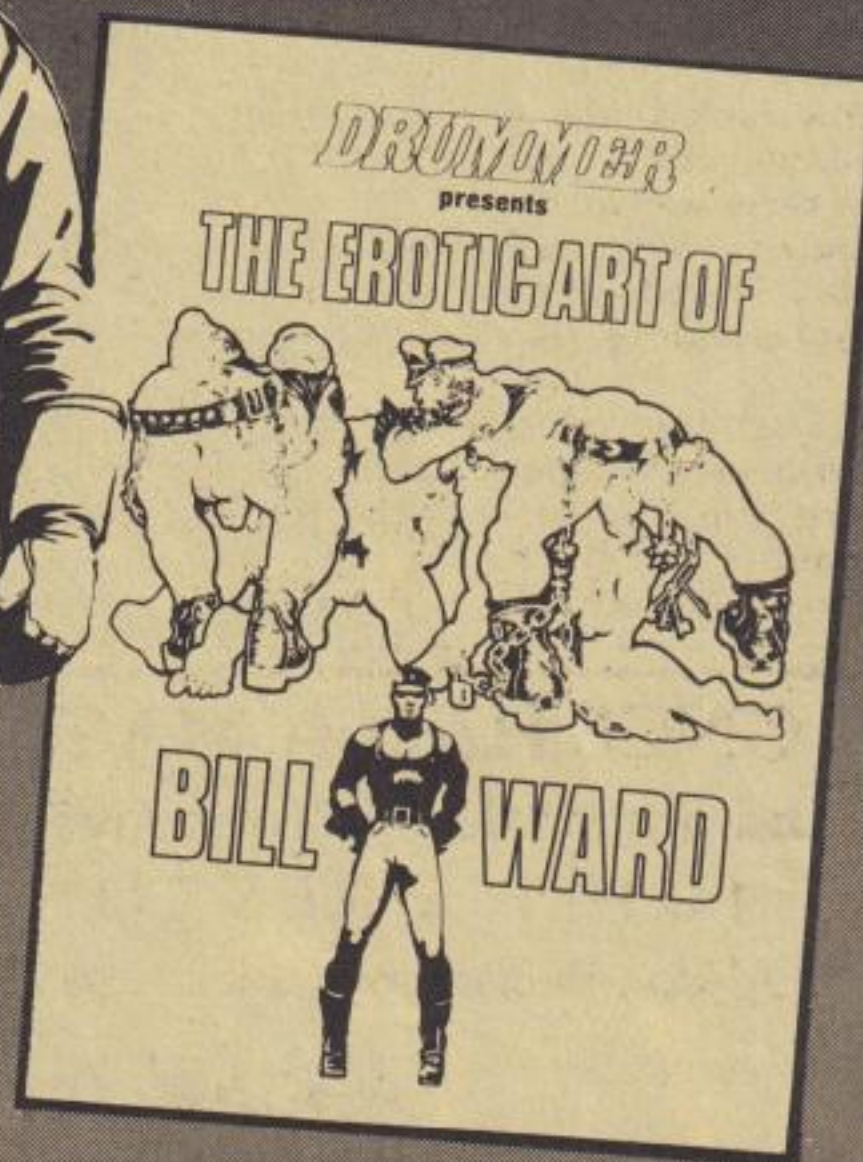
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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

by Tim Barrus

I bought the gun because I liked the way it felt. I liked the way it looked. The black metal feels smooth and cold. The dark walnut handle feels warm and solid. The Haight Street junkie I bought it from assures me that it works. It cost just about everything I had. I put it into my mouth tasting its oily personal bitterness. Click, click, click...

The nights are the worst. I cannot sleep. I cannot sleep. I have tried. I lay on the small bed of my Polk Street room and listen to the nightly screaming ritual from two old fags down the hall. Most nights it's the same. Rage at the walls. Each room a shell of rage. Thank God for the walls.

The nights are the worst. Jason used to hold me at night. His strong arms somehow found their way into encircling me with his intense sense of ownership. His hairy legs would pin me down. He always fell asleep first. Sometimes I'd run my fingers through the black hair of his muscular chest after he'd fallen asleep. I would lie there and listen to Jason's deep slow breathing. If I reached out Jason was always there.

If I sleep now it's likely to be for a couple of fitful half-hours during the day, and only if I can lay my greedy little hands on some downers. I take lots of downers. It's the only way to stop the feeling. The night, more likely than not, finds me on Polk Street, turning as many suburban tricks as my asshole can handle.

I haven't seen Jason for over two months. It isn't because I haven't tried. I have tried everywhere. At first I just wanted to talk with him. Maybe there was some way we could make it work. I would change. I would do anything he wanted. I would beg him. But I am past that now. I still want Jason. I love him. I intend to have him. But I am past the point of talking about it with him. There isn't anything that could be said that hasn't been said many times. It's all so redundant. I will find him. It'll happen when he least expects it. That's how it always happens. On a dark carefree night—or an afternoon as blue as his eyes.

It's true. The rich are different. They have more money. But it's difficult to pinpoint anyone with money in Vegas. Everyone spends in Vegas. It's like water.

I was sitting at a blackjack table trying to look sophisticated, trying to look like I knew what I was doing. What I was doing was losing. Nothing new about that. I'd noticed him earlier. Tall, strikingly handsome, black hair, black trim beard, and eyes as blue as the Aegean sea at high noon. Those damn eyes. He was with a woman. I usually don't look twice at men with women, but Jason is the kind of man who makes everyone look twice. Everyone.

"Maybe you better stick with something safe, kid... like Russian Roulette," he said. He laughed and his blue eyes flashed.

"I think you're right," I replied, feeling a little foolish that my sophisticated image was so transparent. "I think I'll stick with the slot machines. Maybe I'll win a million over there."

The slot machines weren't any better than the tables. I simply fed them. "Here, try some of these." It was Jason. He gave me a handful of what he called his lucky silver dollars. There was an omen in there somewhere. The second silver dollar hit the jackpot. I won \$500 and I officially met Jason.

The celebration he threw in honor of my "jackpot" that night must have cost him more than \$500. Lavish suite, lavish champagne, lavish cocaine, and lavish sex. Jason was never half-hearted about anything.

It was too good to be true. I'd find myself thinking those words many times within the next two years. The man has an incredible body and he knows what he likes. Jason always knew what he liked. In no time at all he had me on all fours. His thick hog of an erect cock pushed itself into my guts with an angry power.

"I want you to eat my asshole."

"I've never done that."

"There's a first time for everything."

His ass is firm, muscular and hairy. I know every muscle. I know every indentation. I know every hair. That night I stuck my tongue up that pink bulging rectum as far as it would go. He lowered himself onto my face until I could not breathe. I took in gulps of air and a mouthful of hairy ass.

"Have you ever been fucked in a Rolls Royce?" he asked. He was serious.

"No," I laughed.

"Come on, kid. You've never been fucked until you've done it in a Rolls."

That night, under the clear desert stars, we played out a fantasy. The next two years of my life would be committed to Jason and his fantasies. We drove to a deserted area overlooking Lee Canyon.

"There's a gift for you in the back seat," he said. In a wrapped box I found a full-length Blackglama black fur. I was more than a little stunned.

"Jason, I can't take gifts from you. This is a woman's coat. It's incredibly beautiful. It must also have cost a small fortune. I'm afraid that nobody has ever given me anything quite like a Blackglama fur."

"Shut up. Take your clothes off. Put it on."

I did as I was told. We got into the back seat of the black Rolls. He had me lie on my back with that incredible fur on. I can still remember how hot and excited Jason was at seeing me naked under the coat. I put my legs up and he ripped into my tight asshole with a vengeance. I clung to him and can remember the

sweaty taste of his beard. I remember him saying over and over that he loved fucking my ass.

It happened so fast. It was all too good to be true. I was twenty-one years old. Jason was thirty-eight. I had seen most of El Segundo and some of Los Vegas. Jason had seen the world.

In no time at all I found myself agreeing with and all caught up in his plans. We'd drive down to L.A., pick up some of my stuff, then head up to San Francisco, where I would move in with Jason. It would have been difficult to say no. Who the hell wanted to say no. I wasn't supposed to worry about leaving UCLA, or what I was going to tell my parents, or anything. If you're with Jason, you're not supposed to worry. He likes to take care of things. And don't look back.

Jason really liked to fuck my ass in that Rolls. He also insisted that I eat his ass a lot. I really liked sticking my tongue up that big hairy hole. That was the trip where we did it anywhere and everywhere in the car. Jason got off on people discovering me with my face up his ass dressed in the mink. We did it in parking lots, garages, double-parked, anywhere Jason felt like pulling over and either fucking me in the back seat or sitting on my face. Some of the looks we got were interesting. The Rolls tended to attract a lot of attention anyway.

I asked Jason several times what it was he did. He never really liked to deal with the question. He never went beyond some vague references to "investments." I never pushed the issue. Maybe I never really wanted to know.

His San Francisco Pacific Heights house is nothing short of incredible. It was all there. Three floors of art, a library, a marble staircase, oriental carpets, the works. I got the grand tour. He showed me most of the house. We came to a door that looked like it probably went to a basement or a wine cellar.

"Thomas, this door is locked. It is always locked. I have the key. I would prefer than no one, not even you, venture down to the basement. I won't ask too many unreasonable things, really, but this is one. Do you mind?"

"It's your house, Jason." I didn't press him. I was curious.

Living with Jason is the kind of experience that most people only dream about. It's very easy to fall in love with the man. There were always wonderful surprises. Elegant, expensive dinners at Le Domino. Shopping for whatever one wanted at Wilkes-Bashford, Tiffany's, and Gumps. Shows, parties, friends, and cocaine. Always cocaine.

I received a surprise one night when Jason came home and informed me that he wanted to try something new.

"What do you have in mind?"

"Let me show you."

I had never been tied up before. My arms and legs were individually tied to the bedposts of our king-size bed. I was spread-eagled and naked. I thought we'd probably go through one of our usual scenes. There wasn't anything I wouldn't do for Jason.

"Thomas, I have a gift for you. These are tit rings." He showed me two large gold rings with inset diamonds.

"Jason, I'm not sure..." He wasn't listening.

Jason had a champagne bucket filled with ice, some bandages, and a very wicked looking tool that seemed to be some kind of surgical ice pick.

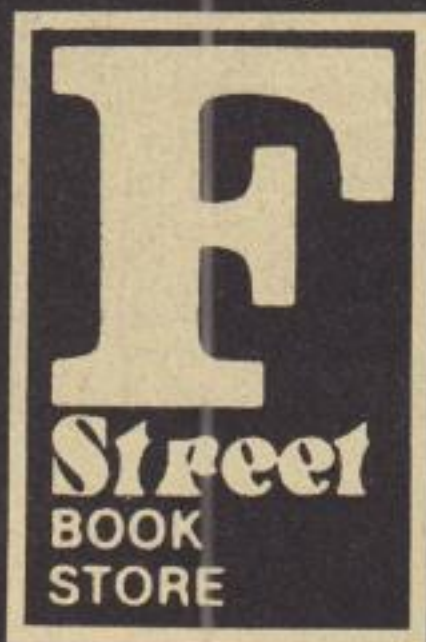
I tried closing my eyes and laying back, just accepting what was coming. He told me to take two large white pills. I did as I was told. He numbed my left tit with ice and heated the ice pick device with the burning end of a cigarette. There was blood. I tried not to scream. I tried not to struggle. He had tied the ropes expertly—tightly.

"I'm going to gag you, Thomas." He had decided not to use ice on the right tit... nothing. I could smell the burning flesh as the pick went right through my tit. I screamed. It was muffled by the gag.

The pain lasted about two weeks. I kept the tit rings in. I healed. Jason always said that people eventually healed. He bought a fourteen-carat gold chain which he hung between the rings. He connected this to a diamond-studded black leather leash. He would dress in black leather and have me wear just an old jock strap. We'd go to the Trocadero and dance all night.

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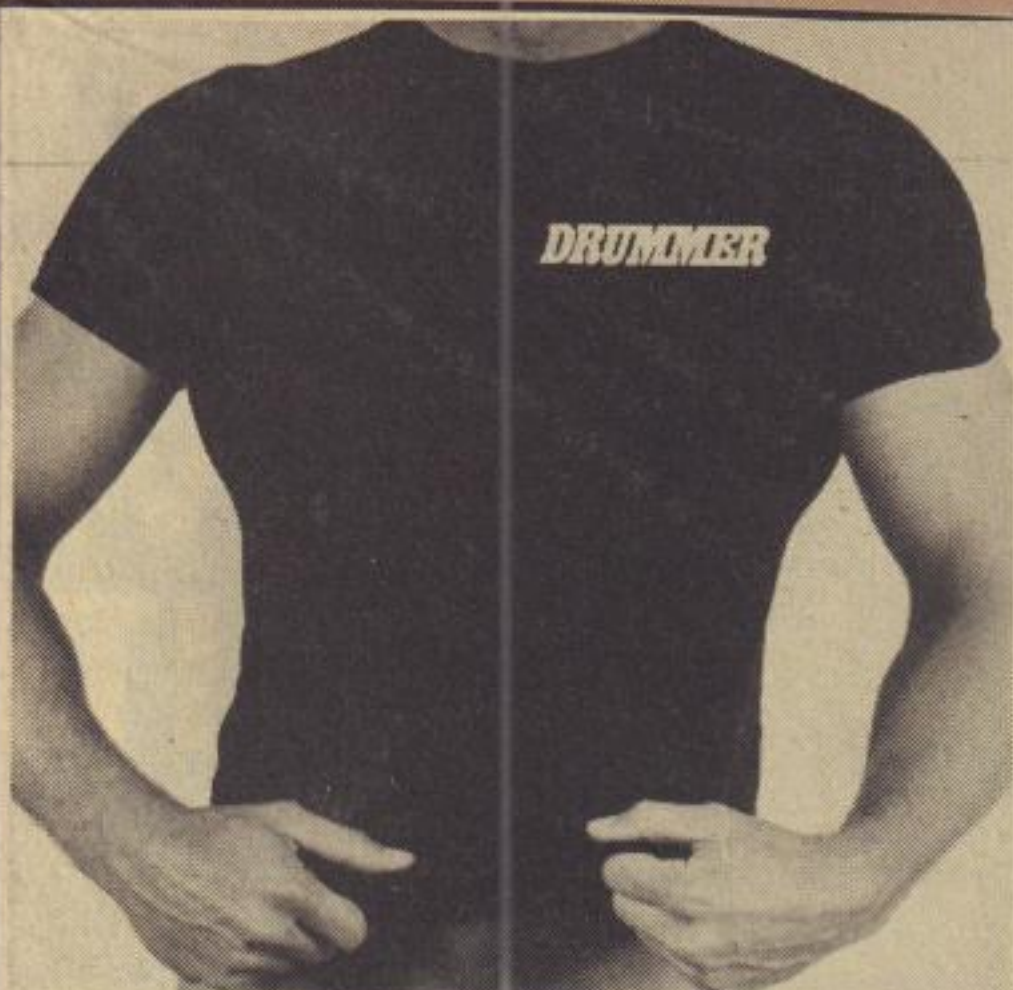
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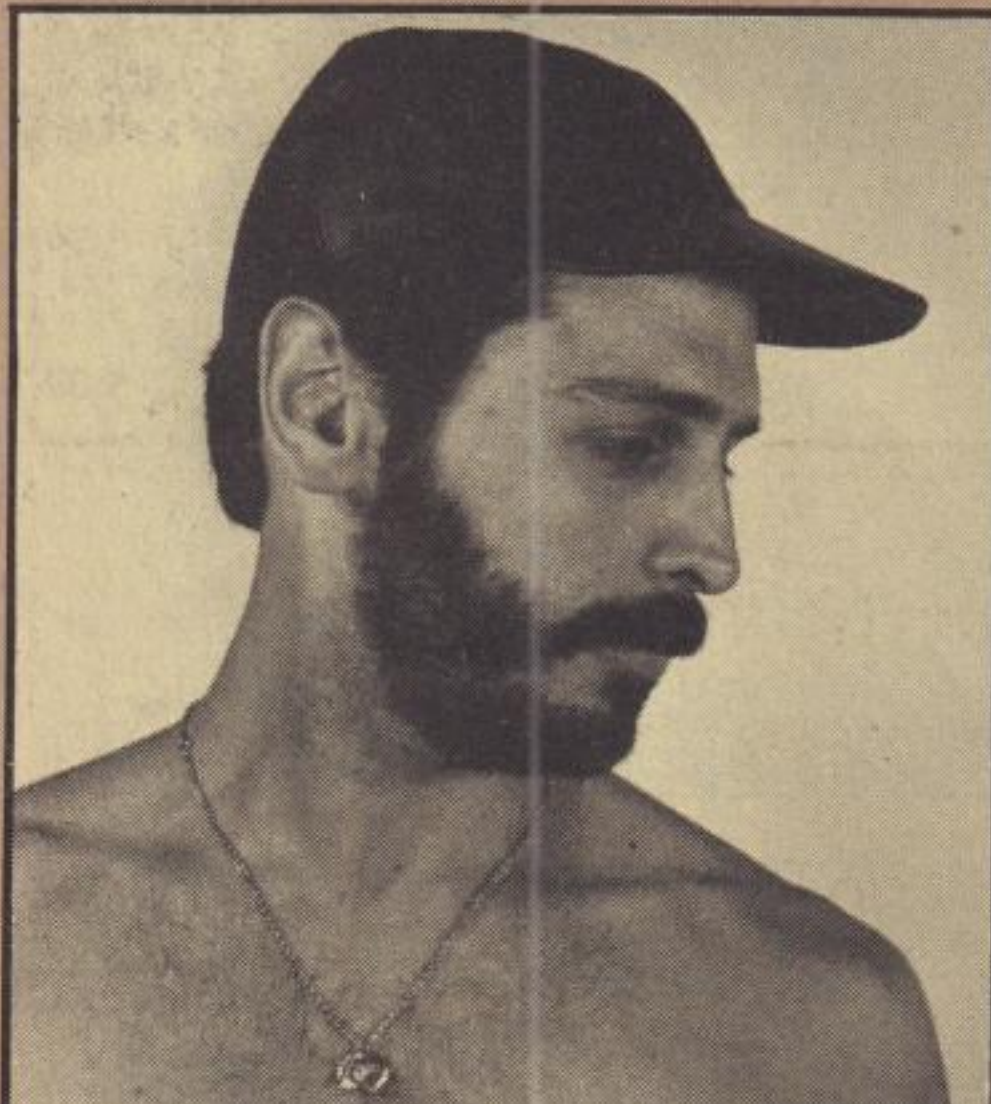
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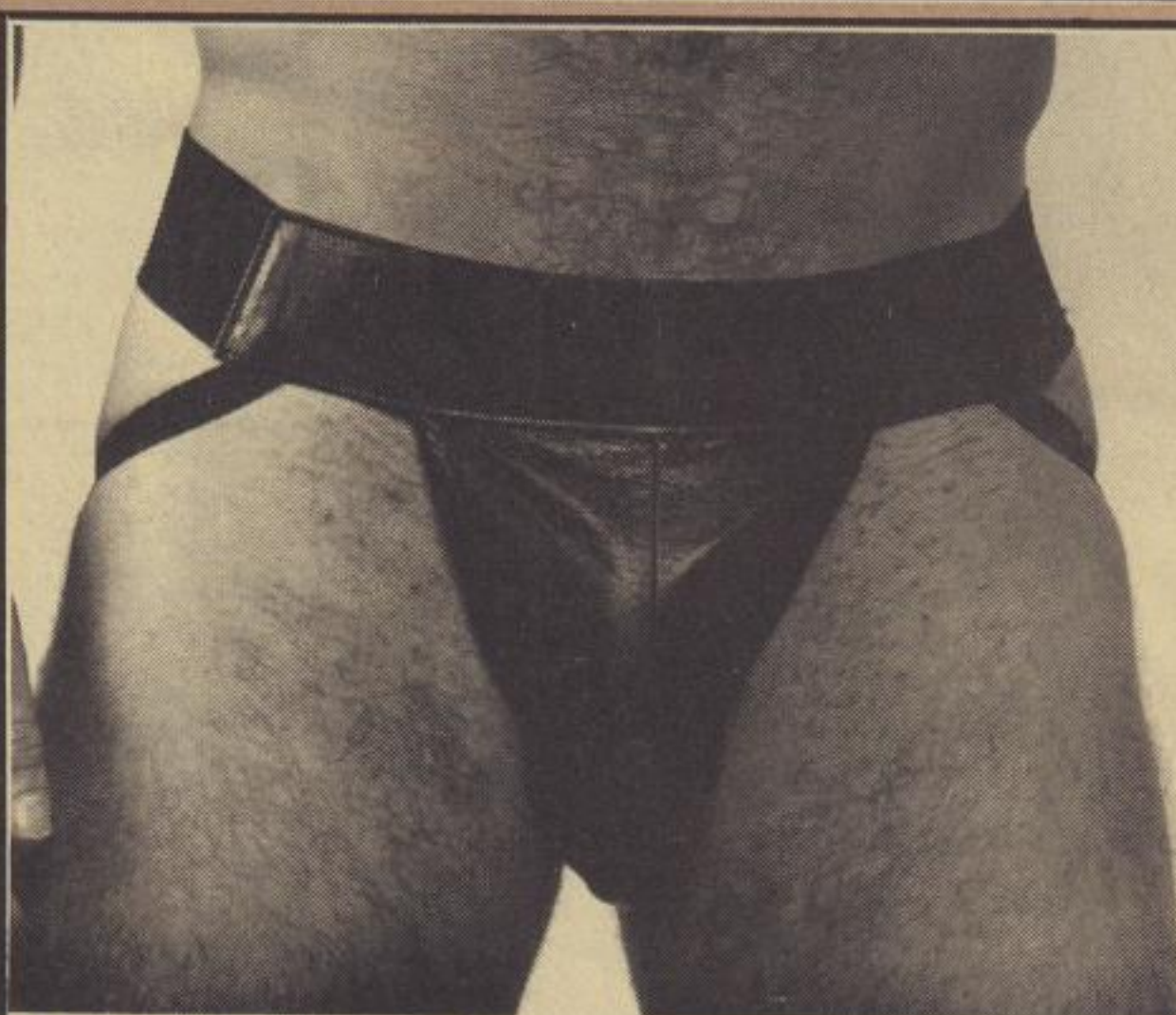
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Jason used to enjoy throwing black leather parties. Everyone would arrive dressed in black leather to the teeth. I would greet people at the door in only a black leather jock strap, the tit rings, leash, and a dog collar studded with twelve of the most iridescent dark red rubies I'd ever seen.

Jason was approached and asked if he'd allow some of the guests to fuck me in my ass and in my mouth. Jason explained that he would permit this but that no one would be allowed to view or touch my cock. *That* was his and his alone.

I felt humiliated and hurt. I hated it. Yet I would do anything for Jason. Men in black leather would line up to shove their fingers and their huge pulsating pendulous cocks into my tight ass. Other men would sit around, waiting their turn, and laugh as Jason would say, "Fuck my pig. Fuck my pig's ass. Now fuck the pig in the mouth." I would have to get on my knees and take the rigid hard cocks into my mouth. I would swallow one load after another.

I was instructed to lick participants' boots until they were completely covered with my saliva. I was instructed to grovel on the floor and act like a pig. I was instructed to piss on myself and then to lap every drop of it up from the floor while everyone watched and laughed. I was instructed to put my face in every ass and to eat every rectum.

At one point an overeager participant grabbed my cock. A whip lash rang out and landed across his face. Then another. Then another. Jason stood there with his bullwhip. His face was contorted with a rage that I had never seen. "I told you that the pig's cock was mine." He then landed six heavy lashes that took the skin off my naked back for permitting and encouraging the violation, even though I had not said or done a thing.

"Don't let it happen again, pig." Jason then had me lie on the floor as he pissed burning hot urine over my raw whipped back as punishment.

Over the course of our relationship Jason would have to be gone for several weeks at a time on business. These could be long lonely weeks. He'd call every day from New York, Paris, or

Hong Kong. I didn't dare go out and didn't really want to. I was totally devoted to Jason. He was my life. I was his pig.

During those long weeks of waiting, I'd often wonder what could possibly be in the basement. I went to the door and tried it. It was securely locked.

Once, when Jason was in New York on business, I went out to the garage where he had labeled a duplicate set of keys for every lock in the house. Three keys were unlabeled. The third key was the one.

The basement was dark and musty. I found a light. I'll never forget my shock at discovering a *real* torture chamber. He's really serious, I thought. There was soundproofing. There were chains on the walls. There were ball and chains with ankle clamps. There were various obstetric tables with stirrups. There were at least a dozen kinds of whips, slings, masks, gallows, surgical instruments, and in one corner an actual holding cell with a drain in the floor. There appeared to be what looked like a lot of dried blood on the walls.

"I thought I told you never to come down here."

I turned around. I had not heard Jason come into the house. He didn't seem too angry. His voice was low and quiet. There was something very passive about him. Something I'd never seen before.

"I'm sorry, Jason. I didn't hear you come in. I just wondered what was down here. I just wanted to see it, that's all. It's okay. Maybe you and I could play down here sometime."

"Thomas, I do not 'play' down here. I am very sorry that you did not do as you were told. I'm afraid that you'll have to go into the cell." I did as I was told.

Jason locked the door and left without a word. When he returned he was dressed in leather. He took a large whip off the rack and held it at his side. He stuck his huge thick hog cock through the bars. I sucked and sucked. Unexpectedly, a hot stream of piss shot into my mouth. A few drops dripped from my lips. For this sin I was to be punished in the sling.

I was bound naked into the sling by tight nylon cord that cut

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into my skin. Jason and I had previously discussed the possibility of my getting fistfucked. I had thought that it would be done with the usual slowness and lubrication associated with fisting. With my legs spread, Jason rammed his clenched fist up my asshole with a sheer painful expertise. I screamed. A black riding crop lashed out against my face. Jason pushed his fist and his arm up into my guts.

"So, how do you like it, pig?"

"I like it. I like it, Jason. And I love you. I really do." Another lash of the riding crop hit my face. "Jason, you are my life." Another, and another lash repeatedly hit my face. He kept it up until I couldn't feel anything. I blacked out with his entire arm up my asshole.

When I woke I was naked on the cement floor. I found that I was chained to the wall and in ankle braces. There was a leather device strapped and locked to my waist that held something large and felt firmly rammed into my asshole. Any movement only made the pain worse and taking it off was impossible. Blood trickled out of my ass and down my legs. My face hurt badly and was swollen.

After what seemed like hours Jason came into the basement. He was wearing a business suit. He stood over me.

"I have a new surprise for you. I want you to meet my new lover."

I looked up to see another young man with him. He was well dressed and perhaps a little younger than myself.

"Jason, I love you," I said.

"Fuck the pig," Jason said to the kid.

The straps were unlocked and a large black dildo was removed from my ass. The kid undressed. I was fucked viciously.

Jason undressed and rubbed his hard thick cock in my face and would not allow me to touch it. His lover pumped into me savagely.

"Don't come in the pig," Jason said.

They began to make love in front of me. If I shut my eyes Jason would lash out with the bullwhip. I was forced to watch every romantic tender touch. I wanted to cry.

"I want you to fuck me," he said to the kid. "I never let the pig fuck me. I want him to watch it."

I wanted to die when I saw the kid's long hard cock rhythmically slide in and out of Jason's wide open asshole. Jason kept telling the kid to fuck him and that he loved him.

After the kid came in Jason's ass I was told to suck out the come and drink it down. It would be the last time that I'd be allowed to put my loving lips into Jason's hole.

Jason instructed the kid to gag me, beat me, and I was instructed to take one of Jason's white pills down with the kid's piss. I took his cock into my throat and did not spill a drop.

"But Jason... I love you." Another series of lashes with the whip and I passed out.

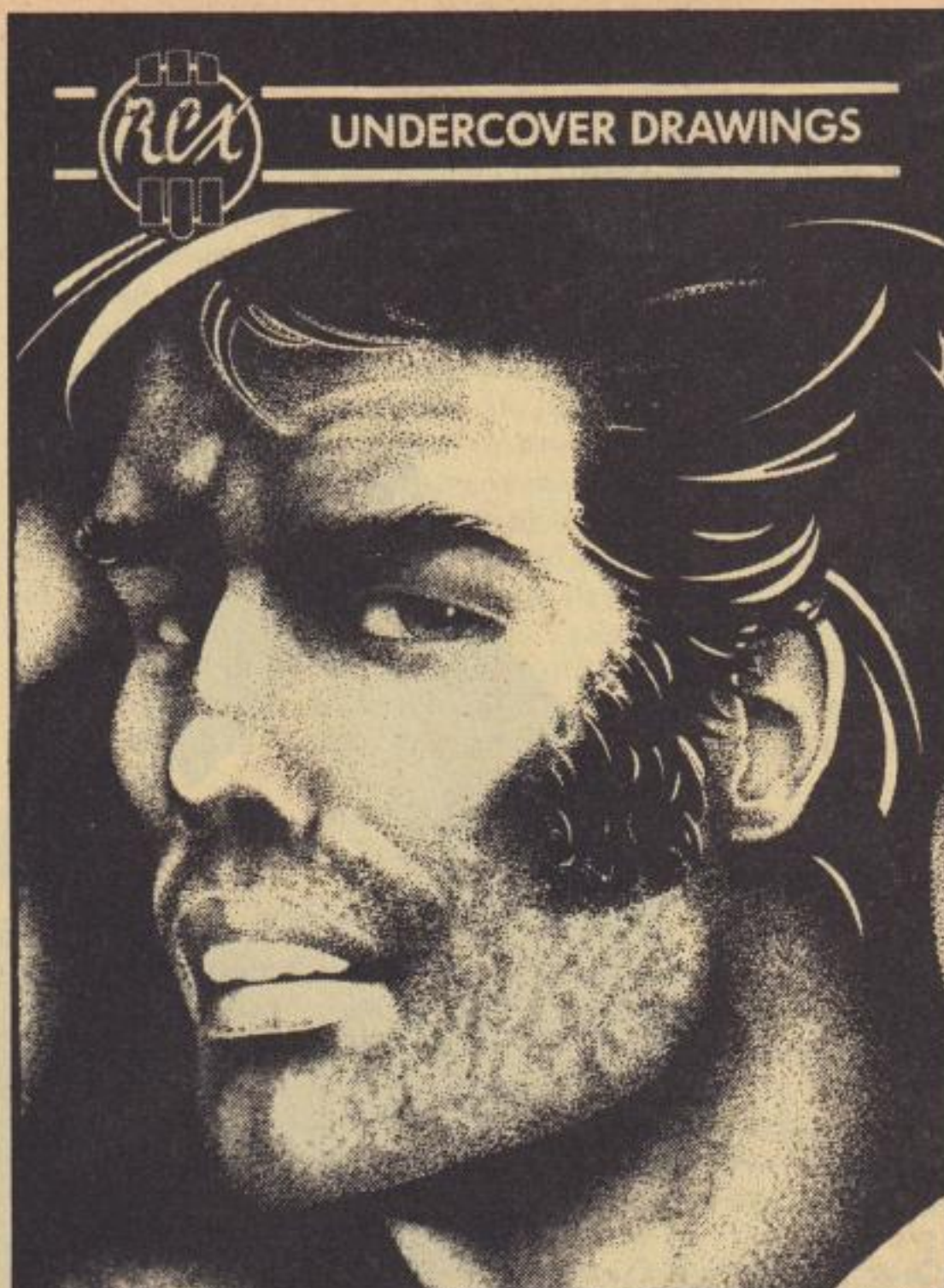
I woke up to find myself clothed and dumped somewhere on Ocean Beach. I still had the tit rings on. It's the only thing I have left from two years of my life. I hurt everywhere. I still do.

I think about Jason all the time. I love Jason. I will always love Jason. I've gone back to the house a couple of times. It's empty. Stark raving empty. There's a "For Sale" sign in the front yard. It's like none of it happened. It's like I was never there. But it did. And I was.

I've looked for Jason everywhere. People remember him. But no one knows where he is. He can't be found... yet...

Two nights ago a very small-time cocaine dealer at the Stud "sold" me some information. He was not at all sure that it was Jason. Couldn't guarantee it. He knew that a very heavy dealer would be selling this guy some coke tonight at Haight and Fillmore. It sounded like Jason. The description was right. Purely cash. It fit. You can trust a faggot dealer to get it down to a vivid description of the man's eyes. Blue as the sea. I am sure it's Jason.

I can't live without him. I can't let him live either. I bought the gun because I liked the way it felt. I liked the way it looked. The black metal feels smooth and cold. The dark walnut handle feels warm and solid. At first, I liked Jason because of the way he looked, the way he felt. I loved him. I still love him. Our love was solid and warm. I intend to have him back. Click, click, click...



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the COLLAR

by Lars

If I could just shuck this necklace, I could handle the other shit. Been wearing this ornament now for three years and four months—or is it three years and five months—I'm losing track. It gives me headaches, and no wonder: a three-inch-tall band of thick heavy iron riveted to my neck and welded to a giant 15-foot tow chain, which in turn is fastened to a ring-bolt in the concrete floor. Heavy hardware, I call it. When you started hammering the rivets those many months ago—that last second of freedom—you grinned reassuringly and promised me I'd get used to it eventually, wouldn't mind the chaffing and the weight. You lied.

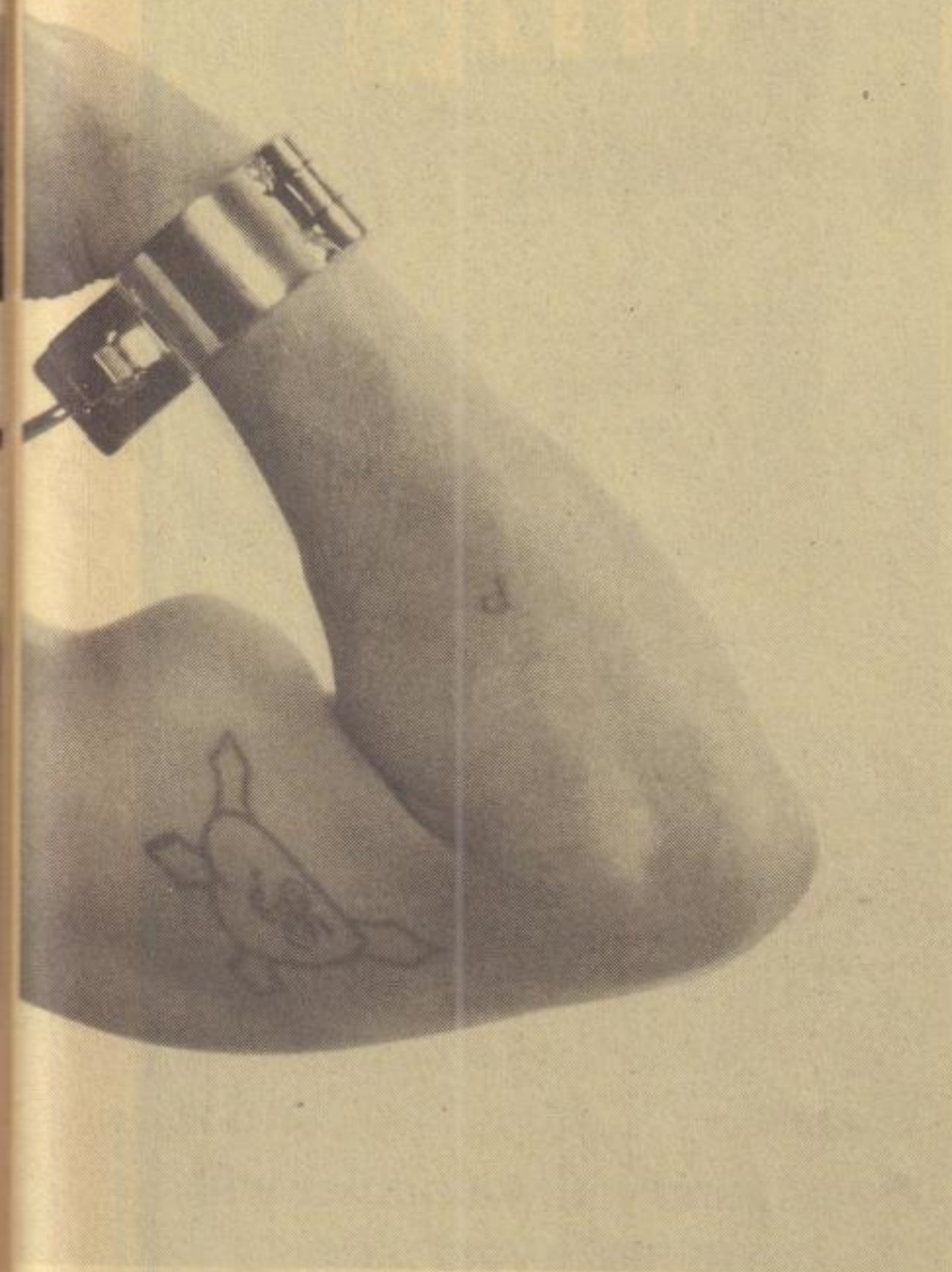
Hanging from the collar, two six-foot logging chains drape down to heavy leg irons locked onto my boots. Since that day you made me prisoner, you've kept me buck-naked except for wearing boots. Every week or so, you unlock the shackles and make me change footgear. So I alternate from being a naked, muscular lumberjack in lug soles—to a naked muscular cowboy in pointed shitkickers—to a naked muscular biker in tall, brawny engineers. Always booted, swinging heavy iron, and under your complete control.

Except for the collar and shackles, you usually leave me "free" when we sleep together. Half the large room has a carpet and plush bed. Most nights, we share the comfort there—share good

times—back rubs, wine, small talk, maybe sex. Almost like the good times before you talked me into giving you a lifetime lease on my body. In those old days, you'd often put me into make-believe bondage. Great fun it was, but somehow fake and frivolous—even silly. Both of us hungered for the real thing. We got it now, by god. Every time I wake during the night, I feel the aggravating weight on my neck, and know where I am, and who I am. You got my ass for good, buddy.

I know it. You know it. But you take no chances. Whenever you leave the room, you always—without fail—come up to me and talk soothingly while you cuff or tie my hands behind my back, usually cinching them high to the collar, or to my waist. Also without fail, you then gag my mouth good and tight—smiling as you do the good bondmaster's work, because while you're gone, you'll dig the thought of a bound, gagged prisoner-buddy waiting down here for you, uncomfortable and helpless.

Matter of fact, if you're really feeling good about yourself and about me, you'll cinch me down all the more—taking greater "pains" to make me rigidly immobilized. In those moods, you're like an artist at his work, youthfully dreaming up new ways to put me down and under. Sometimes you'll lock my cuffed arms to a ringbolt in the wall, or to the floor bolt. Sometimes you'll tie me



hand and foot, then padlock my neck chain—that permanent friend—to the same wall bolt, making it impossible for me to rest my head on the floor. Sometimes you'll hogtie and cuff me, hand and foot, then padlock both my collar and boot irons to the floor bolt, leaving no slack even to raise my head or budge my bound torso. And always the tight gag—that's your particular fetish, I think, your specialty.

Constantly collared and shackled, as well as subjected to the additional rigid bondage nearly every day, I've learned to wait, straining against the ropes and iron and gag. Lots of hurting and waiting. I've become a philosopher of sorts, with all that waiting, and could write it down for the world to know if my hands were ever free. Lots of waiting. No damn wonder the sound of your boots on the stairs makes me come alive—as much as a hopelessly restrained dude can come alive. The sight of your lanky form and swaggering limbs, descending the stairs in boots and leather, gets me going. Besides, you always bring me food and water, and usually a sunny smile to light up that angular, handsome face of yours. You're good at soft massages to ease my strained muscles—good with the friendly words and comfort. Your easygoing male elegance envelopes me, makes me warm. Guess I'll spend my life in bondage aching for the sight, feel and smell of you.

Don't even mind too much if you take a notion to whip me—maybe for crapping on the floor, or dislodging the gag (an insult to the specialist). Some days you're moody, and rough me up cruelly, pausing just long enough to feed and water me—out of the floor bowls, if you're really out-of-joint. And the sight of you on those stairs doesn't always mean instant relief from rigid bondage and the gag—even when you're happy. You'll tease, and talk and strut—leaving me guessing just how soon you'll ease me out. More than once, out of pure whim, you've kept me padlocked to the floor bolt all night—left me “resting” on concrete while you snacked, or slept on pillows. I like it when you sit in the stuffed chair, smoking your pipe and watching TV, your oiled boots propped on my bare, bound torso, proding and pushing. Like it too when you stand on me, verbally hassle me, kick me a little, call me your favorite slave, brag on my muscles—my chained and straining muscles. Even like it sometimes when you tighten the gag or close the cuffs one more notch—before you go back to reading that favorite new novel, laughing smugly while you enjoy your firm yet gentle domination of a friend and prisoner.

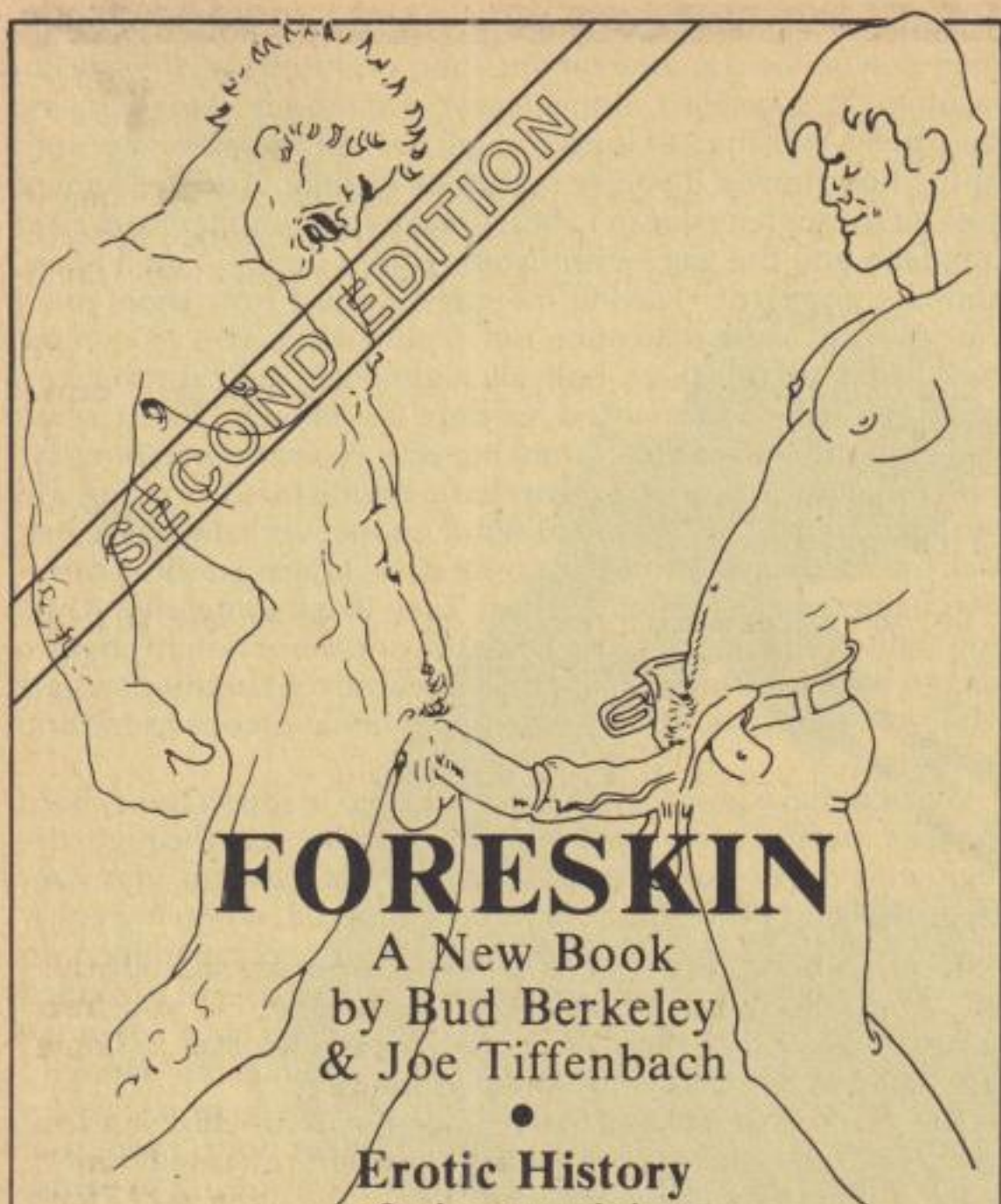
We both have good physiques, and keep in top shape by hard exercise nearly every day. Help each other go through the regimen's paces—two equal jocks in a way, except that your glistening and powerful body is unhampered, while my collar stays riveted, and the chains add a clanking accompaniment to our movements. We build up good hardy sweats—like to smell each other, like to slap each other's rumps. That's when we usually have sex—aroused, masculine, energetic. But damn if I don't pay for the pleasure, because afterwards you nearly always either leave me or put me in rigid bondage for hours more, as if to have me ready for that next good shot. I love it—just so you're there.

When you're not there—that's when I feel the collar most painfully. Four walls, irons, ropes, cuffs, constricting gag—all keeping me quiet and out of trouble—keeping me waiting for those heavy boots on the stairs. Maybe tonight you'll surprise this still-hopeful slave, and strike off the collar—give me a break, if only for a few days—or hours. I mean, shit, I signed on for life, but the contract didn't require that damn iron noose every hour of every day. I'd ask you to replace it with a lighter one, but I'm afraid you'd bring back a four-inch model instead—smiling as usual as you hammered it into place.

Reckon I knew what I was doing when I signed on for this scene. But in the back of my mind, I think I unconsciously expected you'd get tired of the “real thing” after a week or two—a month or two at most. Would get to feeling guilty when faced with the cruel actuality of it all. Trouble is, part of the contract also reads that if you ever chicken out and release me, then I get your ass for keeps—to use or abuse. Damn that no-escape clause! The contract also promises your ass to me if I ever escape on my own, but the rivets, collar, tow chain, shackles, ropes, cuffs and gag all make that an illusion—a real fantasy. I'm as strong as you, and when my arms are free could probably wrestle you to the concrete floor some fine day, but the rivets and the collar would still be in place. Hell, I've even thought of choking you in your sleep some night, but for what? I'd still be on the chain, and who would know? Yeah, bossman, you've got all bases covered.

But a man's gotta hope. Will you still keep me chained, bound and gagged when I grow old—get wrinkled—lose my hair and good physique? Or what if I promise not to exercise my rights to enslave you in return? Come on, fella, strike off these rivets. We're buddies, remember?

But I'm dreaming again—something I do a lot of on this concrete floor. Not a chance. Shit, you like me just as I am. You know when you've got a good thing going, makes me feel good, in a way. Besides, I'm no candy-ass. I can take it. Have taken it. You haven't caught me begging or whining—yet. Still and all, it wouldn't hurt my feelings none if you came down right now, massaged my chest slowly and sensuously, stroked my nude rump—and eased this gag just a fraction of an inch. Yeah, I'd like that. Sure would. □



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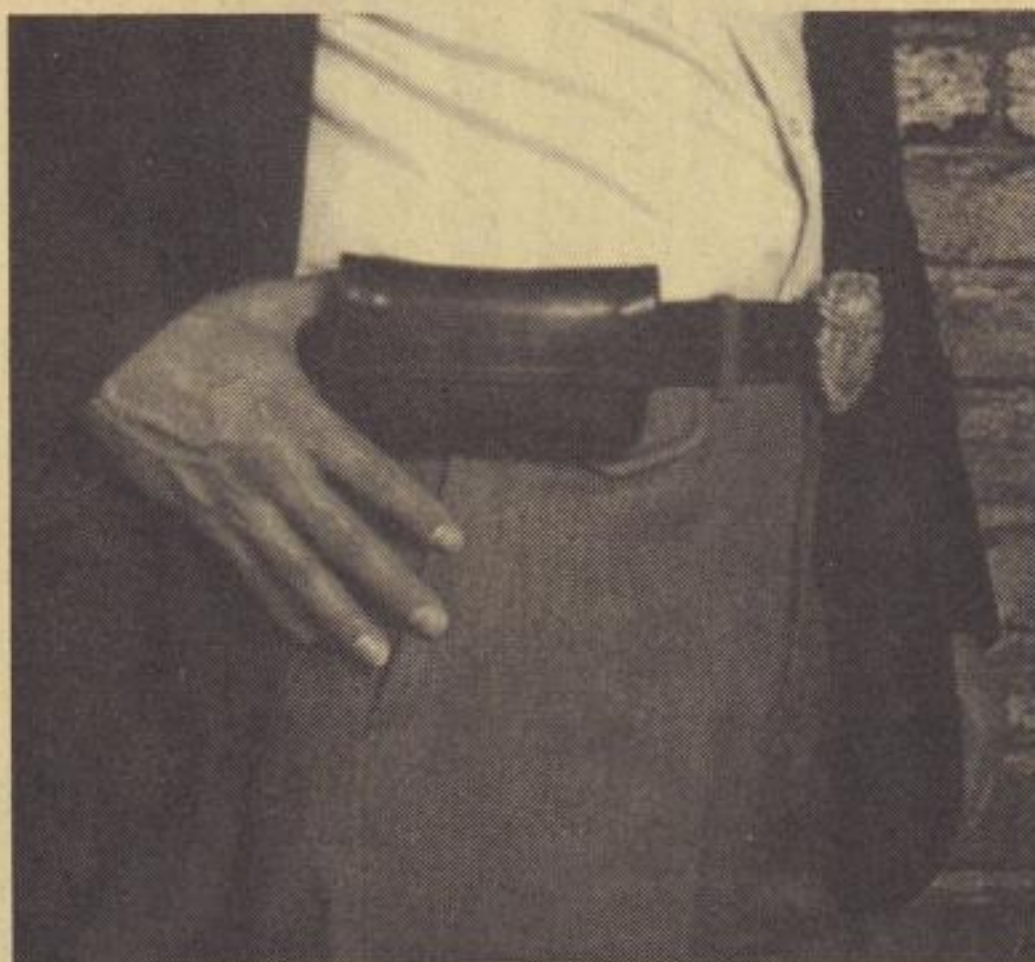
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photo by Jim Wigler

a heavy trip

Start counting.

One.

One red welt across your pretty white butt. Does it sting? It was harder than you expected, wasn't it? The next one's going to be even harder. I'm going to be severe with you. I really don't like jackasses. Not at all.

Two.

You didn't believe me? Well, brace yourself, buster, 'cause here's—

Three.

Big boys don't cry, jackass.

Four.

Five.

No, you're counting to ten. Count 'em out—loud! So I can hear you—or they don't count. Shout!

Six.

Seven.

You sound scared. What if it's more than ten?

Eight. Shout!

Nine.

And now for—

Ten.

Stop trembling. Yes, you're bleeding. And you shitted yourself. And I don't care if you didn't want that. Do you hear, jackass? *I don't care.* You'll survive. I'll even let you go home. Eventually. When you've finished counting.

Oh—no. You don't need to whimper. I'm done whipping you. You now know what pain is—what it is when you don't want it. When it's more than you can take. It's not the same, is it? That's lesson number one.

But you're not done counting.

Get in there. Crawl.

Yes, you're going to stay there. While you count for me. Get in all the way, jackass, make yourself comfortable. Well, as comfortable as you can, under the circumstances. I guess that will have to be on your hands and knees.

Ever done a scene with spiral notebooks before, and a pen? Not since schooldays? Well, you're about to.

Here you go. Count. Write them down. One number per line.

Yes, I mean it. Or would you rather count on your ass instead? I'll oblige...

All right. Get going.

I almost like you—in a cage. But not quite. Let's say I like seeing you in a cage. Writing numbers.

Oh! Here's your T-shirt, jackass. I'm not really sorry I ripped it. I know you were proud of it—positively arrogant, in fact. It's what caught my eye in the Brig. It's actually the reason you're here, counting. I'll bet you never thought it would be *that* attractive on you.

I'll hang it right here on the side, so you can look at it from time to time.

—No, keep counting. You've got a long ways to go before you're finished. But you can think about your T, and the swastika on it.

How high do you have to count? Well, don't worry—I'll feed you. Dog food. And I'll clean your cage, beast. It'll take nearly 2000 notebooks if you use both sides of the pages. And if you could write one number per second (which, of course, you can't, really, once you get above a thousand or so) and if I keep you at it twelve hours a day (I don't want to be inhuman), it ought to take you about eight months. But we could realistically round that off to about a year, though it'll probably be longer. We'll see.

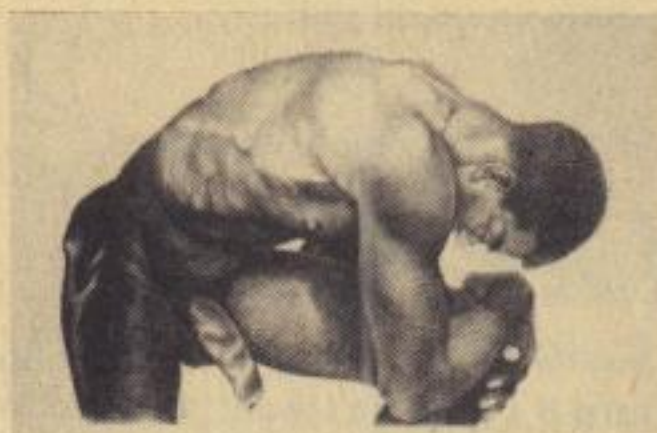
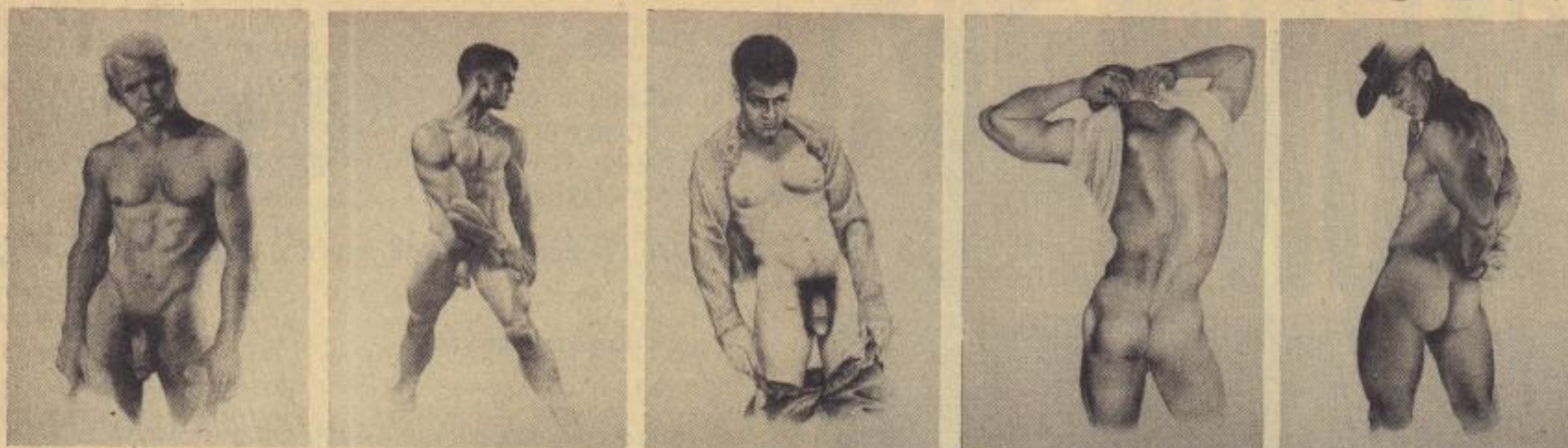
How high are you counting? Twelve million.

And each one of them counted, too, jackass.

2:30 a.m., December 10, 1983

Robert Chesley, a former school teacher

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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Sir:

I'm sure you have better things to do than answer questions from this straight "fag hag" (sic), but the only sure answer I would receive is from a gay male—preferably one such as you, who is not unused to giving advice. My gay male roommate and I have been cohabiting for over a year. We have ironed out all our rough spots, except for one particular behaviorism in him that I just can't handle.

Although I understand and appreciate a male's having a higher level of sex drive than most women, I can't understand why his mind is constantly on his crotch—so much so, it is beginning to cause friction between us. He "steals" my car at night so he can cruise the bars and train station, etc., while I'm sleeping. He seems to have no sense of responsibility when it comes to getting himself a trick. (And "leather" is not the problem, since I am into this, whereas he is not.)

Oh yes, he's had lovers before who had caused him to domesticate himself temporarily, but he always had to get something on the side during these relationships. I wonder if there's a way to explain to this roommate of mine that there is more to life than sucking dick. Have you any suggestions?

Distracted Roomie

Dear Distracted,

Since you're not his momma, his mistress, or his wife, there isn't a hell of a lot you can do about this guy's sexual proclivities. Some men (gay or otherwise) have this itch, and, for them, there is only one way to scratch it. Any woman who maintains close friendships with us has to be aware of that. Except for his unauthorized use of your car, the only harm he seems to be doing to you is upset your sense of order and social priority. My logical conclusion, then, is that your real concern is for his well-being. And that places you in the same situation as so many of us who see our friends doing things which we fear will cause them injury, but over which we have no control. Isn't that one of the essentials of the human social

dilemma? I'm sorry to offer so little encouragement, but I think your choice is either to live with it, in the hope he will mature and outgrow the excessive needs, or break it off.

Dear Larry,

About a year ago I read an article (I think in *Drummer*) that extolled the wonders of tits. It stated that one could work the tits into fantastic little pleasure points, with a little work, and that they would grow and develop as a result. Well, I began working and they have truly been a major source of erotic sensation for me. However, the damned things are still flat as pancakes. Nothing—suction cups, clothespins, lead weights—nothing seems to make those little tips stand out. Can you or some of your readers help?

Flat in Indiana

Dear Flat,

If you're getting the sensual responses, you've really achieved the most important goal in tit-play. (A lot of guys would prefer that we refer to them as "nipples," by the way, feeling that "tit" applies more aptly to women and cows.) Be that as it may, I'm not sure there is any absolutely certain way to build up the nipples that is going to work for everyone. Even a seemingly flat nipple will form a little point when it's excited, though, and I suspect yours are probably doing it, too, except that you can't really see it when you have something clamped onto it. Obviously, heavy usage over a long period of time is the best prospect for bringing on a permanent physical change. If you do some exercises such as push-ups or prone bench presses (in a gym), you will improve the muscle tone underneath. Then, frequent use of a small-tipped clamp with a moderate weight attached should produce results. Be careful not to leave the clamp in place for such a long time as to cause circulatory problems. Frequent, short sessions are best. If some real nipple expert would care to comment, I'd be glad to pass on his advice.

Dear Larry,

I am a sexually active leatherman (mostly bottom, when I get the chance), and I've been involved in almost every scene except scat. I'm now 49 years old, and I've been told that I've "lived through" the high risk period for AIDS, and really shouldn't be overly concerned about it any more. The statistics seem to bear this out, since most guys who get it are in their 20's and 30's. What do you think?

Jim
New York

Dear Jim,

No one can tell you that you are not at risk, because no one (not even the medicos who are doing research and treating the patients) can be 100% certain of the way it's transmitted or who is likely to get

it. The most popular current assumption is that AIDS is most readily transmitted via an exchange of bodily fluids (blood, semen, feces—maybe piss, maybe saliva, maybe who knows what else). The statistics, broken down by age and showing more cases of guys in their 20's and 30's getting the disease merely parallel a similar set of statistics showing a larger number of guys who are sexually active in these age brackets. Every responsible gay publication in the country has, at one time or another, given their best experts' advice on the precautions you should take to protect yourself. I'd go along with these, and not rely on age as a defense. Ironically, the following letter arrived in the same mail as yours; otherwise, I wouldn't have included it.

Dear sick pervert,

I've read your filthy trash, and I hope you and all your friends and readers get AIDS and die and go to hell.

A brother in Christ
(Postmark, Oklahoma City)

Dear Brother,

Thanks for your Christian charity. May God reward your noble sentiments.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107. If you wish a private response, include a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.)

LARRY TOWNSEND

Author of the *Leatherman's Handbook*
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964 Folsom Street/San Francisco, CA 94107

- ☐ Send me DRUMMER in a plain brown envelope.
\$40 a year (outrageous!)
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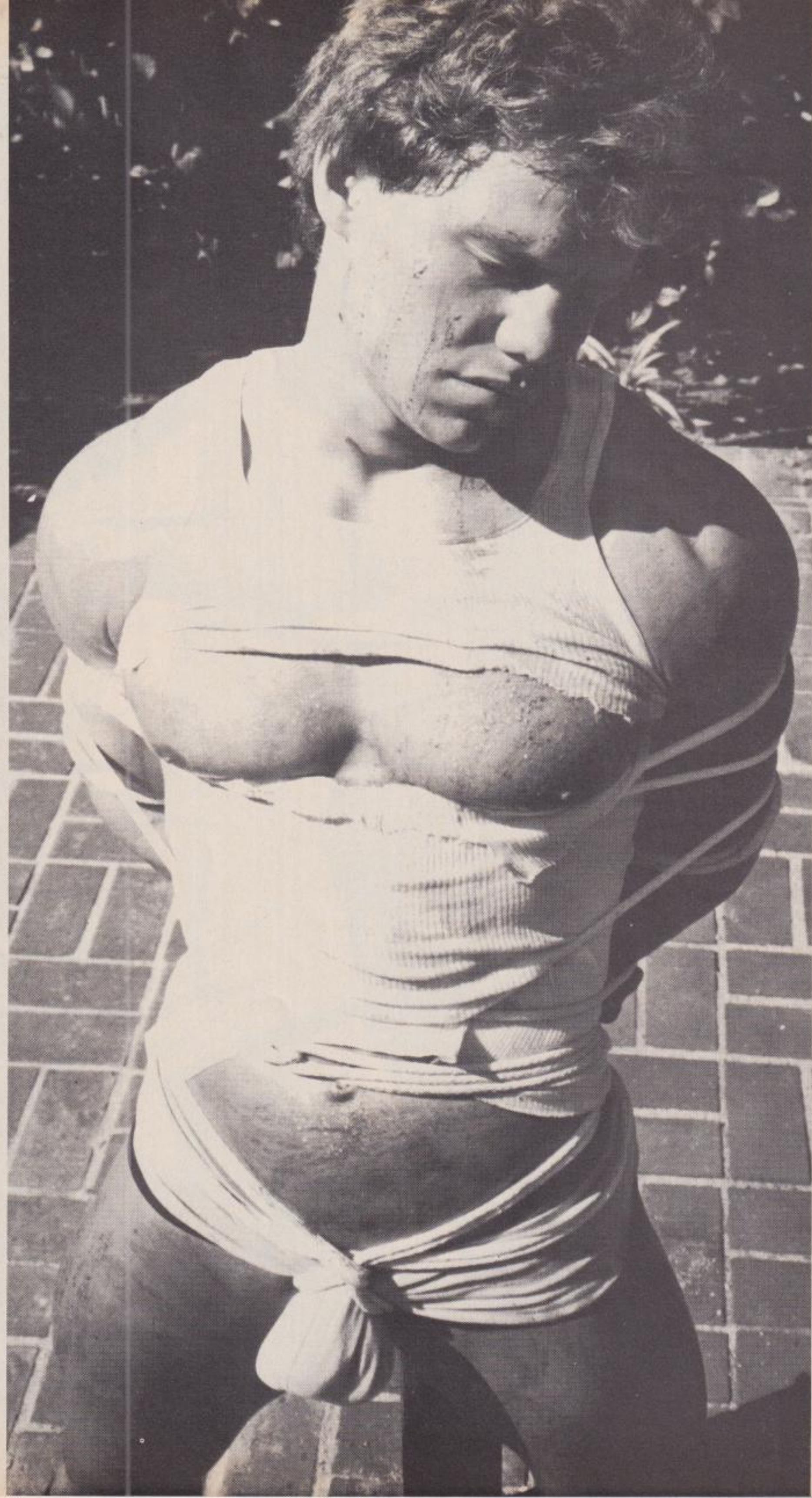
Photography:
ZEUS

Something in his eyes tells you he's a little wild. Something in that pouch between his thighs says he might be dangerous. Best to keep him tied up nice and tight until you're sure you've got this situation under control...

Maybe he likes being roped and gagged. If he didn't, he could probably rip that beam clear out of the ground with those muscle-bound thighs. Or maybe he hates it—in which case there'll be hell to pay once you let him loose. Better take advantage of him while you can. Or maybe you'd rather loosen those bonds just a bit, just to see what might happen...

His name is Cory Gunn, by the way. Fits him like a holster. You'll see why when you turn the page...

















HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 50¢ PER WORD!

DRUMBEATS



NATIONWIDE

MODELS

Drummer is looking for leather/uni-form men willing to model. (415) 864-3456.

STILL UNCUT?

Holding out for the right scene? Tell the Sarge all about it. Send description, photo (not necessary) and circumci-sion fantasy. All get replies; the chosen get clipped. Box 3433.

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

39 year old M, successful professional man, just breaking into the scene, seeks contact with individuals, groups, clubs, organizations in the mainstream of the national and/ or international S/M community for an introduction into the life style. Box 3675.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

HAIRCUTTING/SHAVING

Meet men into crewcuts, USMC high and tights, flat-tops, head/body shaves. CLIPPERS, Box 5871, Sta. Monica, Ca. 90405.

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Wants to share bikes, boots, leathers & heavy bondage (possibly long-term) w/aggressive guy; send photo; Box 33 Riner, VA 24149.

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live in work at motel. Job involves light maintenance & learning desk duties. Must like dogs & know how to or be willing to learn how to give good massage (to owners only). Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible to Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser, Eloy, AZ 85231.

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/photo gets reply: MSTRS P.O.B. 50286 WASH. D.C. 20004.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35 5'11" slim hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung/please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA. P.O. Box, 20648, Atlanta, GA 30320.

BIG, HEAVY, HAIRY, TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM, 30, 6', 230 lbs, wants large, hairy topman to service while you fatten this pig up. Box 3883.

LIFE OPPORTUNITY

For right individual. 27 yr. old w/m taking applications for live-in slave-

/houseman. Varied responsibilities. Prefer shorter men w/dark hair, dark eyes, w/in-shape compact body—good mind, 18-30 yrs. old. Must be willing to relocate. For further details send photo/phone, brief history to: J.C. Harrison, 1277 Hwy Z, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572. (608)437-8066.

CROTCH BOOTS

Owner wants contact with other owners only. P.O. Box 1743, Shavertown, PA 18708.

BOOT CAMP RECRUIT

Early 30's, long overdue for rights of passage initiation, ready to make up for lost time in serious sessions w/lean, mean, hard-muscle marine. Forced fight instruction, D.I. discipline; creative consequences. Discretion essential. Box 3920.

NATIONWIDE PHONE J/O CLUB

Free membership—newsletter send SASE for info. Box 3902.

WANTED:

Real man, daddy, buddy with good, sincere, sane head to explore bondage weekend, long term or whatever we can agree on. Me: hunky chunky, 31, bearded, 5'8", goodlooking, healthy nonsmoker to go bottom or trade off. Photo. POB 3578, Cincinnati, OH 45201.

BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS

See "Organizations."

S.F. TOP

Interested in contacting others (top or bottom) into Heavy W/S for purpose of starting a nationwide club for same. Photo insures reply. 17 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

WANTED—

Lost over 1,000 buttons & pins during recent move. Will trade 1 for 1. Bar

Anniversary pins, run pins, gay political pins, etc. 17 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103.

COUNTRY MASTER WANTED

GWM 31, 5'10" 155 lbs. brown hair, blue eyes, novice slave, seeks hairy-chested sadistic, dominant rural master for monogamous relationship. Sir Thank-you Sir! Jim P.O. Box 4509 San Francisco, CA 94101.

ALABAMA

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

In Mobile, AL. We want to show you some Southern Hospitality that General Grant never saw. Two Real Men. Both 36; one blonde/ blue, beard and a hefty 8" uncut solid log sticking out from his 6'2" frame. The other 6'1" 170 LB fur ball with brown/ brown, equipped with a loaded uncut cock. We are looking for Southern Men and visitors to the south who are into being men and playing hard. We've had enough of the southern belles at the local bars. If you're fat or fem or don't qualify as a real man, don't waste our time. If you think you're man enough for our brand of hospitality, get your shit together and write us a letter with a hot photo (returnable) of yourself. Box 3754.

BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN

(Daddy) 21-45

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me: Prof., Blk, 40, 5'11", 148 lbs, masculine; discretion expected and received. P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery, AL 36104.

LEATHER, LEVIS MOTORCYCLE JOCK

Anxious to meet same for fun times. Am 40-white 170 lbs. 5'10". Willing to ride anywhere. Write with photo—You won't be sorry. Box 3914.

DRUMMER

964 Folsom Street/San Francisco/CA/94107

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. California law requires that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. This address must be included at the end of all classified ads in parentheses. No advertisements accepted from persons under age 21. Alternate Publishing will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising.

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Answering a DRUMBEATS box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. 2) Put your return address on the envelope should you wish the letter returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) Put proper postage on the envelope—Domestic postage is 20¢ per ounce and Foreign overseas postage is 40¢ per one-half ounce. Include 25¢ forwarding fee in cash. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DRUMMER. Letters not properly prepared will be destroyed.

☐ I am using a telephone number in my ad. I understand that this number *must* be verified by DRUMMER. I have added \$1.00 to ad price for phone verification.

☐ I want to use a DRUMMER box number in my ad and have you forward all my mail. I have added \$1.00 to ad price.

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- B. Cost of single insertion: _____
(Enter number of times ad is to run & multiply by figure above) x _____
- C. Ad cost times insertions: _____
- D. Phone verification (add \$1) + _____
- E. DRUMMER box number (add \$1) + _____
- TOTAL COST OF YOUR AD:** _____

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AD COPY (PLEASE PRINT)

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42, br/ br, moustache, masculine, good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45, masculine, well-built, not fat, well-hung, who know how to take charge of the action. Write letter with photo to: P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907)283-4879.

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (19-35)

Dude for 3-way action. Top or bottom. We have private black room. Boxholder. Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary,

please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER FRATERNITY BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE: 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

SAN FRANCISCO RUSSIAN RIVER

SM. C&BT. To tie and chew on. Don't forget T/T. Versatile. Your photo gets mine. All answered. Box 3442.

FISTFUCKERS

It's not depth but motion that excites this hungry hole. Goodlooking W/M wants to play with other hot men who know how to use their fleshy paws. Write to Daniel at 584 Castro #246, S.F., CA 94114.

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That I am a devil. I think I am an angel of my kind. Write me telling me how kinky you can get and let's get together to have fun. Later on we'll get into more serious things, of course. Hurry up! There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me: WM, 40, 5'11", 175. You: I hope you have a good mind. Box 3441.

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 33, 6'2", 170 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, hot. Looking

for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & tall polished boots. Respond only if you are hot looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Nordic type. Picture is a must. RST, Apt. #2, 437 29th St., S.F., CA 94131.

HOT S F COUPLE

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding our experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildoes, polaroids, playrooms, & fantasy scenes. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797.

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

21 YR. OLD, 5'7" 160LB

Bodybuilder seeks older (25-35) top man to exercise light B/D & preliminary S/M techniques. Must be good looking and masculine. Box 3944.

SEX MANIAC

Insatiable tool needs daily servicing. Looking for hot holes—which part of the body doesn't matter. Must be good at one end or the other. Sex Maniac is 5'11", 155 lbs, br/br with 8 1/2" of thick, hard meat. Can be kinky if the mood strikes. Reply Box 3917.

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and possibly swap with other videopornfreaks, either format, with similar, or more extreme tastes. Interested in amateur as well as under-the-counter material. Write first. Box 3963.

GWMAN 30+ WANTED

Tired of bars—usual artificial men—Seeking meaningful relationship! I'm willing to give T.L.C. to the right man who is honest, trustworthy, sensitive. Into all music especially classical and fun times. I'm W/M 32 Blue eyes, hung—versital. Box 3923.

LEATHER BOY

Reeks with hot hung horny expectation for the right topman. Great body, face, and mind. 6'3", brunette, 8 1/2". Loves and owns motorcycles, leather, submission. Will go the lengths if correctly inspired, please send photo. Box 3943.

HOT 30 YR. OLD TATTOOED

Blond, blue-eyed leather boy, 5'11", slender, very handsome, boyish. Seeks young (21-30) good-looking, clean-shaven masculine gay or bi buddy—punk, biker, or surfer type for sex and companionship, possible on-going relationship. Can be gentle and/or wild: Light S&M, bondage, leather, loving. No fats, feds, losers or clones need apply. Photo a must. Box 3925.

YOUR FAVORITE HOLE IS MOVING!

To 1145 Folsom Street approx. 4-1-84. The Watering Hole.

W/M, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily muscled daddy 25-45. Into lt. TT/, B/D, W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric. 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA 95501.

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO SF BAY AREA

Or four... #1 S, 40, 130, 5'4". #2 MS, 30, 180, 6'1". Both w, hot w/o attitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hangups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex partnership with 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be: GWM under 50, in good shape, healthy, not looking for a lover. Into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937.

THE CONNECTER inc., Presents...S&M LINE,

MAN-MAN j/o Line or Cruise by Phone..... LESS THAN \$2.50 an HOUR

Write or CALL NOW (415)346-8747

MC & VISA ACCEPTED

THE CONNECTER inc. 515 BRODERICK ST, SUITE 2, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117

S E X



TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going, independant Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter, and phone to Box 3767.

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

2 6H STUDS 4 HOT 3RDS

2 9's N2 most scenes. No hvy S&M/scat. Moustache, LL, VA, B&D, TOYS R A+. S Bay area. We R hot—U better B 2! Box 3484.

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual action for any scene particularly interested in C/B, T/T, FF. Attitude and willingness to experiment more important than looks. Box 3106.

FACESITTERS/MASTERS

German urinal-pig 31/6'1"/190 lbs, wants to make his fantasies real with a real S.F. TOP. I'm willing to spend a whole week of my life, day and night, SIR. Also available for Private-Clubs and I'm willing to work for my Master, SIR. Please send me the date, I will come to S.F., SIR. Don't forget overseas airmail postage. Box 3461.

SHORT HANDSOME BODYBUILDER

San Francisco native, discreet-even intelligent, experienced in S&M. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints, mechanical and electrical stim-

ulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant "role"—I am sadistic, dominant, and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566.

LEAN, WELL-DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, face-sitting, raunch, tit, cock & ball torture, piercing. But your trip, your way. Travel. Am 41, 5'11", 150#. Versatile. Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 5906, S.F., CA 94101.

ROPES

Hot, horny, well put-together Libran, 35, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes, 795 Buena Vista West #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually torments you until you come, again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected. Colt types preferred. Write to P.O. Box 5401, Oakland, CA 94605.

PATRON FRIEND SOUGHT

Gay male writer looking for assistance by altruistic type. Worrying about money and writing do not mix; between you and I, the romantic notion of the struggling writer is a nice illusion but is not fun to live. If you can help, and think that you might want to, please let me know. Discretion is important. I am friendly, considerate, talented, sincere, discret. Steve, P.O. Box 22036, San Francisco, CA 94122.

HOT COCK +

I'm 32, 150#, 5'10", hirsute, muscular w/br. hair, moust. & beard, tit-ring & tatoo; usually top but welcome other tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all

scenes esp. VA, TT, Humiliation, FF (top) cigars, and leather. You are together GWM 22 to 40, flexible and willing to expt. w/both new & old scenes for max. pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry Byford 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102.

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

SEXUAL ABUSIVE MASTER W/SLAVE—DOG

Wants 3rd and/ or 4th. I am a (G.L.) masculine Master (37). I own a Butch Sicilian son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training, I have taken control over his mind instilling in him a great desire & need to serve, respect, obey & worship his Master's commands, leather boots, man-crotch & man-ass. He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy. I am looking for another master buddy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance, degradation, verbal humiliation, bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy. Other Masters invited— other slaves submit respectful letter. Only serious replies w/photo will merit this experience. Box 3615.

SOUTH BAY AREA

White male, 27, 6', 165 needs fantasies turned into realities. I need a leather bondage Master who will take control and guide me through moderate to heavy B/D, V/A, boots, gloves, police uniforms, hoods, and light to moderate S/M. Serious training needed. If possible, send photo. Box 3711.

I'M LOOKING

For a long term relationship with a macho muscular slave into oil—sweat—kink—chains. 5'9", 175, 45. Phone (415)944-9984.

MASTER SEEKS

Slave for military training POW S&M, B&D FF WS pic & ph. no. Boxholder 51786 San Jose CA 95151.

GOODLOOKING MAN

28, 6', 155, in shape, flexible cock, ball, tit work. Leather but not heavy. Will be visiting Frisco from Rockies in May. Looking for goodlooking man to show me Frisco. Must send photo with response to: Box 5944, Denver, CO 80217.

BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS

See "Organizations."

HOT RAUNCHY PLAYFUL

W/M, 31, 5'8", 130, goodlooking & trim, pierced tits, hairy chest, moustache and stubble beard, works out. Seeking hot raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into fucking, sucking, fisting, piss, J/O, spit, armpits, Crisco, hot wax, tit-play, amyl, fun drugs, toys, greasy jockstraps, wet briefs, tight faded levi 501's, ass-play, torn underwear, levi/ leather, sweat, fantasies. Prefer bottom, but top/tradeoff also. Rough scenes or playful good times. Man-to-man, 3-ways or groups. Write w/photo if possible: BOX 450, 220 NINTH ST., S.F., CA 94103. Yeah! Hot fun!

HOT GDLKG W/M

26 wants a hot man to spread his cheeks & sit on my long wet tongue. Greg P.O. Box 2107, S.F., CA 94126.

FIND DADDY HERE!

TRAINING

Balding, big dicked Daddy, 6'2", 35, will take on hot boys 18-30 years old, who need basic instruction or limits stretched. TT, CBT, BD, FF, WS, shaving and/or just taking a big one. Lots of affection, too, if you're a good boy. Apply w/letter & photo, now, to Jake, 584 Castro #246, S.F., CA 94114.

TOM

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Tom of Finland
P.O. Box 26716 Dept. D
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BAD BOY COMIX

The first issue of *Bad Boy Comix* is here! The most uninhibited collection of new erotic gay adventures (some suitable for coloring, some suitable for staining) on the market! Full-color covers and 32 pages of raunch, satire, wit, and uncrossed buns! You must be 21 years of age, and you better *rush* \$2.50 (postpaid) for the first issue to:

STUDSTORE

960 Folsom San Francisco, CA 94107

Now you can have perfectly tailored top-grain leathers for up to 50% less!

Bar-vests \$39, chaps \$99, pants \$139, trooper-caps \$35, briefs \$29 and much more. Workmanship, materials and prompt delivery are 100% guaranteed, or your money back. Send for FREE MAIL ORDER CATALOG today; easy-to-follow ordering instructions assure you that custom-fit look. You save money because we make what we sell and pass the savings on to you. And when in Portland, visit:

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PHOTO BY JIM WIGLER

OPEN 24 HOURS

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone-calls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only. Dick, (415)626-1385.

WESTERN HORSEMAN

Seeks same into horses for trail riding, friendship, J/O fantasies. Dig high top boots, big spurs, chaps, leather, or swap exp/pix. W/M, 43, 6', 155 #. Box 3895.

WM, 45, 6', 275 LBS., 7½", UNCUT
Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, CBT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M late 40 seeks gentel hot topman with hot rod. In only Alh. Area. Box 3857.

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W/Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1", 195, into T/T, CBT, W/S+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No fems. Box 3874.

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one niters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anally oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756.

CENTERFOLD— COP IN BONDAGE

Anyone interested in meeting the "cop-in-bondage" from issue 67 for a hot and heavy bondage scene, write: Dave, 16 Divisadero S.F., CA 94117, or phone (415)864-5145. Top or bottom into heavy bondage trips in uniforms or leather. Love miles of rope, ace bandage, saran wrap and leather; suspension and neck play my favorites.

31, White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C/B TT WS FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114.

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6', 215, serious weightlifter, handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo, phone. Box 3886.

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs, 5'11". DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary, over the knee, etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to: David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158.

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc hairy B.B. 29 yrs. old looking for same. Into dirt bikes, back packing and snow skin & B.B. Also like bondage, C.B.T. and out door scenes. Write to D.G.B. 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No fem, fats or fakes. Photo if possible.

WELL-HUNG BLOND, 26

Moustache, hairy, muscular, seeks

hard fucking action, ages 21-30, in Bay Area. Your hot photo a must. ESC, 495 Ellis St. #2208, S.F., CA 94102.

DOWN TO EARTH LEATHERMAN

Hot for regular partner in a healthy, thoughtful and caring friendship including fantasies with leather, uniforms, toys, etc. as well as sharing, travel, the river, outdoors, dancing, cmaping, rafting. No bars, baths, cigarettes. I'm 42, trim, 6'1", 165, professional (MSW). Prefer funloving, masculine, trim, thick-dicked buddy with moustache. Turn-about is fair play! (415)648-9070 6-9pm.

GENITOELECTROPLEX

Devotee sks whereabouts of artist "Cavello". Box 605, 808 Post, SF 94109.

HOT BODYBUILDER

GWM, 33, good build, looking for other hot GWMs, 18-40 into C/BT. Expert in my techniques to take you farther than you thought possible, but safe. No rolls, just a way of stimulation. For hot man-to-man action, write R.L. at P.O. Box 421563, San Francisco, CA 94142-1563.

ASSHOLE GAMES

Goodlooking, WM, 33, 5'10", 150#, with hot receptive ass, seeks men into fucking & F.F.. Also have small talented hands for those into long, mutually, satisfying sessions. Lets open those holes and make them talk! P/P to P.O. Box 1196, Fremont, CA 94538.

HOGTIED

Jock filled itching powder. You beg, I laugh. ME 25, 5'11", 165, Bl/Blu. YOU 18-30, well built. App w nude/jock-/jockeyshort photo. B.J., Box 1283, San Rafael, CA 94901.

MILD-MANNERED DADDY

Has permanent position for slave to keep up house and yard. Applicant must be 21-25, small, totally submissive, straight acting, stay-at-home, naturally smooth above waist, no facial hair, no liquor or drugs, open to most scenes. No scat or ff. Dad will see to mutual satisfaction. Special benefit is travel and stage plays. Application must include picture. Box 3912.

NASTY COCK WORSHIPPING

Bottom into humiliation, bondage C & BT, WS, getting fucked and anything raunchy. Seeks hot top for mutual satisfaction. Goodlooking w/m 28, 6'2", 175 lbs send photo & phone. Box 3939.

GOODLOOKING W/M SLAVE

Wants to serve groups and parties. No bullshit please! I'm 6'4" 210 lbs, 31, P.O. Box 4077, San Francisco, CA 94101.

UNSHAVED BODYBUILDER

Slave needs to be shackled by leather/uniformed master(s) for suspenseful dungeon B&D scenes (stables, GS, TT, shavings, CT etc.). Sir, hot ass always at your command but limits need expanding. Willing to submit to anything. Occasional enemas desired. Some of slave's attributes are: 5'8", 170#, brown hair, beard and adventure-some. Please send letter and photo. Dave, P.O. Box 6873, San Jose, CA 95150.

FREMONT

EXPERIENCED MASTER

WM, 27, 6'1", 190 lbs, heavy into boots, bondage, T.T., and C&B., looking for slaves that can take all I can give. Willing to train new slaves, too. Photo & letter assure reply. Box 3921.

COPSUCKERS

Respect for law enforcement uniform taught & corporal punishment administered to those ready to take heavy discipline like a man. I'm 39, 6', 185 lbs, hairy, uncut cock. Box 3956.

WANTS DADDY

Novice son wants to be bound, shaved,

talked dirty to. Am 27, 6'1", 150#. What will you do with me, Daddy? Box 3955.

FIT TO BE TIED!

You're very boyish, very submissive. Small, slim, smooth best. All disciplines. 415/467-5128 6-9pm only. The Colonel, Box 902, Brisbane, CA 94005.

DADDY

5'11" 160, 50's, looking for Daddy's boy, good build, SM—BD. Write photo, phone, frank letter. Mr. Weaver, 6344 Contra Costa, Oakland, 94618.

HUNKY, DARK BOTTOM

31, 6'0", 165#s, seeks intelligent, together topman for intense ongoing relationship. Serious replies receive immediate attention. P.O. Box 2352, SF, CA 94126.

DARK HAired MEN AND BOYS

Texan, new to S.F., Handsome, lean, defined & Endowed! 24, 6', 155 lbs, 9", light brown hair, blue eyes, seeking boy or young man 18-35, dark-haired, moustache preferred (also like hispanics) for Bottom. Want bottom into B/D, spanking, dildos, toys, etc. Send photo (face only o.k.) to D. Johnson, 3955 17th Street, #20, S.F., CA 94114.

BOOT LICKING SLAVE

Needs total dominit leather master also into police unifoprms for bondage & dic. Master must relize slaves potential. To serve & obey him. No F/F or scat. Paul A., P.O. Box 421504, San Francisco, CA 94142.

POLICE UNIFORMS

HOT W/M INTO POLICE UNIFORMS WORN WITH SHINY HIGH BLACK LEATHER BOOTS AND SKINTIGHT BLACK LEATHER POLICE GLOVES. CIGAR AND PIPE SMOKERS A PLUS. (415)673-1284.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

LEATHER FRATERNITY BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE: 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

SAN DIEGO TOP

6'3"—40—190 into all scenes—complete game room—B/D S/M W/S FFA. Leather Hoods—wax tits—etc. 619-420-8967.

BIG FURRY "BEAR"

Burly "blue-collar" type W/M (6'1"-232-33) trim beard, thinning hair; broad hairy shoulders, chest, and back; pliable beer belly; cut 6½"; nice butt and strong legs (13E boots) seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust, fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (Silverlake)/Box 10643, Glendale, CA 91209.

HORNY-WHITE-HOT

Seeks studs into fucking-rimming-sucking. Dildoes-S&M, W/S, Poppers-prolonged ass hole play-versatile (top-bottom) AM, 46, 180 lbs-6' tall-beard-moustache-Give uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520.

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER

26 yrs old, 5'6", 130 lbs. Brown hair, green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body—Seeks: slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from slave(s) who seek less permanent service. Forward detailed letter, w/photo to: Lord Stephen, Box 352, Garden Grove, CA 92642-0352.

A Note from The Hot Line

The Hot Line revolutionizes the telephone fantasy business!

All telephone fantasy services operate the same way. You call in at your own expense. The fantasy man of your choice calls you back collect — billing you at the most expensive rate the telephone company demands. *No matter which service you choose, you can expect to pay an additional \$10 to \$35 per call in long distance fees!*

We at The Hot Line think that's too much. So we have set up a free 800 number. Now, you can call The Hot Line **FOR FREE** and place your order. More importantly, we now offer **FREE LONG DISTANCE CALL-BACKS**. Now you can call from anywhere in America and enjoy The Hot Line **FOR ONE LOW PRICE**.

Now you don't have to call a lesser service to avoid long distance charges. You can enjoy the best telephone fantasy service and pay less for it than you would calling a service closer to home. *No matter how low-priced another service is, when you add in the telephone costs, you will find that no service in the country is cheaper than The New Hot Line.* So why call anyone else? Now you can call the best and save money too!!

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From dudes who know what the hell they can, and will put out and take. Really know about M/S, B/D, W/S, B/P, Toys, Hoods, Rimming, Potty seat, Humil., and ?????? Let's match 90% for hot action. BLACKS get 1st place, HAIRY W/M, CHICANOS, come in 2nd, with PHOTO get quick reply, responsibility gives all one. No age or size hang up, lets do it, ads are for it. Box 3647.

HOT MASTER

TAKING APPLICATIONS

For slave(s). Temporary or permanent servitude considered by hot, 29 yr old, 5'9", 145 pound, blond/blue eyed, dominant professional. Looks are important but knowing your place and staying there makes the difference. Limits considered but a slave's duty is to satisfy his master. Masculine mediteranean/ latins a plus. Box 3658.

S.L.O. AREA

Young Asian Leatherman seeks friendship (more?) with full leather WM. Box 1632.

MASTER WANTED

Into heavy B-D. Shaving, motorcycles, domination, outdoors; slave offers himself completely. Box 3613.

EXPERIENCED KENNEL MASTER

Seeks raw human animal for training. Object: obedience loyalty development. Will consider all breeds from street mutt to pedigreed hunk. Must have strong healthy constitution, spirit and basic intelligence. Not for fantasy seekers or hopeless wrecks. If you are a man who realizes that his greatest worth is as an animal who must have firm direction tempered with warmth understanding and necessary discipline; then this could be your chance to finally realize your full potential. Your responsibilities will be few; chiefly, house security and companionship. Your opportunities limited only by your will. The San Diego area will be home. Keep in mind that the best animals have good intuition; so follow your instincts. Submit photo address and phone. Box 3581.

SLAVE DANNY

Will submit to bondage, tortures, shaving, whipping, piercing of armpits & tits. For parties, photos, groups or one Master. (618)846-9486.

WANTED

LEATHER BIKE MASTER

Into motorcycles, shaving, branding, B-D, Heavy Discipline, humiliation, tits, whips, chains, cigars, into outdoors. Master 5'8 or taller, 140 or heavier, 25 years or older. White. Photo requested, slave offers himself entirely. Box 3631.

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35, must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence, dedicated to its Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to: Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot, hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic. Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy satisfying mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to

reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA., 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm).

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP

Bearded, 6', 155#, w/m, mid-40's, looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/ oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos, C/B/T/T, W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741.

BLACK MUSCLEMAN TOP

Wanted by blond bodybuilder, into: bondage, leather, CBT, Shaving, vacuum, Total service. Am hardworking, stable, professional, building gameroom and gym. Have much physical & mental potential. 1st ad; serious only pls. Photos retrnd. #245 8306 Wilshire Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca. 90211.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

SADIST WANTED

By masochist for expanding my limits in all scenes. No drugs or shaving. Available weekends. Box 3656.

BLACK SADIST WANTED

To torture my white body as he wishes. Box 3777.

**THE ROADRUNNERS THANK
DAVE AT STOCKAID LEATHER
(LONG BEACH)
FOR THE WAY-OUT TOYS SUPPLIED
FOR THEIR SEXMAS ORGY.**

WANTED: ONE SLAVE

W/M Master 45, 5'8", 145 lbs, seeks to own masculine, trim slave under 35. Master desires personal sex slave or slave/son, not S&M Bottom. Discipline, training, bondage, domination—yes. Brutality—no. In total commitment to this lifestyle, be ready to be kept naked, chained and kneeling at Master's feet waiting to serve, suck, or spread 'em, or don't bother to apply. Master especially demands constant crotch worship and lots of head. Looks and height not that important. Attitude, obedience and complete submissiveness to butt-fucking Master is. All races and nationalities considered. Beginner welcome. Permanent and live-in. Be prepared to relocate if accepted. Box 3862.

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY

Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155#, seeks same to 45 as FF Bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skiers welcome!

WANT LEATHER BUDDY

For good healthy sex. W/M-48-5'10" 160. Br/gr/moustache. Good bodylikes TT, B/D, C.B.T. YOU: B/B, good chest, pecs, tits a must. Letter w/picture gets results, tell me what you need. If your interested in sincere buddy, friendship/relationship, with gd/looking top/bottom. Go for it! Don't be afraid. Answer this ad. No fats, fems, FF, or dopers. Box 3852.

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s) Me: WM-34-6'-170-Lite brd, Tan, FA, GP, B&D, verbal abuse, ball & tit tort., W.S., travel LA-SD You: +6', white, dominate, under 45, healthy, good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142, Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142.

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no moustache should be

into all clean scenes, maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home (213)254-3038.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM

G/W/M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, moustache. Seeks hot, dominate, X-hung, hairy, Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P, FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes, Clean Healthy! (619)231-4496.

HUNG UNCUT DOG

6', 180, strong-legged specimen, handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably shorter white, latin, black. Polaroids, groups, dogfood ok. Animals possible. G.M. P.O. Box 26081, L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix.

WANTED L.A.

Two uncut, hairy, Daddies w/donkey dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27-year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime: 213/656-9813.

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience, but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig! Write Box 3179.

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives/takes no mercy workouts w/fists, knees. Streetfight, interrogation. Two on one ok. Fantasy J/O ok. Send physical description or pic, and phone. Describe scene. Box 3904.

STUD OFFERS

His big, uncut cock/globes for C/BT. Box 5001; El Monte, CA 91734.

SHORT BLONDS, BIG REDHEADS

Two wthy Masters seek 2-3 hrdwrking slavemen with steel balls, 20-25, tough scrappy dudes into BB, wrest., karate, gymnastics, etc. Will sponsor competition material. Absolutely hith minded. No dopers, drunks, smoking, bullshit or damage. Age, looks, cocksize unimportant. Seek obedience, loyalty, discipline with "Yes, Sir!" attitude, capacity for correction, punishment, having balls whipped, butt paddled. Do it right or do it over. Not looking for 2nd best. You will wear collar and leash with pride, eat from dog bowl with gratitude along with our 3 dogs. If familiar with white line brigs, you have an idea of the obedience and discipline we look for. Your strngth, brawn, mind and intelligence will be totally committed to our exclusive benefit, comfort and pleasure. We're looking for slavemen who work & sweat hard for their Masters, will spitshine Masters' boots, take pride in doing it well. I require thirsty slaves who can relieve me of 3AM piss. No nellies, assholes, game-players, nonsense, preferably no family. This is permanent, the real stuff. You will have your butt in gym every day, train in martial arts, perform strength and endurance routines for your Masters and their friends, will be pierced and tattooed. Duties will be house slave, personal attend., run Owners various bus. entprses. We like washboard abs, gigantic forearms, hvy vascularity. You will be GP, FA; will help design your

own leather and steel gear. Limits entirely up to us, but no scat or FF. If you dig motorcycles, great. I'm partial to redheads, my lover likes blonds, not required. I like 'em tall, my lover short. Brd & moust. desirable. If apeman hairy, you're practically home free, also not required, if you are good it makes no difference. Desire some bckgrnd/intrst in cooking, carpentry, gardening. Vegetarian oriented. Must be able to get driver's license and passport. We travel, need driver, bag handler, etc. If you think you're in the ballpark, let's talk. Photos. Remember—no limits, no excuses. Your attitude is everything. If you're good, we have lattitude. Now read this again, very carefully. Box 3846.

TITS—HOT MUSCLE

Great pecs—into long nipple action with muscle—nipple freaks (213)651-3721.

BEARDED, TATTOOED

Pierced, hung, bald, sensual, friendly, attractive W/M, 27, 6', slim and strong, seeks a muscular, masculine W/M 'bear' 30-37 with blue collar or biker looks, a large, firm, round ass and a beard and/or moustache. If you honestly are this type, and would like companionship and lots of imaginative, sensuous sex, call Michael at (213)660-5228. Late PM and Mon.-Wed. afternoons are best, or leave a message anytime; and no J/O callers or liars, please.

SLAVE/DOG TRAINEE

28 yrs, 6', 175, masculine, tough, healthy, hardworking, obedient, ready for permanent life of servitude. Mind/body become Master's property to do with as he sees fit. Very serious only. P.O. Box 681, Van Nuys, CA 91408.

32 YR BUTCH STUD MOVING

To San Diego wants a boy to whip and fuck. Box 3946.

BONDAGE BUDDY WANTED:

Poss. relationship w/m 36 185 lbs-6'. Call Paul 6 to 11 PM (805)682-7949.

BLACK COCKSUCKER

WANTS BIG WHITE MEAT

Strictly for... 18-35, wolf-mean, boot leather-tough, White jock-type, proud of his raw, sexy goodlooks, and recklessly hellbent on getting his rocks off by mandating a 'nigger' to crawl, beg for his hard, juicy, prime meat... ramming it deep into his begging mouth and choking throat... feeding a 'nigger's' insatiable, inexhaustible hunger for white cock and overload of cumsap. Uncut, blond/blue-eyed studs especially welcome. I'll treat you right! Photo/letter to: PO Box 4672, Los Angeles, California 90051-2672.

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

Blond slave 6'1" 28 with lots of muscles looking for tough, mean leather & uniform Masters to use and abuse my muscled hide as he sees fit. I need training and discipline and will serve as told for right Master. Perfect muscle slave for the toughest. Send letter and picture—Sir. Box 3942.

HOT DADDY—MASTER

Gd/kg, 6', rugged clean cut, uncut, mid 40's exceptional man seeks exceptional boy-slave-animal. Prefer hard, smooth, musc. body, big endow., intelligence & willingness to total mind and body build. Need for service, guidance, positive direction, accomplishment, security. You will be trained for mutual fulfillment of heightened fantasy not just top and bottom stuff. If you respond to any of these words you may be close. Boot, armband, buzzcut, jock, turgid, hardware, 501, muscle, attitude, tight, oil and leather (of course) reply to Box 3938.

UNIQUE BB SLAVE

Man enough? Rugged Colt-type builds only! Muscles and submissive attitude REQ! Total service to leather/military master. W/M, 8"x6" cock, 5'9", 160#, BB, 43c, 29w, 15a, 39. Leather/bond/SM. Limits observed. Other tops, 3-4 ways. Apply/photo/phone to REX. Box 3935.

TOTAL DOMINATION

By hot, handsome, hunky, hairy, hung, healthy, successful master—30, white, 5'11", 165#, solid muscle—For white, smooth, muscular slave (25-35) with round, firm ass into B/D, titwork, spanking, C&BT. No drugs, smoke. Send photo & phone to: Butch, 256 S. Robertson #4353, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

YES SIR SLAVE WANTED

W/M, scorio, BB, 40, 5'11", 205#, solid, bl/bl, bald, beard, Germanic, strict, into S&M, discipline, regimented life-style. Face slapping, YOU: 21-35, good body, moustache, employed, GR P/A, NO FFA/ drugs/ scat/ filth/ blood. MY WAY ONLY! Affection earned. Permanent and live-in. Send qualifications/photo to: C.L. Sawyer, P.O. Box 38775, Los Angeles, CA 90038.

ENEMA DISCIPLINE/LA AREA

Hot Ex-USN Top w/m 36 5'10" trim creative verbal. Seeks quality assholes 30-40 into taking it like a man. You: healthy, trim, under 6'. Uniform a plus. No drugs, scat, FF. Box 3959.

BLOND, 150 LBS, 36 YRS.

Needs his queer little pee-pee tortured & humiliated. Ritual, doctor trips, etc.—213-657-7131. Terry. (No J.O.'s please).

ORIENTAL/LATINO TOP

Wanted by GL WM 38 6' 190 Bottom who needs smooth dominant master (213)467-1775.

WANTED:

Nazi, police, military master. I'm 26 sincere cleanshaven Jew-slave. (213)855-0330.

S.W.A.T. COMMANDOS

Green Berets, Riot Police, Leather-necks, Stormtroopers, Road Warriors, Bikers, Rubbermen, and/or masked outlaws needed. Assignment: mantrapping. One lone Inland Empire rebel disobediently resists the Age of Orwell. Rebel swine craves seizure, interrogation, bondage, and P.O.W. incarceration in disciplinary unit specializing in sensory deprivation/immobilization techniques. Rebel slave is cute lanky Fox, younglooking 30, bootlicking whiteboy of planet Travolta. Surveillance indicates rebelboy fits into car trunks, cages, closets, coffins, and trashbags. Reconnaissance photos show rebel maggot in female lingerie beneath his Travoltan costumes of spandex, lycra, acetate, and plastic. Rebel victim is relocateable and can produce revenue during permanent lockup. Seek experienced, well-armed Soldier of Fortune to take custody of condemned rebel. Deadly serious. Box 3903.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept *verified* telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

CONNECTICUT

CUFFED, GAGGED, ROPED

My fantasy involves tight elaborate bondage with lots of rope tape and leather. I would love to find a partner to share my interest. I prefer being a bottom man but can be both. Looks, age, not important, but willingness to experiment is. Box 3906.

LEATHER BIKE DOMINANT MASTER

Experienced S/M biker digs slaves/bottoms for S/M spectrum fulfill our need for leather sex and all it encounters. Discipline, limits respected. Must be ready to perform on demand uniform and cowboy men who have their act together can join in the scenes. Send application and photo. Looking for men who know what leather means. Box 3957.

DELAWARE

WESLEY-SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G W Virgo Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32) at my cc location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

DELAWARE VIRGO DADDY

G W topman-s 48, 150 lb, 5-11 seeks Bi, gay or straight, married or single young 18-30 slender bottom son-slave for weeknight/weekend pleasure. Write with photo to WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle, 5'10", 38, dark, bearded. InterChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence

based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF, am into all sides of Fr, Gr, titwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Write P.O. Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

WELL BUILT

Unruly military type W/M, 6 ft., 37, 180 lbs. 8" cut responds only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want, service from a highly intelligent animal. No Filth, F.F., or hard drugs. Box 3868.

FLORIDA

FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, attractive top with firm but gentle style seeks partners for "training" in heavy bondage + light S + M. Limits respected. Discretion required and assured. Applicant will include photo and phone in application letter (or cassette). Jake Leonard, Box 130051, 2260 NW 68th Ave, Sunrise, FL 33313.

WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M:wh, un36, some exper lthrsx, slim or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature. S:Wh, 40, educ, finan secure, 6'3", BB, Handsome, completely masc & dom, has Full lthr & equip, boots, toys for lt to hvy S&M, B&D, VA, CBTT, WS, GrA, FrP, Respect lim, but we'll expand them.

M:describe self & exper, phone#, recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to S:Answer w/more info & specs, my pics. Plan me your area/ you visit S.Fla. Mr. Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla.33339.

NEW SPANDEX FROM JOHN FLOYD

EROTIC SPANDEX FOR YOUR BONDAGE WARDROBE



COMBINATION \$100

THE LOVESKIN - The Loveskin is one piece of material that snugly sheathes the head, arms, and upper body torso giving you a tight, tingling, sensual bondage feeling. Rings at the end of each arm add a new dimension to your bondage thrills. Price is \$50 postpaid.



LOVEBAG WITH HOOD \$65

THE LOVEBAG W/LOVE HOOD - Versatile to fit your imagination, this item covers the entire torso from the neck to the tip of the toes. Metal rings on each item allows binding them all together for some fantastic bondage fun. Price is \$65 postpaid—cash, check, or money order.



LOVESKIN \$50

PURCHASE BOTH THE LOVEBAG W/LOVE HOOD AND LOVESKIN AND SAVE. COMBINATION PRICE \$100 POSTPAID. 2 WAY STRETCH SHINNY SPANDEX SPECIFY COLOR: BLACK, RED, PURPLE, TURQUOISE, OR WHITE.

JOHN FLOYD PRODUCTIONS • BOX 5296 NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 91616-5296

MASOCHIST

Seeks SADIST for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867.

NOVIS SLAVE

I'm blond 5 ft 11 33 yrs willing to learn from senative strong Master 20-40 I, into spanking water sports oral & anial service Dog color & leach Call 7PM on 305 674 1349.

NEED A MASTER

Seeks a leather and rubber master who can give me more training in leather-rubber-gasmasks at work and play-piss-poppers-s/m-titwork. Tie me-try me. Sir, hot slave 44-178/80 good body-attractive. Box 3919.

BUSY TONGUE

Needed by white hairy dad (56) for body, ass, cock. Expect piss, humiliation, punishment. Detailed letters get reply, with nude photo quick. Box 3899.

MATURE (41), SINSIBLE

Trim, athletic, jock Master with hairy chest (not fur), into CB & TT, W.S., Bondage, seeks smooth-chested younger counterpart as sailing/fuck-buddy early '84 aboard pocket-cruiser for Tampa Bay region. Only young REAL MEN able to reject bar/bath/drug scene need apply. Possibilities unlimited for acceptable applicant. Mr. Kenny, 1870 E-2, Pine Ridge Way West, Palm Harbor, Fla 33563.

SLIM OBEDIENT HOUSEBOY

Wanted by W/M 33, 5'8", firm body, mustache, loner. Resume w/photo. Box 4118, Key West, Fla. 33041.

SLAVES

Applications being accepted for slaves for extensive training in S&M by professional model and bodybuilder master. Applications must include photo, qualifications, and reasons for consideration. No feds, drugs or fakes. Box 601155, N. Miami Beach, FL 33160.

SERIOUS SLAVE/SON

With little hair trim body and no limits wanted by mature Master for permanent strict life send photo phone information to Box 681255, Miami, Florida 33168.

ANYONE

25 to 45 willing to train hairy, 5'6", slim white dad (60) as body slave? Desper-

ately need V.A., humiliation, piss, rim juices, foot cheese, punishment, B/D. Box 490037, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33349.

HUGE NIPPLES**FORT LAUDERDALE**

6'1", 165, 39, blue eyes, hot and good-looking. Slave ready to give you complete servitude if you are also under 40 and slim. 2009 NE 22 Street, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305.

G/W/M, 42, 5'8", 147#

Requires strong persuasion to be removed from comfortable environment and trained to be the slave he was born to be. Could you please help me. Sir? Box 3891.

LEATHER FRATERNITY BROTHERS

Interested in reviving the brotherhood should contact Tom at 964 Folsom St. San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for new pledges to join our brotherhood. Membership includes Drummer magazine subscription. Send SASE: 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107. (415)864-3456.

BUSINESS MAN

48 inexperienced wants ass spanked hot-plus—age 24-35—Send photo and tell about yourself. Box 3933.

ITALIANS (25-45)

Cops, sailors a plus. I will be willing bottom w/m, 5'10" 175 lbs, 37 GDLK-tight ass (212)263-6385 P.M.

SCOOTER TRAMP

Cigar-smokin' Lowrider, 43, lookin for submissive bro on a Harley, into Easyriders lifestyle, to putt thru life with. Must be obsessed with Harleys and leathers. No dope or cigarettes. Boxholder, PO Box 23164, Rochester, NY 14692.

HEAVY BALL TORTURE

Muscular masculine handsome masochist craves nut pain also tits cock ass 38 yrs request responses from sadists. Photo/phone if possible. Can travel. Tony Romeo, Suite 411 60 East 42 St., New York, NY 10165.

DOMINANT WHITE MALE

39, goodlooking, easy going but firm looking to meet guys 18-35 who are

looking or are in need of a brother, father image or just a good friend. Am dominant in bondage, shaving, light S&M, greek. Enjoy other fantasies as well depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling, and an gentle and understanding as well. Inexperienced, thats OK have lots of patients as well. Invest 20 cents in what could be a friendship. Please send photo and phone of possible to Occupant P.O. Box 1030, Valley Stream N.Y. 11582. Travel the U.S. as well so this ad is not necessarily restricted to NY and Long Island. Ultimately looking for a one to one relationship.

PAIN/LOVE

Given to blond preppie boy or humpy Italian punk wanting permanent Master-lover. You: 18-35 needing to build home together, desiring love as much as heavy pain, humiliation, B/D, slow torture. Me: 33, 5'10", trim hairy body, 8" uncut thick, clean shaven, professional, secure, experienced, masculine top. Photo/letter describing self, needs, hopes to: Box C, 210 East 29th Street, NYC, 10016.

RAUNCHY DADDY'S BOY

25 6' 160 lbs. Muscular swimmers body. Seeks leather Master Daddy 25—?. Into all raunch, F.F., cigars, shaving, W.S.

GEORGIA**HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE**

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27, 150 lbs, 5ft10in, with short brown hair, brown eyes, beard, moustache. No fats, feds, blacks. Bridwell, Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30355-2348.

WM, 27, GOOD PHYSIQUE

Youthful, looking for masculine top man. Prefer aggressive, muscular, straight acting man. Box 3915.

SUCCESSFUL WM CONNOISSEUR

Of SM and good life, 40, 6'2", 200, cut, 6". Br/Br into 501s, military boots, vanilla (all ways), and SM (mostly M) including especially whipping and ball work. No FF, scat, WS, rimming, drugs, piercing, catheters, STD, or injury. Also into nautilus (3times/wk), movies (old, currnet, XXX), video, computers, reading, travel. Phone a must. Box 3898.

GENTLE CLEAN CUT WHITEBOY

33, desires older masculine Black as steady friend or lover. Raunchy letter, dirty talk okay. Dan Allen, 1062 Dickson Place, Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

ILLINOIS**GET YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED**

Chicago Master: 42 6'3" 190# with well equipped dungeon/playroom wants submissive slaves or bottoms for: Obedience training, bondage, humiliation, discipline, paddling, C&B work, S&M etc. All limits respected. Novices accepted, race no problem, will be Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All replies answered. Send photo if possible. Box 2630 Chicago, IL 60690.

SUPER HUNG

Too big to be taken care of right? Let one of Chicago's best slave throats show his incredible talents on your incredible cock. I have a proven record of satisfaction. Box 3892.

TOTAL SUBMISSION

2 Masters require hot young studs to totally submit their ass/cock/balls for abuse, humiliation, embarrassment, degradation, Bondage, discipline, shaving, spanking, catheters, toys, Enemas for cleaning, squirming, begging. Apply with detailed letter and candid photo. Box 3932.

BODYBUILDERS

After your next workout why not stop by to relax your pump up muscles with a complete body massage free, with fringe benefits. Call Ray 312 545 8858.

CIGAR SMOKING LEATHERMASTER

Exhibitionist stud accepting boy for ash-tray and/or whippings. ME: 6'1", 194 lbs., 42, beard, moustache, hairy body. YOU: shorter, smaller, younger than ME, 501's, chaps. NO DRUGS. SW of Chicago. Box 3916.

NOVICE

W/M, 25, seeks hot guys 18-36 into leather. I'm new to leather scene, versatile, and open minded. Can travel. Photo a must with letter. Box 8491, Springfield, IL 62791.

INDIANA**BOTTOM MAN**

36, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, seeks older, wiser, worthy TOP (Master?) to whom I can commit my sexual being and who can be served/serviced with the crutch of game playing. Photo appreciated. Southwest Indiana. Box 3896.

IOWA**LEATHERSEX**

Japanese, 5'4", 122#, 29 bearded ex-gymnast. Full leather Top-versatile. You: Butch, in-shape, intelligent, 24-40, non-smoker. L. Egashira, Box 1264, Fairfield, IA 52556.

LOUISIANA**NO. LA. STRIP ACTION**

Box 3894.

MAINE**MASCULINE SLAVE WANTED**

Master 40 looking for younger gwm masochistic slave for humiliation, TT, CBT, anal, GS, whip, leather, etc. No scat, drugs. Box 65 Kittery, Maine 03904.

MARYLAND**MIND GAMES**

WM, 32, 6'3", with rigid bondage, rack, & fetters fantasies ready for POW, sensory deprivation, & endurance tests. Take me away. Box 3843.

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5' 10" 165 lbs., hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean, healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully-equipped Den. Any age, any scene-but scat. Novice slaves get TLC. I am in the Annapolis-Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast! Box 3893.

W/M COCKSUCKER

Bottom needs musc. or trim top to service orally. Tight hole needs breaking in by gentle but firm top. Barnes, Box 703, Laurel, MD 20810.

YOUNG SLAVE WANTED

Master-36-seeks young non-smoker for permanent live-in relationship—Total submission—serious only reply w/photo Master Robert, Box 23145, Baltimore, MD 21202.

MASSACHUSETTS**ARROGANT WRITER**

Strictly top 33 w bald moustache ff ws tt right bottom man. Box 3799.

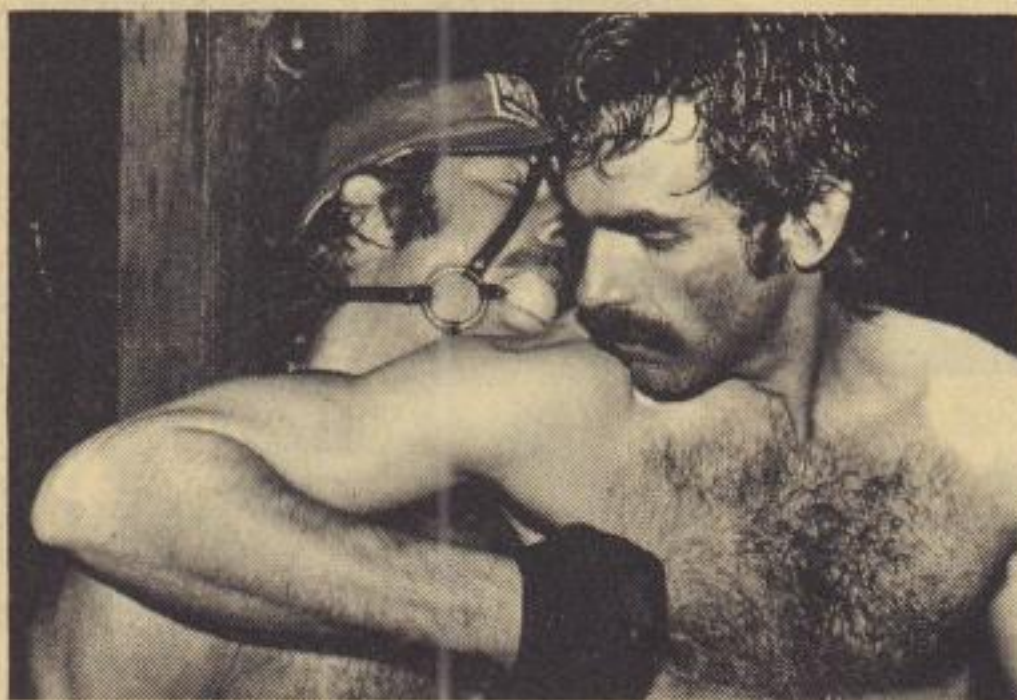
INTERESTED IN MEETING

TEACHER OR FELLOW STUDENT Of B/D, Rubber, Rope, wool socks and other wool clothing. I am novice to some—virgin to others. Into leather but not pain. P.O. Box 1458, Boston, MA 02117.

C&B TORTURE

GWM's 18-27 into intense but sane pain call (617)256-2968.

Jim Wigler Photography



(415) 673-1284

W.M. 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit shined shoes/boots. Write: Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187.

HOT ATTRACTIVE W/M 44

6'-0" 175 sadistic top seeks: Muscular masochist 25-45 into ass action, FF, leather. Health concerns a priority. Goal: Expand your limits, strain your muscles, reach new heights. Photo, phone, Box 3910.

TWO RURAL CAPE COD LOVERS

Looking for hot phone J/O scenes. Will exchange nude photo and phone number with right man. No fms or fats. Send to H.N.E., P.O. Box 694, North Eastham, MA 02651.

ABUSE ME

24, handsome, well-built, wants degradation, VA, humiliation, shaving, spanking, piss, leash and collar from Boston hunks. Photo, letter. Box 3947.

TOP, MIDDLE OR BOTTOM

Strong, good looking little guy, 29, Boston, seeks guys for dominance/submission, hot mutually satisfying more or less safe sex. Brains, brawn, boots, big dicks & sweaty pits a turn on. Box 3949.

MASS FISTING!

Massachusetts FF top seeks attractive, experienced bottom for probing depths of ecstasy and possible relationship. Am attractive, tall, well-built, hung, wholesome, caring, stable. Love sex, Boston, outdoors. And you? Box 3928.

BOSTON

Straight acting good looking muscular guy 30 5'11" 172 6" cut. Looking for cops or straight acting guys to push me around. Hey officer! How bout' you and your buddies passin' me around. Limit—no marks. Box 3922.

DISCIPLINE FOR THE YOUNG

Still pulling your pud? Call me for a joy session. I'll manipulate your body so it cries for release. I'll free you from your fears, and turn you into a tiger. I'll revel in your young flesh, and make you delight in the loss of your innocence. Call (617)752-0648 and leave message.

SADISTIC TOP 27 6' 150 LBS

Seeks bodybuilding slave, bondage, punishment, abuse, humiliation, ownership. Photo, letter to Box 44 645 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115.

BAD BOY

Boston Area NSEW. Young white 24 years old swimmer's build needs discipline. Novice but want to learn. Looking for Daddy, Big Brother, Coach, Drill Instructor, captor, into spanking, bondage, discipline, punishment, and reward on bottom of jeans, underpants, swim suits, gym suits. P.O. Box 1422, Nashua, NH 03060.

RETIRED EXECUTIVE GWM

Looking for GWM to relocate in Western MA, and become my lover forever. Lover should weigh about 160, be educated and financially secure. No drugs, Fems, F.F., scat. My interests, heavy rubber, latex, leather bondage, WS. Own large ranch house. Slave/Master relationship open. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 426 Monson, MA 01057.

WANTED: TOP/MASTER

WM 23 6'1 180 lbs. handsome well-built intelligent submissive seeks master-/top for bondage, leather action, hot sex. I am somewhat experienced but open to new scenes. Ball's in your court—up to you to rope 'em. Box 3951.

MICHIGAN**PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM**

Muscular, WM, 5'10", 165, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B/D, W.S.,

shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864.

LOVE UNCUTS

6', 185#, 39 very blond loves to chew on overhang and to be punctured by satisfying well-equipped w/male who is affectionate. 16869 Lindsay, Detroit, MI 48235.

MAN WITH HOT MOUTH

I love to give B/J and would like to meet guys to let me take care of their need. You must have a place to go in the Detroit area. Box 3929.

MINNESOTA**SLIM MALE WOULD**

Like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861.

SLIM BOTTOM MAN

35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3859.

WANTED:

Twin cities area men interested in forming S/M education/support organization. P.O. Box 825, Minneapolis, MN 55440.

MISSISSIPPI**LEATHER SENSUALIST**

Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pit exploring. 5'8", 143#, 41 yo, 8 1/2". Please, Sir, convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855.

MISSOURI**A FEW GOOD MEN**

The Training Center has moved into it's new facility. Men with serious interest can experience physical training, cell confinement, (padded available) and immobilization in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week long sessions. Safe, sane, discreet and monitored situations are controlled by professionally trained personnel. Boot camp, stockade, POW, asylum, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing available. No FF, drugs, S/M, pain, references provided after commitment. Fee required. Applicant inquiries should include detailed physical and session description. Reply to: TRAINING CENTER, P.O. BOX 672, Bridgeton, MO 63044.

2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

ST. LOUIS AREA

Older guy, "dad" type experienced youth leader, interested in young, masculine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets mine. Box 3872.

MONTANA**LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE**

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M, bondage, armpits, tits, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#, w 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786, Conrad, MT 59425.

NEBRASKA**DADDY-58-5'7" 155 LBS**

Looking for a son 18 to 26 athletic well hung and cut to take of call after 5:PM 308-787-1223.

NEW HAMPSHIRE**WATER SPORTS**

27, 5'8", 166 lbs., 7+" into B/D, leather, denim, toys and long reciprocal heavy hosing. This 'buds' for you. Send pic and phone. Box 3960.

NEW JERSEY**MASTER NEEDS SLAVE**

A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet, so now is the time to submit yourself, your body and your application to this Master. Master is W/M, 45, 190#, 6'2", hairy, straight acting and appearing. No nonsense type; but understanding of a slaves needs. You are W/M, 25-40, know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one to one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work-up and want to live in the Master's house in the country. No drugs, fats or fems. This is the time for me and if it is for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it. write. Box 291.

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, fems, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs. W/M and hot. Box 3856.

SUBMISSIVE

W/M 5'9", 180, 42, masc. stocky body, beard. Have big heavy (soft) breasts, big nipples. Seeking masc. dom to use, shave and develop tits. Like leather, oral, Greek, T.T. P.O. Box 65, Lake Hiawatha, N.J. 07034.

HOT MASCULINE HUNK

30 5'10" 150 lbs 8 1/2" uncut seeks hot hunk for man to man sex. P.O. Box 2436 Plainfield, NJ 07060. NY, PA, CT come on.

NEW YORK**W/M 36 145 LBS**

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for His pleasure and enjoyment. Will consider permanent slavery. Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave. Box 3432.

SPITTOON BOOTWIPE URINAL

Drooling deviate dog grovels for beer drinkin', cigar-smokin', ass-kickin', straight men: ex-con toilet slurps cop-snot, trucker-feet, biker-butt for public humiliation: retarded dude is Daddy's queer-boy forever. Am real tough, real dirty, real hung short lean blond w/stash. Filthy letter w/pix gets same. Sir! First ad. NYC Metro. Box 3535.

MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded, master 33, 6', 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim, and under 35. Reply with Photo and Phone #. J. Miller, 156 Wall St. Kingston, NY 12401.

NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7", 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man, into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F. Seek top man, 30-40. Box 3373.

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMAN

(Zeus publ. bondage— coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc./ musc. B.B.'s into elaborate verbal, rough, man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained, whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled, waxed, used any way your master/ captor sees fit, forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for.

Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/ Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gladiator/ sex master. Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your life. No hustlers/ takes/ fems. Box 3566.

HOT PISS SLAVE

W/M, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs, muscular, seeks uncut piss master. Also bondage. Novice to S/M: no heavy pain, must respect limits Hungry ass into toys. No SCAT, heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies. Box 3564.

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!**CLASSY B&D NYC/WORLDWIDE**

Be stylish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult, Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who'll stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction. Sir, Tie me, try me. Appointments open for preliminary interrogation, plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 UCMJ) at Office Hours. Box 3092.

NYC MASTER AND SLAVE

We're both in our 30's, over 6', blonde, muscular and attractive. Aspirant slaves who are under 35, muscular and attractive are invited to submit a request for consideration as a slave trainee. Successful applicant will be taught obedience, obeisance and endurance. Send photo (required) with resume. Box 673.

S/M ART GALLERY

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M-Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models, etc. submit photos of work, suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772.

JAPANESE MASTER

37 5'7" 135 wants ex. WM, house slave with FF age to 35. Start new life in NYC. Good body slave mind. Important no pain scat. Photo letter phone to Box 160, 132 W 24 St. NYC 10011.

WANTED

Dominant New Wave punk (21-25) to fuck with my head. (212)WUX-4707.

GWM, 27, BLOND/BOYISH

6'4"—big cock/deep ass serves as sexslave for anything-clean/dirty for W-master in boots/leather with full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine. TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys. Box 3870.

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive biker, 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white, cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Strip, immobilize & manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired BB: whip my round white butt till it glows & fuck it; dominate this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B/T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captive's helpless bod. Macho well-built leathermen only, prefer 32-45. No WS, scat, FF, shaving, drugs, damage please. New to area; your own workroom & camera are pluses. Photo/phone get mine. Brad, P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113.

MADE IN JAPAN

High quality Japanese 27, 5'6" 135 lbs uncut 7" with clean, smooth muscles wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for fun loving considerate friends who care about their bodys and want to look good without drugs and smoking. Reply with photo. Box 3863.

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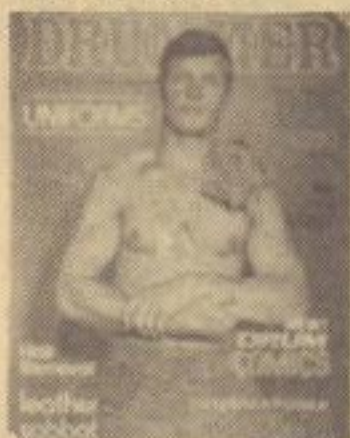
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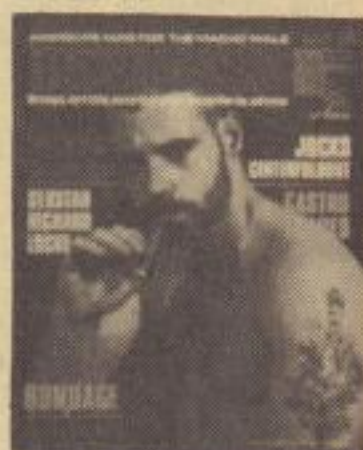
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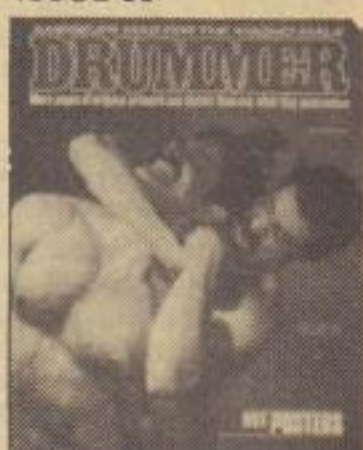
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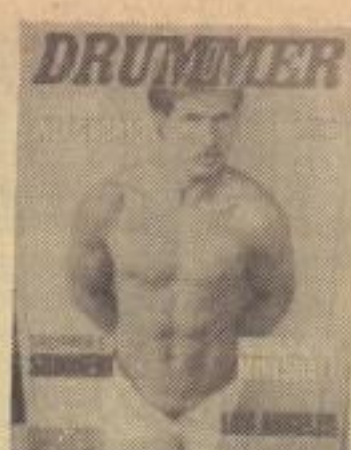
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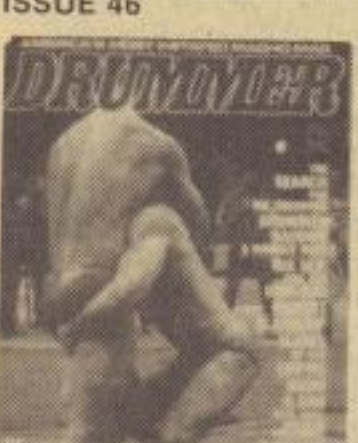
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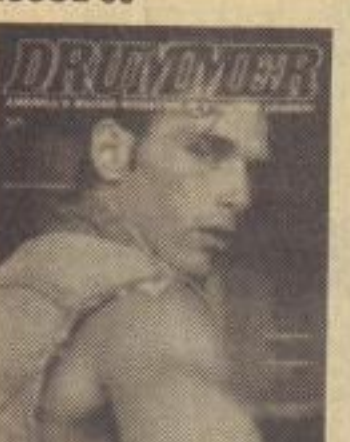
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scat? V.A., T.T. Almost anything goes, but more raunch than pain. Photo appreciated—all answered. Rochester, Box 3945.

SHAVED PISS DRINKER

26, 135 lbs., needs it from uncut, muscular, hairy topmen. Insatiable ass, too. Photos and orders to Box 3948.

STUNNING BB SPANKS MUSCLEBOYS

V. handsome, powerful, dominant, BB/gymnast, 42"ch, 29"w, 5'10", healthconscious, 32, gives medical examinations/obedience training to v. defined cleanshaven, cut, beautiful 18-25s, preferably gymnasts/dancers. Physique photograph & tel # essential. For Box 6029.

SUMMER CAMP 1984 FIRE ISLAND

Drummer Daddy offers one week of training to qualified Sons/Bottoms. Be my guest!! Apply now. Space is limited. Letter and photo please. Box 3930.

AGGRESSIVE HOT TOP

Seeks smooth bottom lover for monogamous relationship. Very masc attract great build 30's well hung G/A easy to watch T.V. with. Looking for G/P homebody who needs lots of affection, a sense of belonging and wants to grow only with one special person. Pic/ph to: Yorkville Station, PO Box 6619, New York, NY 10128.

UNCUT, SMOOTH, GOODLOOKING Beautiful to most. Blonde Master 28 together, musical, intelligent, innocent looking but wicked. Seeks only muscular, hairy chested monogamous slave for lifetime ownership. Slave must be financially and emotionally secure obedient to a fault late 20's to late 30's. Slave will accept my limits, I love to whip torture tits, cock, balls and pull on chest hair while demanding excellent

head. No raunch but want to explore and work mercifully a strong man who can take my mental, physical demands. Monogamous? Muscular? Hairy? A sucker for a nice face and muscular natural smooth body? Write letter of application to Master R.J. Gali, 104 West 71st #3C, NYC 10023 photo a must.

MASC. BI ITAL

6, 163, 30, athl, aggressive, very hnds, weights, jogger, horny 8 1/2 seeks BB or young boyish to strip, tease, play with, pose, LT S/M or imagination. Contact not nec but can be very GR. Active. Love to J/O. Box 785, 252A Greene St., NYC 10003.

WM 28, 5'9", 155LBS, UNCUT

Pierced nipples, brown short hair, moustache. Told hot ass & mouth. Seeks patient understanding Master owner to teach & expand limits through trust. All answered, photo gets mine + quick response. Box 3918.

YOUNG M 26 5'7" 135#

Lt Brown hair Hazel eyes and a large cut cock. Needs S 18-40 into Bondage and cock and ball torture. Box 3913.

SCAT FILMS?

Do you have hot SCAT films or video to share or lend? Let's get high, watch, and J/O. Also into phone J/O. Box 3909.

EXHIBITIONIST

Will do your housework stark naked while you (and your friends) watch his humiliation and verbally abuse him—slim young body, hung and uncut, smooth round ass. Box 3897.

SUBMISSIVE 30

5'7", 140 muscular lbs, into most scenes seeks top. Box 3905.

SOUTHERN TIER SLAVE

Begs for Master. Into CBT, W/S, S/M. Will respond all letters with details, phone, sir! Box 3907.

CBT

Young M 26 5'7" 135# Lt Brown hair hazel eyes and a large cut cock. Needs S 18-40 into Bondage and cock and ball torture. Box 155 Homecrest Station, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

BONDAGE NOVICE

Hot G/W/M 28 6'2" seeks tops/duos to tie me up and suck me off. Your letter, phone, photo gets mine. Do it. Box 3962.

FOR AN INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE

You can submit to this expcd. medical/master. You will not forget it. Send details and photo to P.O. Box 148, Murray Hill Station, NYC 10016.

KINKY BALL GAMES

Seek hot, husky, hairy, horny hunks into L/L, jockstraps, boots, rings, harnesses, weights, toys, CB/T, smoke, aromas, JO, No FF, scat, heavy pain. Me: WM, 50, 6', 210, Br balding, moustache, new PA, frenum ring. Send explicit letter, photo, phone. WJ. Box 3953.

ANY DUDES OUT THERE

Dig swapping dirty, used, ripe briefs, boxers, jocks, sox? Let's start a club, bro. I'm 19, horny, Italian. Tony Marini, 409 W. 54th St. Apt. 2-B, NY, NY 10019.

SEXY EX-HUSTLER

Just turned 30, looks 25 wants to meet other hot wild guys under 35 that like imaginative sleazey scenes. I am smooth muscular, 5'8" 140 lbs, br/br & moustache. You must be athletic & very goodlooking. Mark: 33 Park Place, BSE, Bklyn, NY 11217.

UP-STATE BONDAGE MASTER

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for sessions in Dungeon. No F.F., scat, drugs or overweights. Photo appreciated—All answered. Box 3882.

COMPOSER/AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner, seeks non-materialistic, truthful, helpful, mildly

muscular 90" male NYC cop or the like for noble, clean, non-viscious, modest sexual relationship. Should like to cook. May eventually re-locate in rural California. Like motorcycles, small farming, animals, quiet talks, spiritual energy, bodybuilding, natural foods (often in the Chinese style), balanced, sane living and Haydn String Quartets. No drugs, alcohol or single's scene, please. Do not wish to be involved in the gay scene at all. Box 3881.

TICKLING TORTURE

Simple, safe—but unbearably agonizing. Watch as my young, beautifully muscled body strains against your tight bonds—twisting, struggling as your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke my ticklish feet and pits; ignoring my screams and pleas for mercy. Write for hot action. Box 3880.

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/W 29 180 Bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same. No scat FF. Blacks will arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform preferred. Box 3879.

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You: short, 18-40, tiny cock. Goal: huge nipples and pussy, possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Photo/phone. BW, Box 149, NY, NY 10012.

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W/M hairy Master 38, 5'7", 150, will own, train & punish the right dog-ass slave. Apply with rear photo, phone & needs. Box 3889.

DRUMMER DADDY/TOP

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son/bottom for training and discipline. Must be masculine and serious. Letter/photo Box 3876.

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HORNY ITALIAN RAUNCHBAG

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NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave...for obedience, total commitment, punishment (when needed), and love (when earned). I am DEADLY SERIOUS! And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy. (704) 324-1465, or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S.E., Box 24, Hickory, NC 28601.

COUNTRY BOY

29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde/ Blue, tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response PO Box 338 Pine Level, N.C. 27568.

GOOD HOT SEX

Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'8", built well, hairy, uncut man. Seeks 25 to 55 masculine, well built, not fat well hung men. That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys, dildoes, assplay, most scenes except heavy pain & FF. Answer all, photo and phone answered first. Come visit Piedmont, N.C. You won't forget it! Will travel. Box 3860.

NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWBOY

24, W/M Cowboy, 150, 5'9", needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn, Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy only. Cow-boys reply to C.R., Box 87, Mandan, North Dakota 58554.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

LEATHERMAN/ MOTORCYCLIST

41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim, suck, piss, kiss and fuck till it all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cinti., Ohio 45241.

MASTER WANTED

Good looking guy, 22, 6'2", 180, seeks similar master. Humiliation, verbal abuse, etc. P.O. Box #236, Galloway, OH 43119.

GWM, AGE 37 TIRED OF BARS

And ususal nellie queens. Looking for a real man who is honest, trustworthy and sincere. Willing to serve right man. Am Greek Passive and French A/P, and love to receive recycled beer. Travel to NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a plus. No fems please. Box 3873.

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad habits and obedience training. Son is 5'6", 125 lbs, mid-30's, smooth chest. Daddy should be W/M under 50 with firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot nipples for son to worship. Reply Drummer Box No. 3884.

CLEVELAND

Wanted a young son who needs a sexy loving and caring dad who will give hot loving experiences and a permanent relationship. Can help right son to relocate. Photo/phone, 6' 185 black hair brown eyes 43. P.O. Box 09251, Cleveland, OH 44109.

TIT PLAY/TORTURE

W/M, 42, 6', 160 lbs., beard; seeks others into peccs, nipples, and tits, especially muscular and leather. No wimps. P.O. Box 22028, Cleveland, OH 44122.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER(S)

To service. Dennis Box 1945, Toledo, OH 43604 (419)666-5210 before noon after midnight. Be discreet.

BOTTOMS, SLAVES—WANTED

Foxy looking Cleveland Master, 28, bright blonde hair, sexy body wants to fulfill your wildest fantasies. Respect limits. Photo honestly gets my hot photo or send description. Respectfully reply back—everyone. Box 3961.

OKLAHOMA

WANTED SLAVE

Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918)665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760, Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff.

OREGON

DOMINATE MALE

6', 175#, seeks trim, w/m for B/D, S/M. Interest important, not experience. Photo. Box 3842.

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into raunch, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 19759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot.

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs., bearded, W/S, submission, boots, leather, scat. Box 3871.

SUBISSIVE BOTTOM

GWM 31 150# 5'7" Brn/Brn bearded seeks top. Into leather/levis, VA, dildoes/toys, humiliation, WS, SM, B/D. Casual encounters only. Your photo gets mine. Box 3934.

PENNSYLVANIA

REAL MASTER

Needed for heavy bondage, total control, Weekend Confinement, and Discipline. Slave is 35, untamed, able to travel to master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103.

HOT TOUGH YOUNG M

6'2", 170 lbs, 27 yrs, 8 1/2", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination, endless fucking, ass play-toys, B&D, light S&M, huge cocks- very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit— Sir. J.B. 100 Denniston St. Apt.#12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206.

I'M 30, 6', 170#

Br. hair, gr. eyes, swimmer's build, straight appear, gdlkg., 8 1/2" cut, dig real men, S&M, CBT, poppers J/O GR—FR a/p—rough wild & kinky sex. J.C., P.O. Box 1454, Uniontown, Pa. 15401.

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's—into leather-B&D light S&M—Must give me your mind as well as body. I am-W-6-175# All man. Have leather fuckroom with racks-sling & toys—Can't handle it don't answer. Just fuck off. Box 3887.

YOUNG STUD WANTED PITTSBURGH AREA

Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W 6' 175# All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer, just fuck off. Box 3887.

JIM WIGLER DRUMMER STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

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415-673-1284

HAVE 9 1/2", 6" AROUND CUT COCK

Looking for someone who will wear leather & boots while being hand fucked or sucked. 5'8", 148 lbs., 45" hairy chest, 31" waist, full-bodied buttocks, tight ass, former L.A. physique model. 1608 College Ave., Anderson, SC 29621.

TENNESSEE

LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

Bi-sex man is interested in locating another natural man who realizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut-pleasure—through trust—of discovering and sharing the touch, smell, taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide. The energy I want to share is so basic and honest, it seems few "gays" know it exists. Long, slow, mind-n-soul fuckin' is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who'll openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft., 150 lbs., 43 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and moustache; with a natural, uncut dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat, hair, holes, nipples, foreskin, lo-swingin' balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and got the balls to talk straight, shoot a no bull-shit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061.

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

TEXAS

SON SEEKS MOIST DADDY

GWM, 32, 5'11", 170 lbs, handsome, well-built seeks Daddy 25-50, hung, built, handsome, hopefully uncut & cigar smoker for love, hot sex, attention. Son likes to be fucked, W/S, C/B.

PITTSBURGH AND TRI-STATE MASTER

Applications now being taken for servitude by 28 yr. old, white Master with football player build. Aspirant slaves must be under 36 yrs old well built and masculine. I'm into all scenes except FF, SCAT, heavy pain or causing serious injury. I will respect and expand your limits. First timers welcome. Fems, under and overweights need not apply. If you think you can measure up send a detailed application with upper half nude photo to: CR, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, Pa. 15116.

ATTENTION CLERGYMEN

Horny clergyman wants to hear from other horny clergymen who like cocks and balls, tits and asses, as I do. Call JAY, (215)775-4541, all evenings, except Thursdays; also daytime FSSM. I live alone so keep calling.

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

SLAVE 29

5'10", 140 lbs., I want to be bound and have cocks forced down my throat and up my ass, also into W/S. I will serve you totally. Especially interested in 2 or more men at the same time. P.O. Box 1092, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

FIND DADDY HERE!

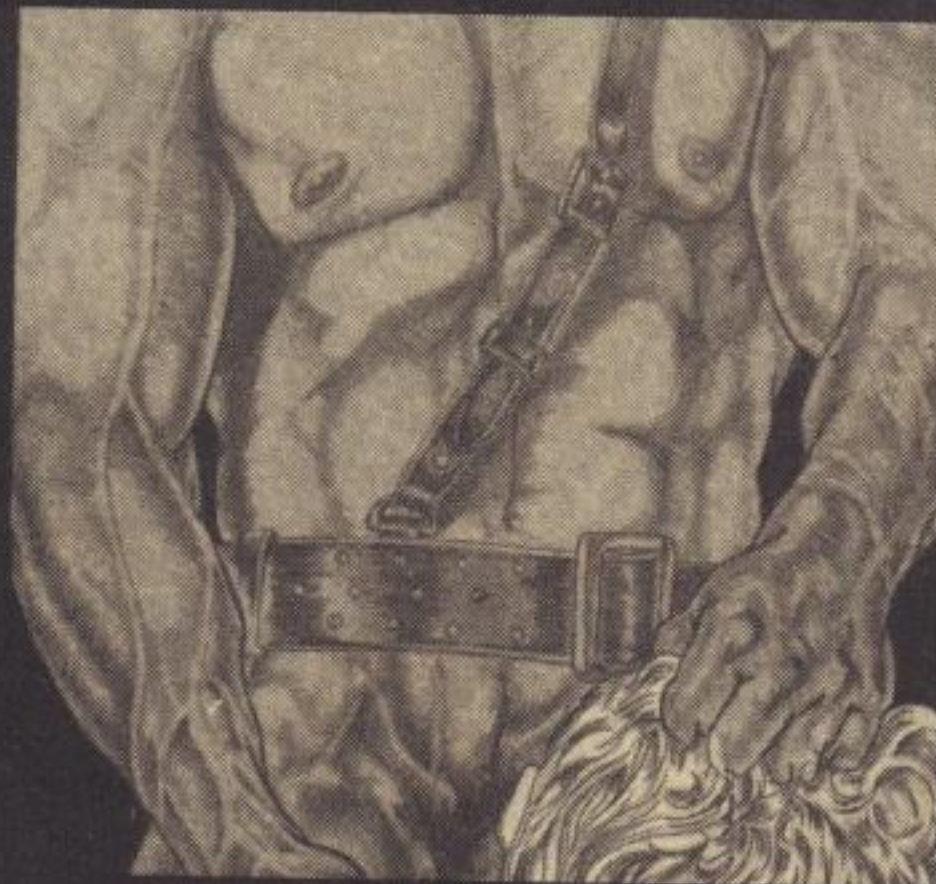
RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang ups, F.F. W.S. and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920.

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Interested in B/D T/T play, C/B, meeting your needs and pleasures. I'm 34, 160 lbs, 5'9" well built W/M submissive, willing to try new experience. P.O. Box 464 Annex Station, Providence, R.I. 02903.



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needs toilet training, tits. Daddy, please send letter with photo and your worn jock. Your response gets same. JDD, PO Box 191122, Dallas, TX 75219.

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM, 32, 5'8", 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim, smooth, defined. Fidelity desired; limits expandable. Photos please. Sir, RHS, Box 270069, Houston, Texas 77277.

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878.

"PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"! Box 3853.

W/M 29 5'10" 140 lbs seeks slave for long term B/D, Leather, Levi, No farts-fems only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze, P.O. Box 34244, Houston, TX 77234.

HOT FOR SCOTT B.I

Trade filthy fantasies of raping and humiliating super straight "CHACHI"! Make it raunchy and I'll reciprocate! Box 3931.

BUDDY (18-35) WANTED

For mutual J/O sessions with rubber toys and porno. Attractive GWM 31-Houston Area. Box 3941.

SOUTH TEXAS

Novice slave, 40, eager to be shown the ropes. Want discipline in B&D, S&M, W/S from experienced topman who'll respect my limits. Box 3927.

SLAVE SEEKS NEXT STEP
In S/M. Any ideas? (713)928-3318.

SERVICE & AFFECTION?

W/M, 49, 5'11", 175, versatile seeks to satisfy. No drugs. Travelers bring toys/fantasy. Discreet only. Will travel for training. Sir, Box 3964.

PISS WANTED

W/M 32, 5'10", 165 Likes wearing hot piss and drinking used beer from levi or leather crotches. No FF. Scat. Letter, phone, photo to Box 761324 Dallas, TX 75376.

VIRGINIA

BLACK STUDENT

Like to meet/correspond. Receive horny letters; jocks/briefs. N.L., P.O. Box 1045, Richmond, VA 23208.

WASHINGTON

LEATHER SON SLAVE

Seeks leather Daddy into leather, uniforms, boots, SM, CBTA Torture and taking care of Daddy. I'm WM, 35, 6", 170#, bearded bodybuilder. Rewarded with friendship and cuddling would be nice. Send letter with photo to Box 3487.

MASTER

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave. 6", 155 lbs, 30's, attractive, very energetic. You are slim, smooth, 20-35, submissive, obedient, hot buns, excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cunts-lave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866.

W/M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle area Master. Into all but scat. Will answer all replies. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight.

LEATHERMAN/MASTER

W/M 47, 5'7", 145, black hair, moustache, muscular, into leather, boots, uniforms, SM, BD, WS. Seeks slave/son. Reply with photo and your interests and limits. Box 3858.

SLAVE NEEDED

Master 28, 5'8", 125 lb's, hot body! Slave must be 18 to 28, slim, under 170 lb's. Light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, and more! Picture is requested. Temporary or permanent. Greg, P.O. Box 71003, Seattle, WA 98107-7003.

TACOMA, HOUSEBOY WANTED

No experience necessary will train. Look after house, cars, boat and nasty cat. Box 3901.

SEATTLE HOT PLAYROOM

Feb. 1-15: C/B, W/S; Beat ass, big cocks and balls; hot holes. Box 3900.

HOT ITALIAN TRUCKER

BWM, 34, 180 lbs, 6' & hairy would like to get it on with rugged MT types, const wkrs, etc. In Spokane and surrounding areas. No fantasies, I deal only in hot, sweaty, all male realities. Possible road trips for right persons. Letter & photo get same. Write: Bob, Rt. 14, Box 586, Spokane, WA 99204.

WISCONSIN

INTELLIGENT MEN

MILWAUKEE/RACINE AREA: 35, 150 lbs, 5'8", 6", blond, blue eyed, moustached, Levi/Western/Leatherman, French A/P, Greek A/P, Rainmaker, Rimming, Tits & toys. Write if you're 35-45, butch looking, black hair, dark eyes, 5'8" or taller. Interests: Bars/all types; travel; movies; food; music; baseball. Uniform cops/firemen a turn-on. Discretion assured. Box 3528.

SLAVE NEEDED

27 yr old Master, 6'0" 195 lbs—Muscular, is seeking a young slave boy. Slave

must be slim or hunky, smooth chested, baby faced and prefer slave younger than master. Slave should be totally obedient & ready for B&D, TT CB/T; & whippings. Upper half nude picture requested, nude picture preferred. Master is level headed. Box 3607.

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:

28 year old w/m master, 6'0", 195, muscular, hairy chested, LEVEL HEADED, is seeking a younger than master, cute, babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B/D, TT, CB/T, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No farts or heavies. Phone # appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. Box 3890.

DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B, S/M, B/D, T.T./ W/S and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humbly slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3936.

MILWAUKEE MEN NEEDED

G/W/M 30 160 lb, blond, blue eyed, moustached looking for men over 30 for hot sex sessions. I am French A/P Greek /P, let's get together and play. Please send photo and phone number. Boxholder, P.O. Box 13142, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53213.

WYOMING

WYOMING HARD HAT

Into long hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9", 155, 8 thick uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action, contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling servicing construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punks, farts and fags need not apply. Box 3888.

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CANADA

BOTTOM, 37, 5'9", 160 LBS.

Bearded, mustache likes to submit to big and strong dominant masters. Into humiliation, verbal abuse, bodywor-ship, armpits, tits, CB, feet, rimming, WS, bondage, shaving, some SM, fan-tasies. Limits to be respected but can be carefully expanded. Willing to try new experiences. Loves to cuddle in between games. No FF or scat. Letters with photo get priority. Box 3770.

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

30, 140 lbs 5'8". Swimmer's build. Seeks similar age 18-35. Into asses, cocks, tits, jockstraps, sweat, versatile. Box 3854.

HUNKY M

Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call Sir. Peter (403)-245-0691.

NOVICE SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

By demanding master. Into most scenes. 22, 5'11", 190 (soft gut needs work). Turn fantasies into reality. Ottawa area. Box 3911.

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WHIPPED KID:

Remember kid discipline? Mine was heavy from dad, uncle then foster father. Switches, belts, coat hangers—had them all. Got heavier when I'd get a hardon. Tell me yours I'll tell you mine. Box 3924.

BOTTOM MAN

5'9", 160 lbs, br/bl, worship and service beefy or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand, order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No fems, no heavy SM that leaves dam-ages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8.

DENIM-J/O STUD

Into jeans & jean jackets, boots, leather, cigars, fantasy. 35 y/o GWM 5'11" 150 lb. very good looking, br/br moustache with muscular body. Into filth, raunch and beating my own 8". Raunchy letter with pics gets same. Box 216, 55 Mc Cuul Street, Toronto, Canada, M5T 2W7.

VANCOUVER BOY, 5'11", 180 lbs, seeks S/M, B/D, C/B from dominant decent looking men between 25-35. Box 3954.

I HAVE COME

To a time in my life when I know I want a relationship with a younger man who is going to be my son/lover/slave. This is a beautiful opportunity for an obedi-ent young man into submission, legal to 30, muscular, attractive, intelligent, self accepting/respecting, with integ-riety. I am attractive, GW Master, 48, 160, 6'1", brown/ blue, financially secure, intelligent, tells and expects the truth, level headed. You must be willing to be my total possession which I may express by shaving and piercing. I'll guide you in developing your talents, expanding your life and sexuality in all directions. If what you read is what you want, then write and tell. Slave will live in Toronto with and will work for Mas-ter's business enterprises. Now, read this ad again, very carefully. Box 3950.

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New worldwide HEALTH-CONSCIOUS contact organization for men who seek satisfying and completing connections

with others into J/O, voyeurism, exhi-bitionism. Menstrokers, P.O. Box 42667, San Francisco, CA 94142 USA!

MASTER WANTED

Offer myself as a lifelong total slave, fuck and torture animal to a very raunchy, extremely sadistic Master. Tattoos a plus. Am 43, 5'9", 140, cut, dark hair, hairy, slim. Good buns and tits. Need financial aid to relocate. Am serious. So are you, Sir. Box 3877.

HOMMES FRANCAIS CULTURISTES

Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvons facilement heberger Paris—Ecrire: Alain Masse, 33 Rue Henri de Vilmorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine, France.

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern, W. Germany. Leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poilus, Krauts, Cops, etc. into same. No hard drugs, FF, or mutila-tion... All other options negotiable, bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home, so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. I know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885.

FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas air-mail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per ½ ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30 yr. old Master, 6'0" 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth. Attractive is seek-ing a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome. Moustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CB/T, Shaving and Piercing. Master is level headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865.

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

CAMEL SMOKIN BOOZIN SWEARIN
Stinkin snarlin axel greasy filth freak lookin for same with lotsa filthy tat-toos. Animal top lookin for cowcunted horsedicked chain smokin tobacco freak for endless filthy engineoil/ scat fistin. Lookin for loner who lives in dirty dark glory holed turd houses like me. Here or in U.S. dig tobacco/ scat tattoos and big thick nicotine stained greasy fingers like mine plus chains leather pissin shittin and all the rest. Rex types a real plus also thick greased black hair. Box 3940.

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8½"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826.

ENGLAND

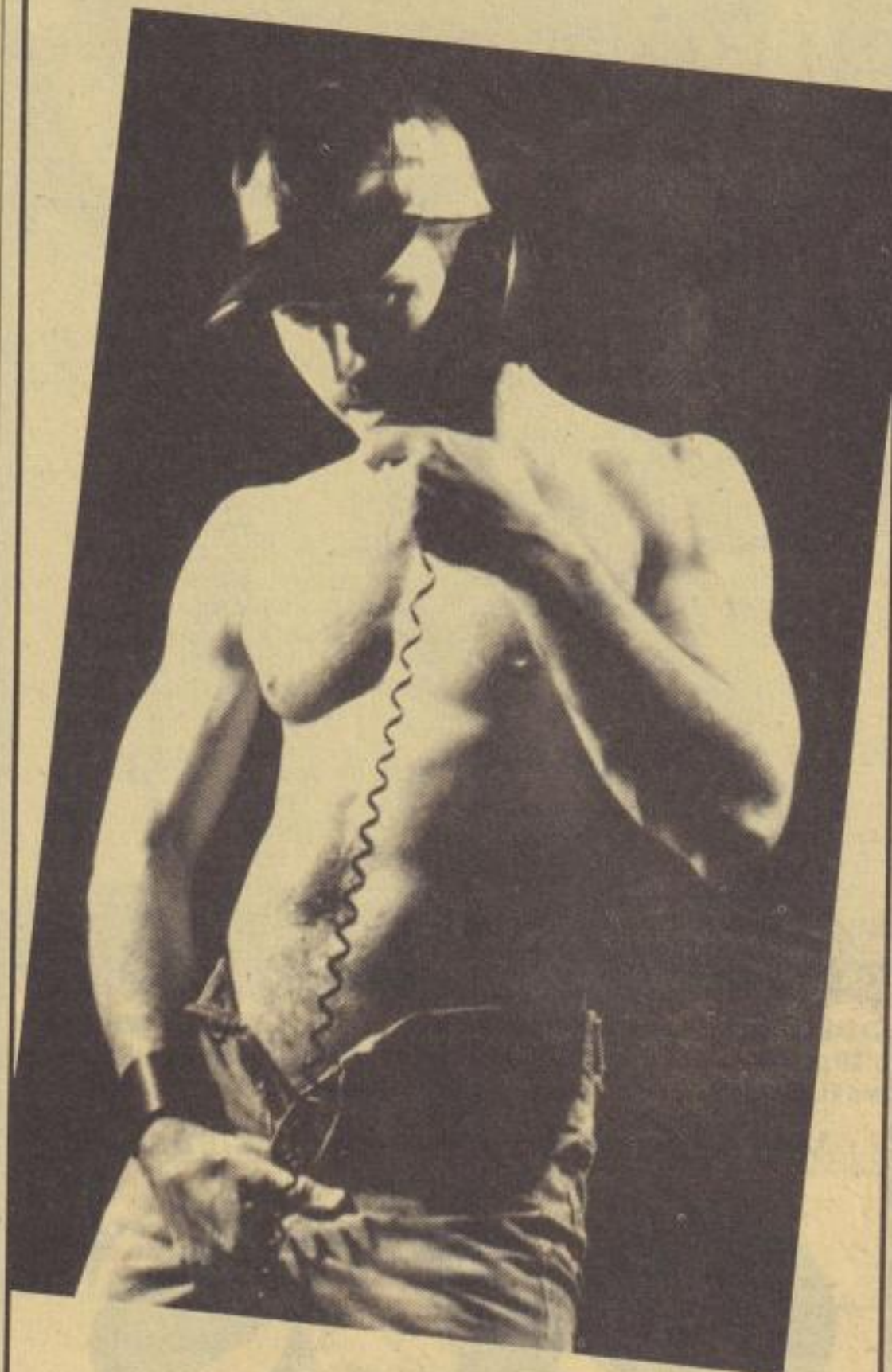
LEATHERBOY, BOYISH 29

Tattoos, piercings, full leather includ-ing chaps, boots, etc., wants his arse fucked and FF with sensual titwork by well hung hunky topman. When in Lon-don phone 602-3347 (Tony) or write with foto. Box 3926.

BONDAGE SLAVE SON

English bottom 33 seeks contact world-wide with experienced master/dad-dies. Slave son ready to serve is into rubber leather uniforms hoods masks bondage suspension and more. Hospi-tality offered in London for visitors. All photos and application forms ans-tered Sir. Box 3953.

"Call us. Tell us what you want... the kind of guy you'd like to talk with. Then we'll have him call you back at our expense. You don't have to pay for an expensive collect call, and you can talk as long as you want... until you're satisfied"



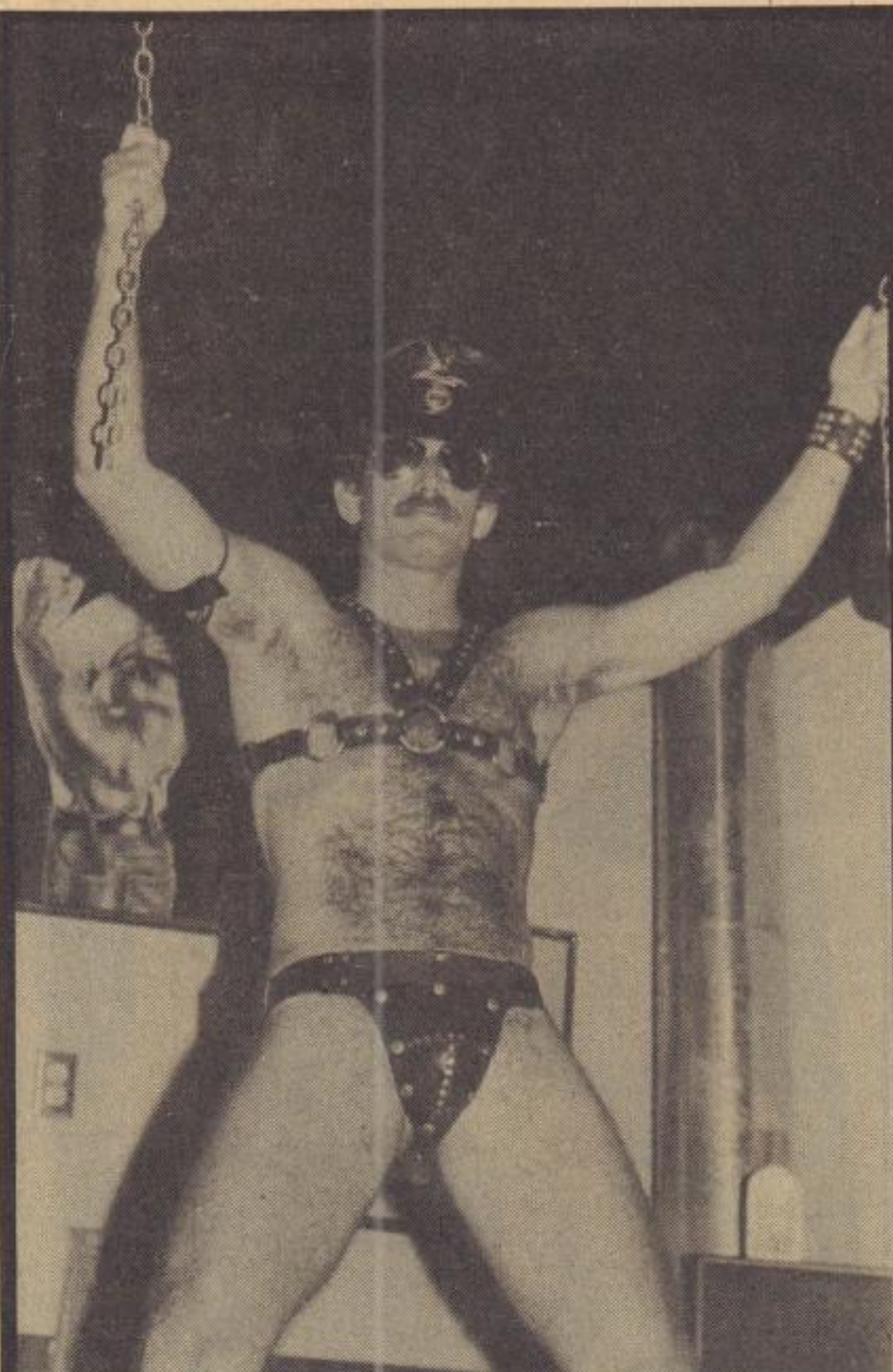
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GUY NEXT DOOR

Philip 21, 5'11" 160 lbs. 40c. Hairy-Brown hair & eyes. Clean cut good looks. You'll enjoy having Phil around. RICHARD OF SF (415)821-3457.

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Move Over Dirt Harry
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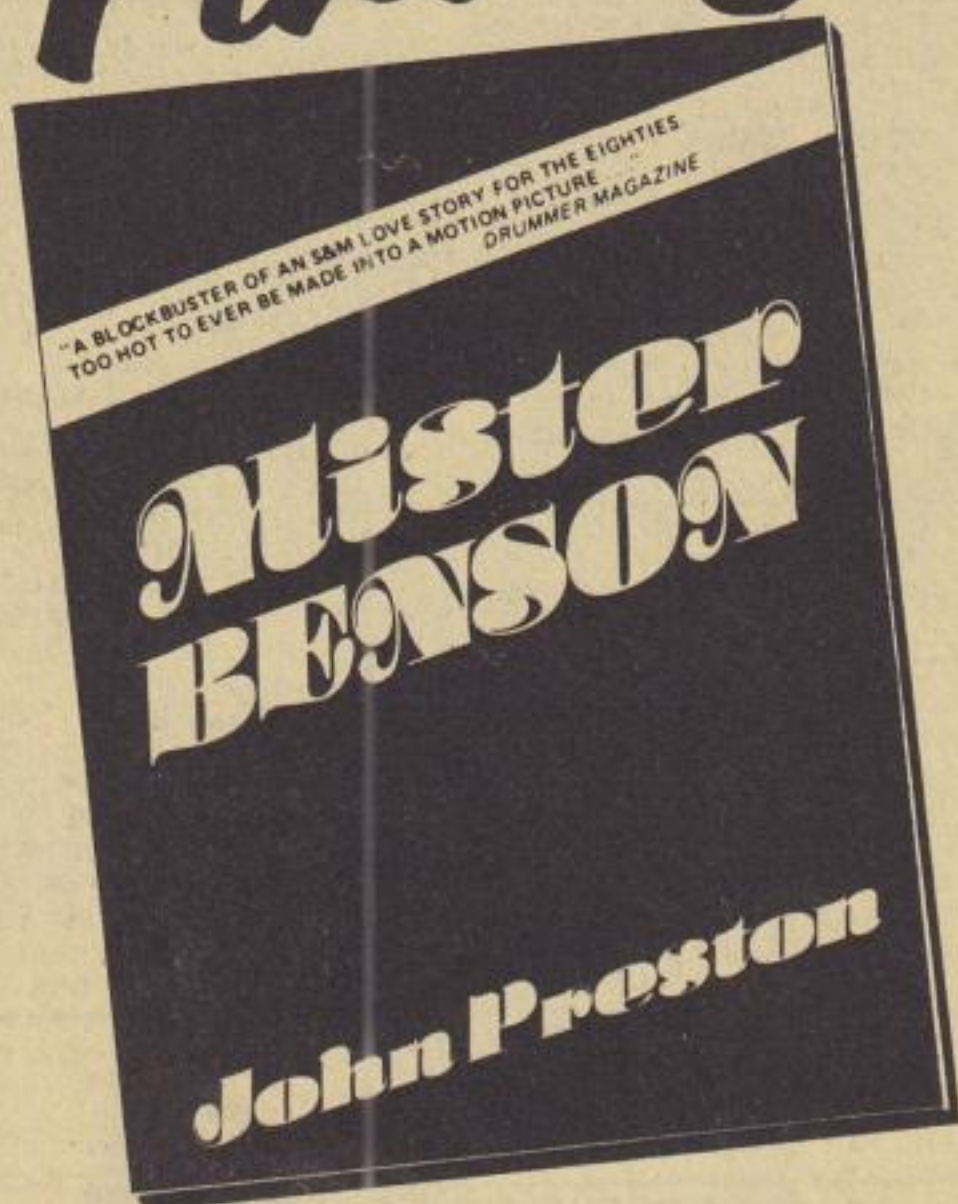
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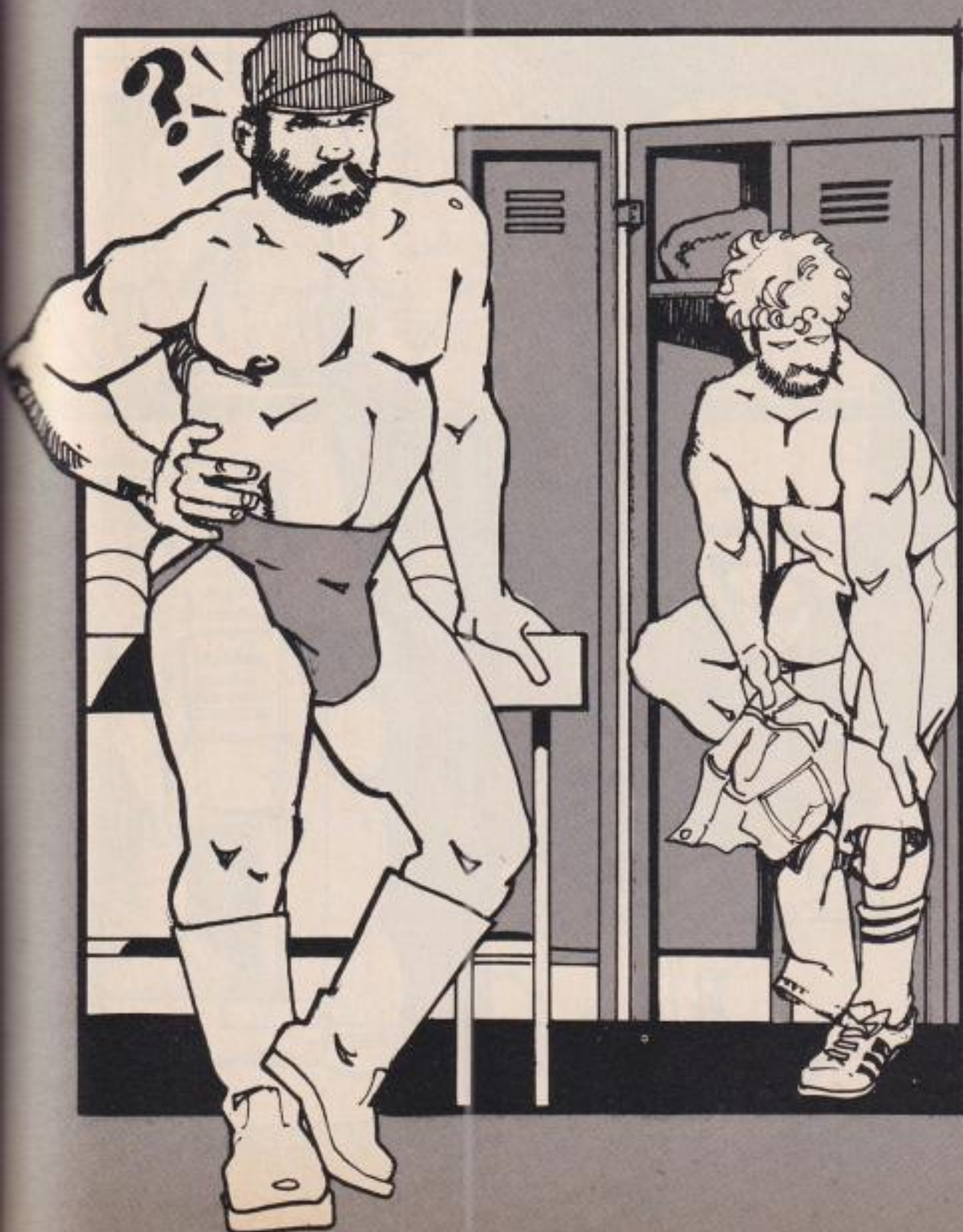
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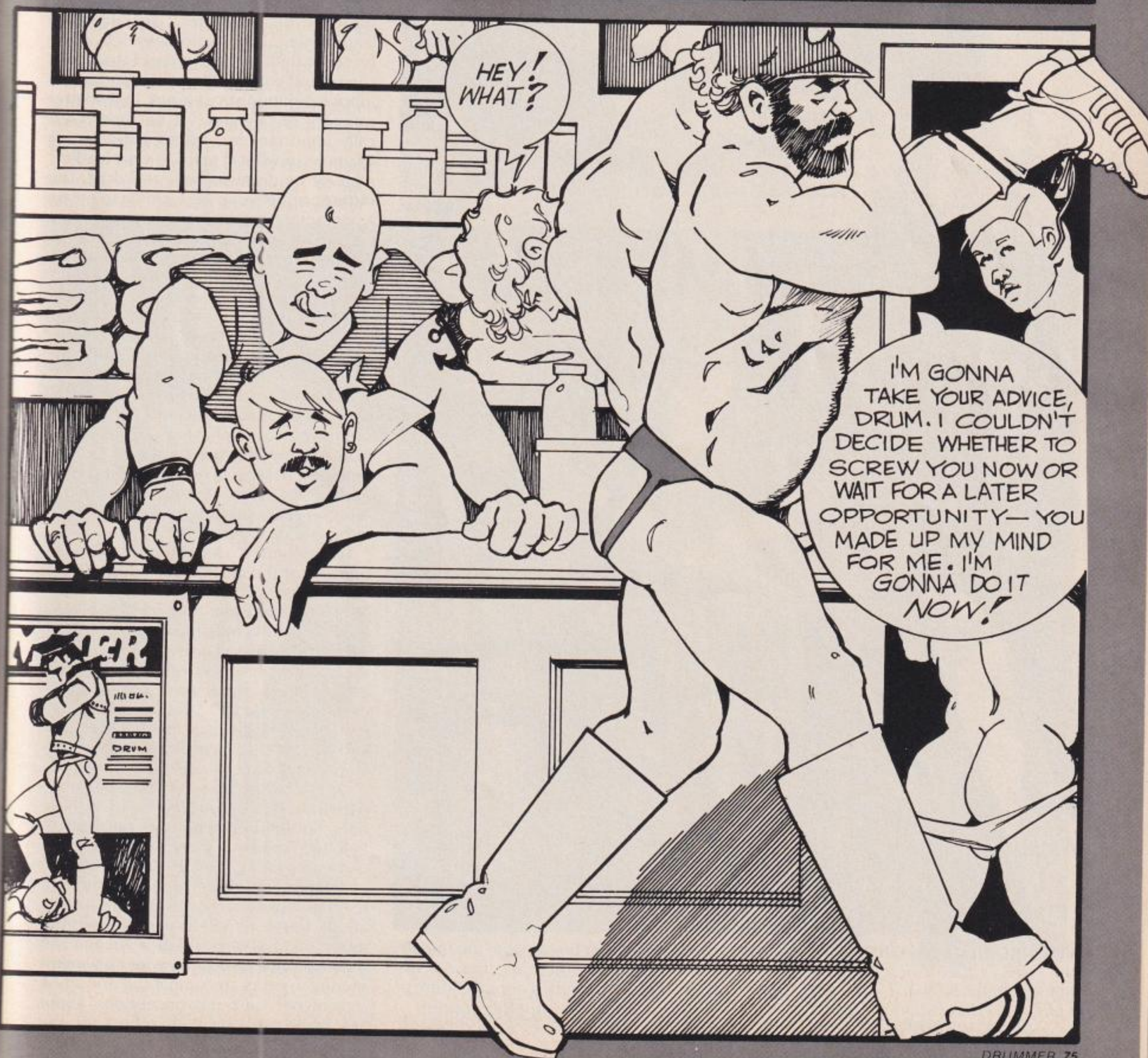
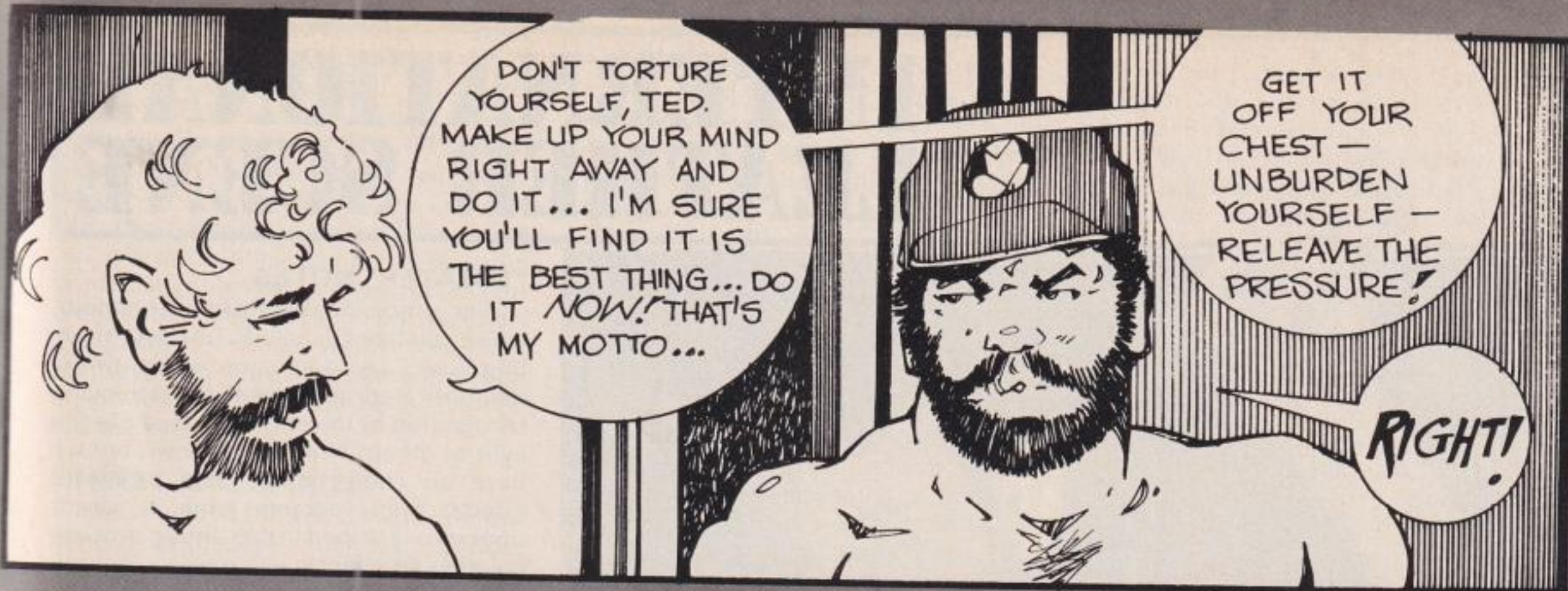


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FROWN?

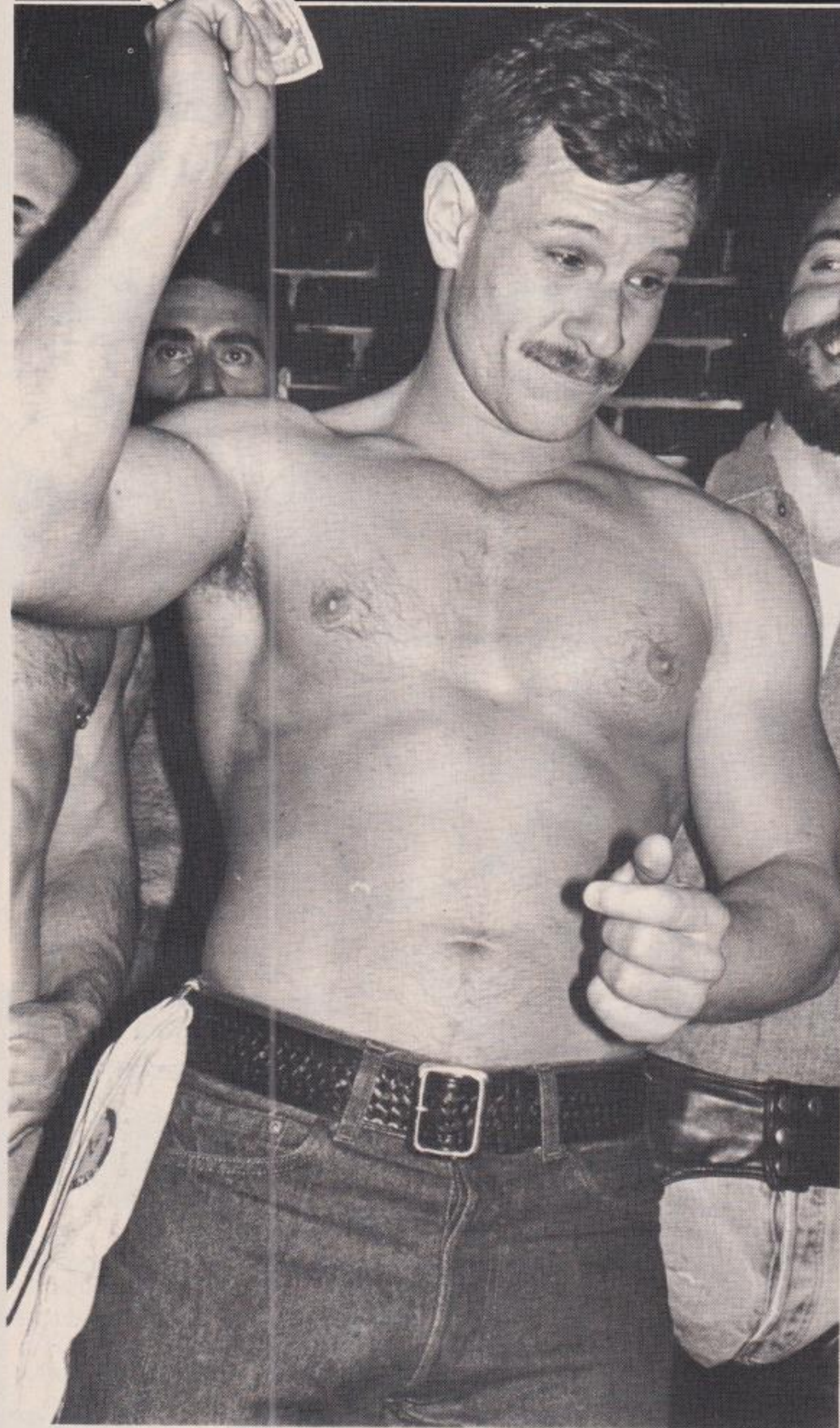
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GOT AN
IMPORTANT
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TO
MAKE!



INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



YES, VIRGINIA, ANOTHER BIG CHEST MAKES THE BIG TIME: this time, in the third of the Arena's Bare Chest Contests, Miles Mitchell took home the title—but not the money, which he donated to San Francisco AIDS groups. The Arena, a popular South of Market bar, has swallowed down three of their projected twelve monthly contests in search of the pecs o' death for a calendar planned for 1985. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

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"THEATER" NOTES

Ever since Shakespeare's comment, we've all been labeled: "Actors, strutting," etc. As a species, we've always demonstrated a hunger for achieving recognition by the effects we create in the eyes of others. Not that it's news, but we have no choice other than to create effects. Even vagrants, lying in vacant doorways wrapped in rags and apathy, are creating an effect.

The effects we create accumulate to form personal "theater," practiced, by leathermen, in situations which some prefer to limit to the privacy of their bedrooms and which others take on tour to more exhibitionistic settings. In the latter category of "theater," it becomes critically important to present a convincing example of what it takes to be a leatherman, or be dismissed as a real drag. The difference between performing to create a hot fantasy ("drag"), and becoming that fantasy ("convincing example") is often distinguished by how desirable and real the presentation is to the man making it. (In other words, saying and doing things that you really want to say and do with your partner, rather than saying and doing what you think you *should* in order to meet anticipated expectations.)

A friend once observed that we all seem to eventually become the man we sought out earlier in life as our fantasy man. It's my observation that we sometimes even exceed our expectations by finding one as well as becoming one. That represents a powerful combination either in private or on tour.

This column is concerned with all components of the Leather Scene—although most often groups—whose combined efforts create community. The above discussion handles individual "theater," and the backdrop we all provide by participating in it. We collectively provide subgroups, both stage and audience, for even more "theater." Group theater, like that of the individual, is multi-purpose and is presented accordingly. It also dominates our scene to a surprising degree.

Organizations such as the Gay Male SM Activists (GMSMA) in New York City have been established with the purpose of helping "create a more supportive SM community for gay males... build a sense of community by exploring common feelings and concerns... raise awareness about issues of safety and responsibility..." and to "establish a recognized political presence in the wider gay community in order to combat the prevailing stereotypes and misconceptions about SM while working with others for the

common goals of gay liberation." Other organizations like the Chicago Hellfire Club, the Akron Skulls, San Francisco's The 15 Association and Knights Templar, Vancouver Activists in SM, STUDS in Manchester, London's RMC and many others, all seek to disseminate information about SM in ways intended to wipe out misconceptions, some via classroom academia, others by "scenes." Bike clubs around the world, although not necessarily directly concerned with representing SM, use everything from open meetings in bars to staged theatrical revues to present their style.

WHINES AND SPIRITS

Like any good theater, a major component is staging. Whether it's a private playroom outfitted with toys, a clubhouse loaded with them or a barroom decorated with them, the set works to communicate. With many to pick from, a description of the STUDS clubroom at Manchester's Church Inn in Bolton, England, that appeared in the December issue of *Gay Mancunian*, typifies some of the staging we use:

"A lot of effort had clearly been made to create a suitable atmosphere: menacing figures loomed from wall posters

advertising leather bars all over the world, a hooded figure stood in one corner, and chains, ropes, handcuffs, boots, belts, etc., hung everywhere. Most of the work has been put in by the club members themselves and the result is certainly impressive.

"Around the bar most of the men wore heavy boots, jackets, vests, jeans, caps and sometimes studded collars and harnesses—all usually in black leather (or denim). A few were dressed in naval or military uniform. These costumes (or 'kit' as it's called) are for making an impression, or creating an effect: you pretend to be who you want to be by dressing up that way. As a wild biker, or tough commanding officer. All that's important is the image at that moment, your ideal. It's a form of dressing up, of play-acting, and you should be willing to accept the dress code to join the group."

Although the observer dismissed the atmosphere of STUDS in its entirety as staging and play-acting, what he did see is similar to what many see when they visit a similar environment. Since he was there to review an event STUDS presented entitled Whines and Spirits, his description of other "theater" ingredients continues:

"Entertainment for the Whines and Spirits night proved to be slick and professional and...primeval. Lots of fire and brimstone, accompanied by the beat of drums and the crack of whips. A few people staggered away after having an unpleasant close encounter with an apparently live boa constrictor. Not being very keen on snakes, alive or otherwise, we turned our attention to the bar, where Flo was providing her usual cheery service. Was she enjoying herself? 'It's great,' she said. 'You couldn't hope to meet a nicer, more polite bunch of guys.' Which just about summed it up for us too."

Although that's only one (somewhat laundered) description of a leather club's presentation of a "scene," it's typical of most scenes. I suggest that it's laundered because there's not one lurid detail—nothing that could justify the English police sacking the publisher's office like they did Bryan Darbyshire's as reported here last month.

Before leaving the subject of STUDS, their newsletter informs us that they've been warmly welcomed to the brotherhood of clubs in both England (by the Wessex MSC, North West MSC, and London's RMC) and on the continent by the Association Sportive et Motocycliste de



LE GRANDE BALLET DE NOTHING SPECIAL: Ed Stark, Ray Perez, Henry Faber and Rich Howe were but four of the hundred-plus San Francisco bartenders who gave a night of their lives to raise money for the Shanti Project in Jim Cvitanich's "Men Behind Bars." The one-night-only, high-energy evening netted seven-thousand-plus for the AIDS support group. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

France (ASME), headquartered in Paris. The same newsletter contains another interesting anecdote relative to the subject of personal "theater," which follows:

"The best way to discover if your boyfriend or lover has an interest is to start with some gentle probing. While fucking begin to hold his hands above his head or behind his back. Don't let go when he struggles. If his interest in sex intensifies, you have a candidate for bondage! Watersports—try to shower together. Let loose a stream of golden shower on his legs. If he gets a hard-on, you should be able to try further games. Dominance—start giving him direct orders—'Get me beer'—leaving out 'please' to see how he reacts. You may discover a great deal of dominance or submission in a novice. Don't scare him off! Don't use SM terms. Use ordinary words. Carry on!"

MEN BEHIND BARS

A week before the deadline for this column, a couple of great examples of theater dominated the scene in San Francisco. Mr. Leather SF 1982, Jim Cvitanich, pulled together a cast and crew of about one hundred—most of them bartenders—for a show entitled *Men Behind Bars*. A benefit for the Shanti Project (an AIDS-oriented charity organization), the show raised more than \$7000 and everyone's spirits. (It drew nearly 500 to pack the house.) The show was nothing less than an unanticipated explosion of energetic talent projecting the essence of every conceivable sub-group in SF's gay community. Not a detail was overlooked—bar and souvenir tee-shirt sales in the theater lobby, press section seating (\$10 like everyone else), good lighting and sound, great choreography and technical effects, not one single break in staging (no delays between acts), emceeding by Mr. Marcus and a well-done printed program.

Cvitanich told the audience that he'd "wanted to produce something that didn't cost \$100 a seat. I wanted to make it accessible to everybody." Much of the evening seemed to be directed at proving local bartenders could entertain as effectively as Debbie Reynolds did at Davies Hall, the high-priced and highly successful fundraising event held last year in San Francisco that I suspect Cvitanich was referring to. They proved it. We were mooned to "Blue Moon" and mooned by a whole stage-full of hot bodybuilders—tits and ass bared like a man. In fact, if you're into getting mooned, allow me to recommend this group. The whole evening was a kind of people's version of the uptown Davies Hall event—kind of a mirror image done with puns as well as buns, innuendos and all of the other vehicles we gays have polished to an art form we call dish. It was like a cross between a gay Three Penny Opera and a Barbary Coast saloon show—all staged in a former burlesque theater for that extra edge of

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YOU HAD TO BE THERE: At West Berlin's Knast Bar (34 Fuggerstrasse), year-end revelers received more than a free drink for their patronage—namely a calendar with a yearful of leather and levi fantasies. The same thing happened at the Knolle Bar, another West Berlin watering hole. It's all part of the community's support of the arts; all the illustrations for the calendars were the work of leather-oriented artists. Availability? You had to be there.

democracy, in sharp contrast to the slick awesomeness of the L.M. Davies Symphony Hall.

Master of Ceremonies Marcus accepted three checks donated spontaneously from the audience, one being from Wally Wallace, owner of the Mineshaft in New York. Wallace's donation highlighted his visit to San Francisco, which had otherwise included his presentation of a video viewing at the Caldron of the Mineshaft Man Contest he'd held at his famous bar last November. He successfully sparked an evening of sleazy fun on this coast to match what had happened on the other coast the night of his contest.

The other event was the SFGDI 10th Anniversary Cocktail Party and Buffet Dinner for 250 invited guests. It was an elegant affair that was too much fun to be described as formal, and one short skit—a

tap dance routine—showed off one of the SFGDI's strongest traits, irreverence practiced with the polish of art.

Another bit of theater that will already have taken place by the time this hits the streets is San Francisco's Barbary Coasters MC Annual Motorcycle Awards—formerly known as the Academy Awards—slated for February 18. The club intersperses awards presentations to other clubbers in SF with a theatrical review. The Warlocks MC will be throwing its Annual Pre-Awards Party at the Eagle, while the SF Cheaters MC hold their simultaneously scheduled Cherry Blossom Festival at the Watering Hole. The SFGDI's annual Winners' Circle will follow the awards event.

UPCOMING

Planning for another show of major importance on the San Francisco club



scene is the annual Casualty Capers. It's a camp theatrical and musical review to raise money for the Inter-Club Fund (ICF), a council comprised of representatives from San Francisco's clubs that raises and disburses funds to club members in emergency need. The ICF has picked committee chairs who've begun pulling together the advance work for the show, which is slated for April 24.

Anyone who has been on motorcycle club runs knows the importance of theater in that setting. No camp is complete without camp, regardless of whether the host is the Satyr's MC (L.A.) or the Texas collectively-hosted Rosebud run. Although their flyer was delivered too late to be able to give them advance promo in this column, the Pennsmen's 7th Anniversary Capital Weekend, February 18-19, will have given those attending a flash of show business, and good reason

to return to Harrisburg, PA, for any future events. The Crucible MC of Pittsburgh, PA, will celebrate its second anniversary the weekend of March 23-25. That weekend will feature a visit and contests sponsored by the North Coast Knights (Cleveland) on Friday and a "Whips on Wheels" program by the Chicago Hellfire Club on Saturday. (For more information, contact The Crucible MC, Box 2951, Pittsburgh, PA. \$50 registration tag).

Another bit of show biz occurs annually (March 31-April 1) when leathermen from all over the country converge on L.A.'s PROBE for their Black Party. An anticipated 1500 partiers will be treated to 36 hours of entertainment—including featured attraction Sylvester and an exclusive show/sale of original art and souvenir book by the Hun. If you plan to attend, send \$25 per ticket to Mr. Hank Berger, Mgr., PROBE, 836 N. Highland

Ave., L.A., CA, 90038.

Mark Chester, San Francisco's iconic graphic bondage master, whose work has appeared in this magazine from time to time in the past, has slated a bondage performance at Studio Rhino for February 18. Studio Rhino is downstairs from Theater Rhinoceros, and houses "the more controversial" artistic efforts in the community. (Note that I said "bondage performance" rather than "demonstration.")

We're also informed by STUDS that they're planning an event entitled "Hides of March" that will run from March 9-11.

If that list of action doesn't convince you that there are a lot of leathermen out there doing everything from building community to just plain showing off, theatrically or otherwise, then consider another part of our scene: contests.

The contests held regionally to pick candidates to the Mr. Drummer Contest held annually in San Francisco, as well as the myriad local contests held in cities across the country to pick candidates for the International Mr. Leather Contest that's held in Chicago annually, all entail plenty of theater.

Another example is the Rodeo, literally the prototype of our bike club runs. Rodeos feature skill contests, and those whose skills have been polished to the point that they define and redefine prance, perform in horsemanship shows. There are dancing exhibitions, barn dances and buffets, live bands and all manner of attendant parties that in one fashion or another become theatrical displays. It all has to be orchestrated with the same attention to details such as timing, technical effects, choreography and the other elements that make theater theatrical.

The famous Reno National Gay Rodeo (RNGR), founded and produced by President Phil Ragsdale of the RNGR Association, has been joined by three other rodeo associations to hammer out another rodeo detail—standard rules. The Colorado Gay Rodeo Association (CGRA), the Texas Gay Rodeo Association (TGRA) and the Pacific Coast Rodeo and Horsemen's Association (PCRHA), are reportedly coming to grips with items that "will include rules for each event, all-around qualifications, all-around point calculations and standard day money payoff procedures." Another way that the RNGRA has been joined is by CGRA plans to host a second annual rodeo in Denver, and the TGRA planning its first this year in Houston. The PCRHA has scheduled "Playdays" in April, June and September that amount to lower-profile events than full-scale rodeos, but the size of the stage makes it no less "theatrical" as we've defined it here.

If you have begun to feel as though you're drowning in greasepaint, don't panic. We're all in it together.

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—Tom Rogers

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THE BIG BITE

Writer Allan Eagles recently sent us a clipping from the Des Moines Register with the headline "Angry Motorist Bites State Trooper's [REDACTED]." What is [REDACTED]? Eagles censored the offensive word throughout the clipping, and isn't telling. The story goes like this:

"State Trooper Mark Schumacher could still see the teeth marks Monday that were imprinted on his [REDACTED] by an angry motorist eight days ago.

" 'I'm still sore,' Schumacher said in a phone interview... 'When it happened, I was wondering if the man was going to bite it off. When he was pulled out of the car, he dragged me right along with my [REDACTED] clenched in his teeth...'

"The Biting incident took place... shortly after Schumacher arrested Michael H. Madole and charged him with drunken driving...

" 'He seemed frustrated and upset and suddenly without provocation he back-handed me with his left fist,' recalled the trooper. 'He hit me three times—breaking my glasses and my nose. I was calling for assistance and he grabbed my [REDACTED] and clenched it in his teeth and twisted it. He just wouldn't let go...'

"Schumacher, 29, a trooper for seven years, said his [REDACTED] was "twisted pretty good" and "I was bleeding. It took two policemen and three troopers to get the handcuffs on him." Schumacher said he did not need a tetanus shot because he received one two months ago."

We sincerely hope that the state trooper and his [REDACTED] have fully recovered.

COCKS WITH HINGES?

In response to a reader's question, Cecil Adams, "Straight Dope" columnist for the *Chicago Reader*, recently concluded that there are no effective devices for enlarging the penis. But, in interviewing Dr. James Smolev of John Hopkins Hospital, Adams did get the "straight dope" on various forms of penile "implant" surgery, widely used to help impotent males achieve erection.

"The simplest and consequently most widely used technique," writes Adams,

On location with the 'Drummer girl'



BUT—THERE ARE NO DRUMMER GIRLS: Actress Diane Keaton takes a break during the filming of the John le Carre bestseller, *The Little Drummer Girl*, being shot on location on Israel's West Bank. The "Annie Hall look" is out; "dressed to kill" is in. Photo by Micha Bar-Am for The Jerusalem Post.

"consists of a pair of silicone rods that are inserted into the penis via a surgical incision. The chief drawback of this method is that you are left with a permanent erection, which can be something of an embarrassment in public restrooms and whatnot." (Speak for yourself, Cecil.)

"To get around this problem, an improved type of rod, which I regard as a splendid example of Yankee ingenuity, comes with a hinge in the middle. Yet another type consists of a silicone shell with a flexible silver braid inside... which can be bent to suit the occasion. Many interesting and artistic effects can be achieved this way."

There is also the inflatable implant, by which inflatable cylinders in the penis can be blown up via a squeeze pump in the scrotum and a reservoir near the bladder filled with "the penile equivalent of brake fluid" (giving new meaning to the plea, "Squeeze my balls"). "The disadvantage here is that the cylinders sometimes leak, resulting in a mortifying loss of pressure that all males can readily identify with."

Adams ends by noting that finding the right size implant is often the touchiest part of the procedure. One size does not fit all, so "one manufacturer offers rods in something like eight sizes, ranging up to an awesome nine inches..." □

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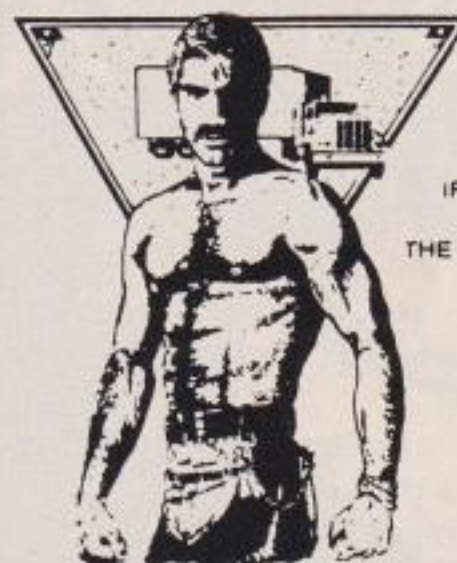


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DRUM MEDIA VIDEO

INDEPENDENTS & AMATEURS

Four new videotapes from three new independent gay producers underscore the wide possibilities open to the viewer, and indicate specific places on the scale of expertise currently available from alternative videomakers. But first off, there are no zeros among these four titles; each, if only in its own way, has something tangible going for it.

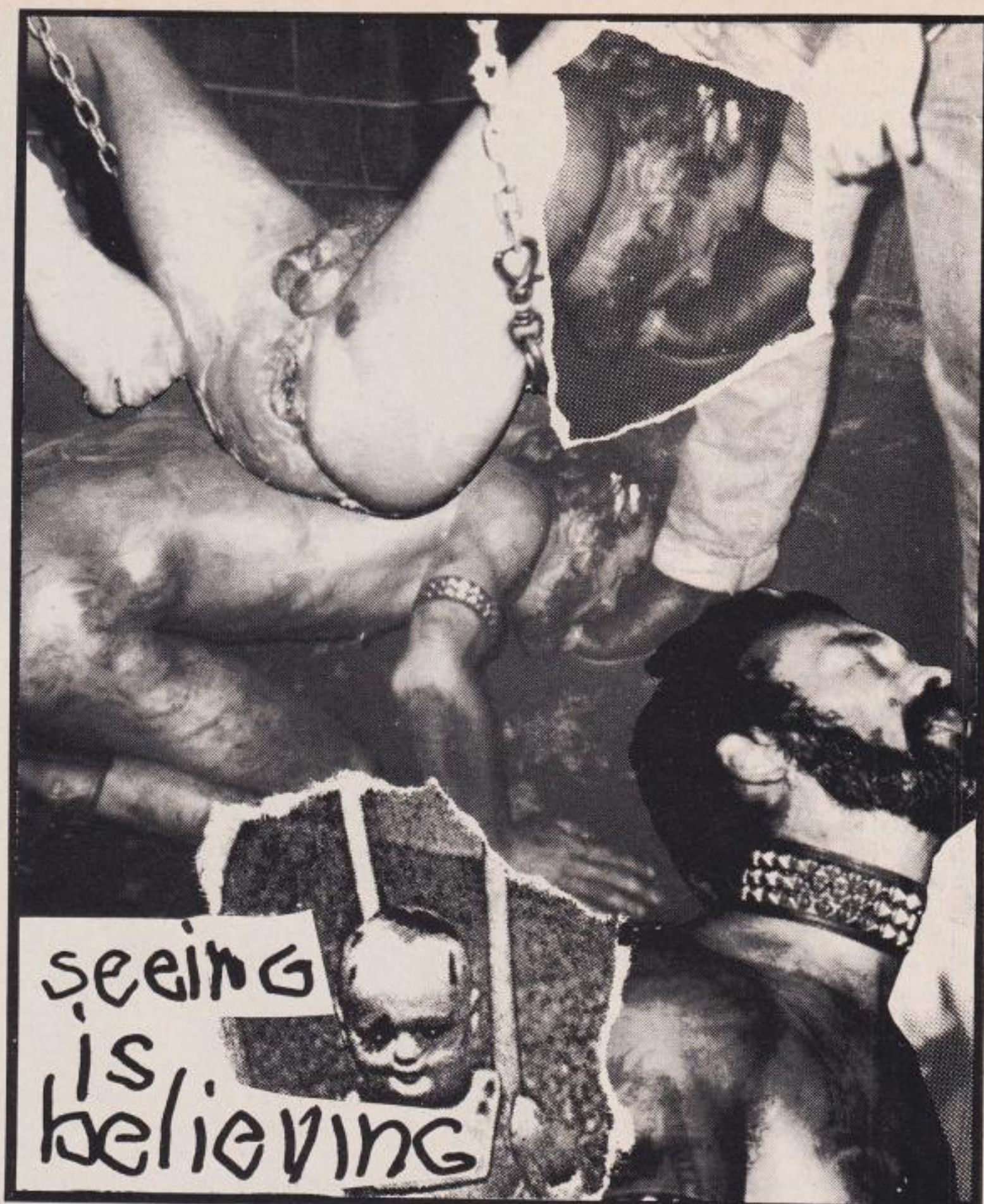
I have often (and sometimes I am told *too loudly*) complained about the lack of responsiveness to the consumer among some of the major video producers: Too many overpriced one-hour titles; too many old 8mm loops repackaged into shiny bright boxes that are themselves a thousand times better than the material they contain; too much buck-chasing with too little concern for the tastes and intelligence of the consumer. Not all major video producers are guilty of these sins of commercialism, and the one lesson we have learned from the mainstream entertainment industry holds sway in this market: No one stays in the business unless they make money—so some of the major video companies, in their attempt to satisfy the largest possible market (read: highest profit return) rut themselves in a low-creativity, high-tech quality, don't-argue-with-success mode. That's unfortunate, because it means *all* the chances have to be taken by the one group least able to take chances: The independent amateur videomaker.

I have yet to see an absolute piece of dreck from the hands of independent videomakers. True, in some instances, the technical quality doesn't match the mass-market masters—but independent video producers usually make up in creativity and daring what they lack in processed imagery. Daring never comes from the mainstream. Creativity is the category in which the establishment dabbles least. Bigger dicks, bigger muscles—yes. Socially unacceptable sexual behavior—never.

Paradise Pictures began with a solo video called *Erik*, a cop-biker with tight uniforms, shiny black leather, and a real exhibitionist streak. The newest from Paradise is *Chris & Erik*; the cop is back, but this time he has a buddy who has a liking for leather and light humiliation. The long

Chris & Erik, Paradise Pictures, 1984; features entire cast; 70m minutes; color/sound; Beta/VHS; \$49 postpaid; signed statement required; Paradise Pictures, Box 765, Encino, CA 91316.

(for two characters) video begins with Erik driving up on his motorcycle and disembarking, showing off his crisp tan uniform and full crotch. The one-camera setup necessitates his strutting a good deal to show off every inch of his tall, lean



frame—which seems to be exactly what he has in mind.

When Erik gets indoors the uniform comes off, piece by teasing piece. Again, due to the one-camera operation, we get a series of coming and going crotch shots, a few master shots, and a lot of compromising between camera and subject to make sure we see awkward combinations like boots *and* crotch in the same frame.

When Chris shows up, he's dressed in some of the most unusual leather gear you've ever seen—pieces designed by a leathersmith with a fetish for the complicated. From head to toe, encased and strapped-in, it's hard to tell who's under the costume (I thought it was Erik until I saw them together later).

Then a short diversion: Two men wearing CHP pants and boots, shot from the waist down, digging out each other's cock, jockeying for cocksucking positions on a small black platform.

Then it's showtime for Chris (decidedly the bottom) and Erik (without a doubt, the top), and uniforms give way to various leather items and the action regears for the next three-quarters of an hour.

The focus of *Chris & Erik* is the fetish

—Images from the *Slave & Master Video* series aspects of uniforms and leather. Seeing men as goodlooking as these (Erik's natural blond body and uncut meat absolutely perfect in the guise of the policeman; Chris' chisled and handsome dark looks matched by his leather) in clothing as sexually-specific and sexually-infused is what makes the videocassette noteworthy in spite of its lack of professional optical skills. Sound is natural and oftentimes as interesting as the action. Editing is minimal (but it's there) and conscientious under the circumstances. Paradise Pictures has a return policy that is unique among video producers. All in all, Paradise is to be encouraged.

Slave & Master Video started production last year, and what they lack in video expertise they have made up in both dar-

Foot Fuck, directed by Dave Nesor, Slave & Master Video, 1984; features entire cast; 60 minutes; color/sound; Beta/VHS; \$85 (\$3 postage and handling); signed statement required; S&M Video, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610.

ing and sheer proliferation of usually taboo subject matter. These guys just don't seem to be interested in doing any-

thing that fits in the commonplace. Their first two titles of the new year are balls-to-the-wall explicit and striking.

Foot Fuck is an hour of exactly what the title implies. Donut, the centerpiece of an earlier S&M Video, *Everything But The Kitchen Sink*, is back to receive yet another appendage in his quest for the absolute all-time asshole entry. The foot belongs to another S&M Video star from last year, who has graduated from being a bottom to a... well, we can't assume he's a top yet, but at least he isn't hanging from the ceiling by his wrists *this time*. *Foot Fuck* looks to have been shot in real time, the two principals bouncing off the walls of someone's basement as they try every position they can imagine, defying the laws of logic. At one point, Donut is tied to a cross and his partner invades from the floor below. It's an aggressive encounter made all the more so by the live sound track; Donut growls, screams, whoops, and carries on like a man with a foot up his ass. Tech quality is independent-average.

The Terrible Trilogy, on the other hand, may well be their best-realized title. Three different situations with extremely different *raison d'être* make up this cassette.

A large cast is sprinkled throughout this trilogy (maybe the largest committed group of hardcore deviates S&M Video has ever employed) that works its way through bondage, beatings, enemas, water sports, fisting, and the grand finale—but we'll save that for later.

The Terrible Trilogy, directed by Dave Nesor, Slave & Master Video, 1984; features entire cast; 60 minutes; color/sound; Beta/VHS; \$85 (\$3 postage and handling); signed statement required; S&M Video, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610.

"Under The Lash" introduces a young man with an extremely large number of genital piercings—through his cock, through his testicles, ring after ring after ring. Leather Rick, another standby from this production company, wields a mean lash against the tender but durable flesh of the pierced captive. While the action is consistent with the authentic quality of activity in all Slave and Master Video productions, it's a calm prelude to the hysteria that follows.

"Through the Flood" follows fast on the heels of the first segment. Here the old adage "Put a man in a bathtub and someone will piss on him" was never truer. But, ironically, this segment started out being about a wine enema administered by Leather Rick to a reclined and extremely willing young man suspended over the top of a tub. While he is having his bowels filled with *rose*, various and sundry men march up and let go over his porcine form, including the pierced stud from the first segment—and if you doubted all that piercing was real, wait until you see his outpouring, which resembles a lawn sprinkler at full force.

The wine finds its way out, more men



—From *The Return to Alcatraz*

come to the call of the tub (a number come back for a second watering), and various organs find their way into the wine lover's equally accepting mouth.

"Out of the Womb" completes *The Terrible Trilogy*, and it is here that the hysteria of Slave & Master Video comes full circle (define *hysteria* as a completely anarchistic state of mind in which the concept of limitations is anathema). Amid a multi-top fisting scene, old standby Donut goes into cramps. Well, maybe not cramps. The cocksucking and ass whipping is halted mid-stroke. Donut wails and grasps his corpulent stomach. It's... labor! The doctor is summoned (this doctor wears jeans and boots under his lab coat). Donut is gently laid back in the sling. Fuck buddies gather around. Tentatively, the doctor inserts a fist up Donut's gaping ass. More wails. Gently, he eases out the first asshole baby ever to be brought to term. And the funny thing is, it looks more like Burt from *Sesame Street* than it resembles Donut or any of his many sexual indiscretions. Everyone congratulates the new... whatever and his... whatever.

The Terrible Trilogy—either boldly or mindlessly, that's for the viewer to decide—goes where no porn video has ever dared go before, and that's the hallmark of all the Slave & Master Video productions.

Tech quality is average for this company, although it has been steadily improving title by title. Sound is good to excellent (good in part of *The Terrible Trilogy*, excellent in other parts, excellent throughout in *Foot Fuck*).

Ranch House Video II is the second 90-minute selection of random activity from D.T. Enterprises, another independent video producer. This is the closest thing to high-quality homegrown porn on the gay market. The decided difference between the *Ranch House Video* series and someone getting off in front of their home video camera is the intensity of the sexual vision inherent in this pro-

duction. One-camera setup, here used to an extremely good advantage, focuses on the general points of contact; extreme close-ups are abundant and, more times than not, strikingly well realized. The sheer intensity of the sex is notable; some sections seem taped in real time; relentless high-powered assplowing is matched by firm-handed ass spanking, genital abuse, and whip-wielding.

Ranch House Video II promotes itself as unrehearsed, and the spontaneity of the people involved (there must be about 20) is the high-selling point of the production. The orgasms are intense (as well as plentiful), the sex scenes—and there are nothing *but* sex scenes—stripped of any pretensions. The live sound sometimes means all your hear is the slap of a hand or flesh against flesh; sometimes the coarse

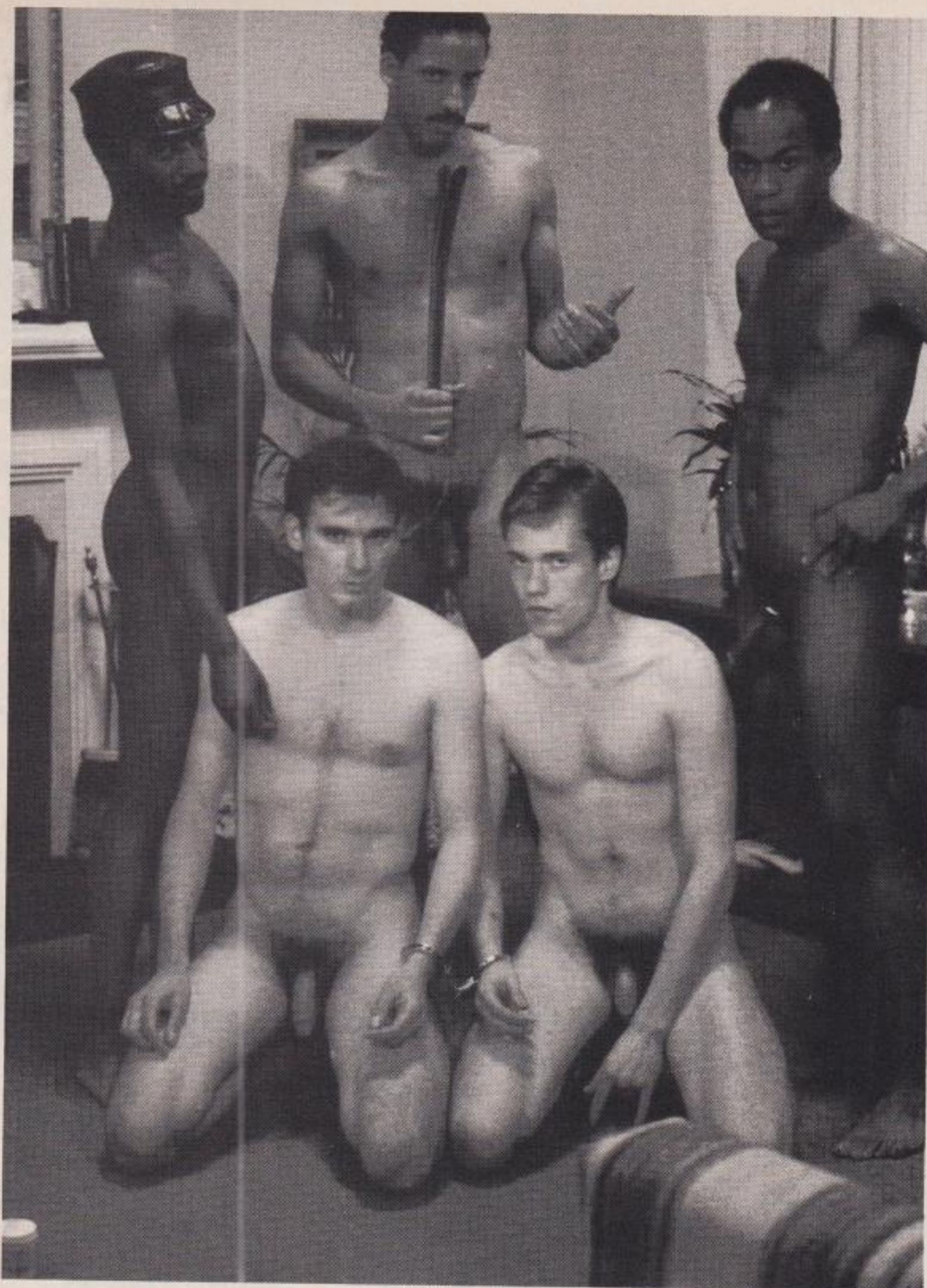
Ranch House Video II, D.T. Enterprises, 1984; features entire cast; 90 minutes; color/sound; Beta/VHS; \$85 postpaid; signed statement required; D.T. Enterprises, 7131 Owensmouth No. B7, Canoga Park, CA 91303.

and provocative instructions of one or another hyper-dominate man to his equally hyper-submissive partner.

You can imagine that the ample ninety minutes was culled from hours of real-time tape, so exacting is the vision of the producer to create a fairly seamless flow of activity that stretches out over the hour and a half without ever becoming boring or even uninterestingly commonplace.

Ranch House Video II also has some of the healthiest orgasms I think I've ever seen gush out on the screen—and I wonder what kind of diets these guys are on. Thick, endless cords of semen jettison from worked and strained balls in undoc-tored profusion.

But the real bonus of this particular title is that the men, while a mix of sexual types, are neither the hairless young overly-hung and undernourished porn stars too often touted as fantasy stereotypes, nor overweight and dour blimps with looks that could stop a clock or genitals that time forgot—instead, *Ranch*



—From *The Return to Alcatraz*

House Video II offers a nice spread of your basic healthy everyday types with enough oversized equipment among them to turn a brunch into an orgy. And these guys are committed to getting down and getting dirty, their finest attribute.

Technical quality is above average, action is for the initiated and downright nasty—not for the novice.

ABSOLUTE SHIT

Pay close attention, I'm going to tell you why *The Return to Alcatraz* is the worst gay video on the market.

The Return to Alcatraz, directed by Pablo Cottone, Janus Video, 1984; starring Walter Omar, features entire cast; 60 minutes; color/sound; no price listed; Beta/VHS; Janus Video Corporation; no ordering information listed.

This videocassette has about as much to do with Alcatraz, even as a device, as does your Aunt Tilly's bread pudding. In fact,

bread pudding is a perfect metaphor for this cassette: slightly hard on the outside and mush under the surface.

First the story: Three convicts, fresh fish to the infamous prison on the rock in San Francisco Bay, are marched into the Warden's office by a guard/trustee who is hard to distinguish from his charges. Seems the three were involved in a robbery. The Warden, played by Walter Omar (Walter Omar?) tells the cons that unless they give up the location of the loot, he'll have their asses. And in case they don't understand exactly what he means, he has the guard/trustee strip down one of them and commands him to fuck the con up the ass. So far, so good. However, there are two things immediately wrong by this point: *that's all of the plot for the duration of the cassette and the guard/trustee does not and can not get a hard-on for a good ten to fifteen minutes.* But then again, erections are not

a major part of this exercise in mindless drivel.

Back to the beginning. This is an interracial video: Walter Omar, the Warden, is black. He's also dressed in preppie clothes that not even a Warden in the '20s would have worn (just in case we are to believe this takes place in the 1920s). He's a nice looking guy—in fact, he's a very hot man. But he suffers from terminal soft-on. The guard/trustee is black, as is one of the convicts. The other two convicts are white. A few words about *them*. They are the only ones who seem to be sexually involved in what is going on. That translates to: they are the only members of the cast capable of getting the almighty erection.

Now let's examine the premise. Forget that this is a one-set operation. The Warden's office looks like (and probably was) someone's living room. The "prison" motif is suggested by a pair of cheap bars covering the living room entrance. Otherwise it's rental furniture and potted Boston ferns—there isn't even a desk.

After the hour is over, and after the non-hard cocks have managed to give up the "wet shot," the Warden sends the convicts away, telling them that until they confess where the loot is they can expect more of the same (believe me, I'd tell in a fast minute if I thought this was the alternative), then winks at the viewer that "they fall for it every time."

An aside: The box says this cassette is 75 minutes. Strictly speaking, that's true. But *The Return to Alcatraz* is 60 minutes, the filler is previews of other titles made by Janus Video Corporation. Which gets me to my next point. This was made by a company that makes heterosexual bondage films, sometimes adding interracial sex as a bonus. I don't think they've ever made a gay film before, I don't think anyone connected with them is gay, and I think that's the single most obvious thing about *Alcatraz*. Here is a gay porn tape with no gay sensibility.

No one looks like they are enjoying what they are doing in *Alcatraz*, so the focus has to switch to the director, Pablo Cottone—because if you can't get convincing performances out of your cast, what good are you? Mr. Cattone should retire from gay videomaking in general, and from gay bondage and discipline videomaking entirely. There's more B&D in that famous bread pudding we spoke of than there is in this "infamous" (to quote the box) "classic."

The lackluster sexual performances are jazzed up with some wonderful state-of-the-art video manipulations, and Carlo D'Amore's camerawork is so superior to this feature than it makes the contents look all the more ludicrous.

Do yourself a favor—don't even waste your rental bucks on *The Return to Alcatraz*. This kind of crap shouldn't be encouraged.

—John W. Rowberry

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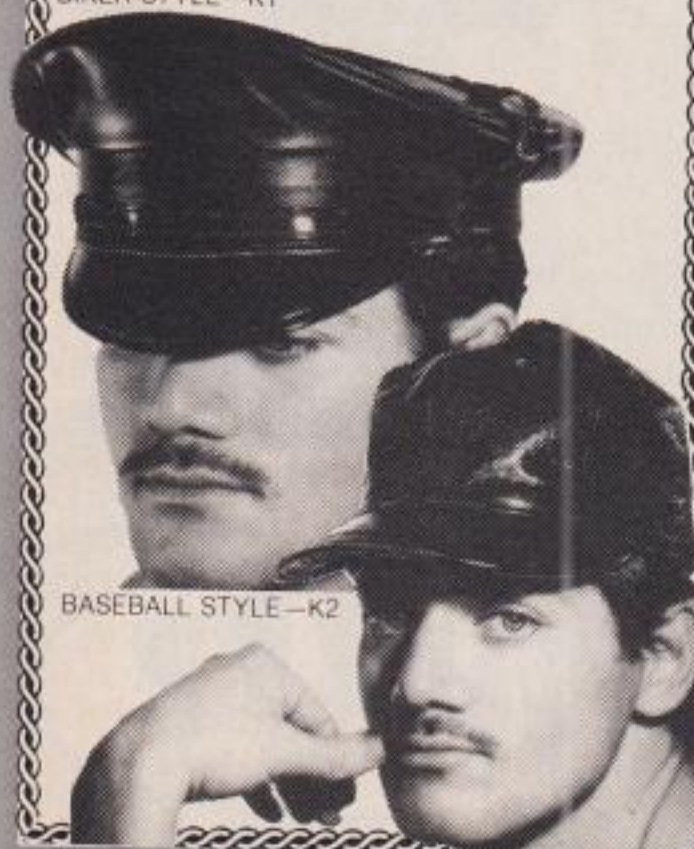
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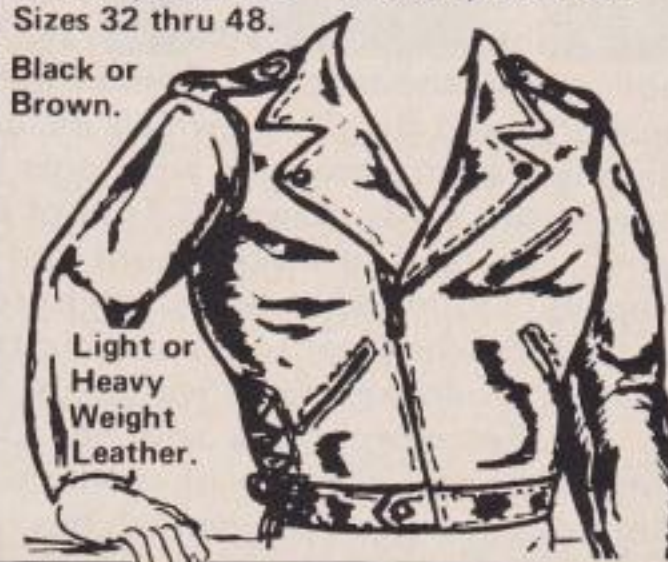
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DRUMMEDIA BOOKS

ANARCHY/ANARCOMA

One of the most unusual finds of the season: *Anarcoma*, a full-blown, full-color, hardcore, hardcover underground comic book by Spanish artist and iconoclast Nazario (Catalan Communications, 62 pages, \$9.95). Like a novel by William Burroughs or a film by Kenneth Anger, *Anarcoma* defies description—but I'll try.

I'll start with *Anarcoma* herself, the hero/heroine of this eye-popping adventure. Like her creator, she's Spanish, but her most notable characteristics (like the comic book medium itself) are fairly universal—at least among a particular set of potential readers. *Anarcoma* is a tough-as-nails, hard-boiled detective in the Sam Spade/film noir tradition; a sexual hedonist to rival the Marquis de Sade; and, as described by Nazario, "a famous drag queen... very proud of her splendid cock" (and, I assume, of her silicone-enlarged breasts as well). She likes "sunning on the beach, out-running the cops when they catch her hustling, kicking ass, and screwing her brains out... She's a mixture, in body and soul, of Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart."

Anarcoma is also a pinball fanatic, and likes nothing better than being screwed from behind while making the colored lights flash and the score counter whirl in ecstasy. The one most frequently doing the screwing is her lover, a hairy, hunky daddy-type with a big cock and an irresistible bald spot. He wears leather. His name is XM2. He's a robot.

Things get stranger from here on.

The plot of *Anarcoma* involves the search for a mysterious machine created by one Professor Onliyu, not quite a mad doctor, but definitely a little dizzy. The police want the machine. So do Captain Seahorse and his Gang (which includes Blondy, "a handsome guy who looks like one of the studs drawn by Tom of Finland"). So do The Black Count and his Knights of Saint Repressit, a strange group of fanatics who wear robes and bizarrely painted shoeboxes over their heads. And so do Metamorphosina and her One-Eyed Piranhas, a group of modern-day Amazons who wear eye-patches and black leather outfits that leave their breasts bare. "They could be feminists," Nazario tells us, "but it wouldn't make much difference."

These characters are easy enough to catalogue; I won't even attempt to recite the plot, except to say that there are enough murders, seductions, weird plot twists and dazzling imagery to satisfy the most demanding deviant reader. Very violent, very raunchy, very graphic.

It's noteworthy that *Anarcoma* comes to these shores from Spain, a country



noted for a long history of artistic innovation, and for alternating periods of political anarchy and repression. It puts its American counterparts to shame; you'd never see anything like *Anarcoma* in the sexist, terminally adolescent pages of *Heavy Metal*. Even the *Gay Comix* series, I'm sorry to say, has never given us anything remotely approaching Nazario's sophistication and daring.

About Nazario: *Anarcoma* is prefaced with three introductions which I wish told us more about him and his work. These introductions are apparently translated directly from the Spanish edition of the book, and seem to presume more back-

ground knowledge of the artist and the European comic/art scene than most of *Anarcoma*'s American readers are likely to possess; they also approach Nazario and his work with such intellectual gravity (and perhaps pretension?) that they'll be of little interest to anyone except those already inducted into "the semiology of comics."

Perhaps the Spanish take their underground comics more seriously than do Americans; perhaps they need to. *Anarcoma* is revolutionary, startling, and fascinating to look at in any language.

—Aaron Travis



DRUMEDIA

MOVIES

WHEN THIS YOU SEE, REMEMBER ME

Burroughs, a documentary film on William S. Burroughs, directed by Howard Brookner.

Whoever Says the Truth Shall Die, a documentary film on Pier Paolo Pasolini, directed by Philo Bregstein.

There is a simple truth attached to both these new biographies. As an angry colleague of Pasolini's put it: "The deaths of homosexuals are not examined closely." Nor are their lives, nor their celebrity, nor their artistry—until others, gay or not, decide otherwise and, as in these films, act upon it.

The two subjects have nothing in common, except that they and their muses are a healthy outrage upon the century and the Western World. It is presently acceptable to discuss their homosexuality, thus arriving at what looks to be a broader, truer picture of an element that permeates their work; but in fact it calls up the shades of Burrough's *Wild Boys* "bending sexward" with his all-male entourage to join with Pasolini's *ragazzi di vita*, the Roman and Genoese street hustlers, to exorcise all taboos.

The subject of *Burroughs*, touching a zesty 70, is still blazing a showman's trail through America's and England's underground havens, the momentum of a long-lost social and literary Beat movement fueling the journey across campuses and into pop punk clubs, performing to extraordinarily mixed-generational audiences. In originally styled novels such as *The Wild Boys*, *Cities of the Red Night*, and now *The Place of Dead Roads*, he has penned, literally, and transfixed, with the driest of scatological wits, a framework of revolutionary youth culture. His messages are still new, if no longer shocking or difficult of access, and Burroughs is very much alive and there when his friends come to talk about him.

Brookner's documentary began as a film school project and took off when Burroughs unexpectedly approved it and agreed to participate. It is polished to a high gloss with montage clips, interviews, strolls through a St. Louis past (where young Bill "chased skirts...with a thunder in his breast"), a tour of his male bastion, The Bunker (a converted locker-room loft), a frowzy Allen Ginsberg ("He fell in love with me and we slept together"), the likes of Patti Smith and Lauren Hutton, and Brion Gysin passing on the secret of the cut-up technique. Burroughs himself gives up the exploited "mystery" of his wife's sensationalized killing and puts up with, presumably, the

embarrassing presumption of the young, naive assistant who would appropriate the filial attentions due Burrough's late son, Billy.

The stories of eight years in "the white canyons of Tangiers" seen through a fog of junk, freestyle writing and "the smeared arabesque of a dancing boy's ass" are fade-outs into hilarious episodes of readings, or a bloody, excruciating scene from his own *Naked Lunch*, with Burroughs playing the Dr. Benway character, "I'd like to kill somebody before I die," says Burroughs, demonstrating a lethal blowpipe from his private arsenal. "Preferably one of those fag-baiters. We're a precarious minority; we ought to fight for our lives." He is candid and cunningly provocative, this purse-lipped Ichabod Crane, a calculated mix of ingeniousness and sophistication. With all its chat of violence and emotionless sex, *Burroughs* is a major and highly optimistic entertainment.



Pasolini and slum boys on the beach at Ostia, outside Rome. Photo by Jerry Bauer.

The object of *Whoever Says the Truth* was the son of a changing Italy, a pacifist leftist radical, imagist Mannerist mythic poet, neorealistic filmmaker and heretic. He is very much dead as far as corporeal essence goes, and the mystery of his death is the underlying theme of a film presented in elevated language and philosophy, haunted by graphic visualizations of a mangled corpse. As a friend put it in another context, "I didn't come to talk about Pasolini as an artist. Who killed him, and why isn't there an investigation?"

Philo Bregstein is a Dutch filmmaker, a seasoned professional who approached Pasolini in light of the continued and growing controversy over his death in 1975. He draws together—perhaps as smoothly as possible under the volatile circumstances—a rough-cut picture of awed appreciation and righteous anger from Pasolini's friends on the isolated

heights of the Western European intelligentsia. It is a compendium of talking heads and speaking books, poetry, religion and politics, painted in with intriguing excerpts from Pasolini's filmmaking career: pieces of the groundbreaking *Accatone*, the outrageously updated *Oedipus Rex*, and the heretical, passionate *Gospel According to St. Matthew*, among others.

Pasolini's collective biographers are proud, defensive and sometimes smugly simplistic, as with novelist Alberto Moravia: "He was homosexual in an absolute sense; therefore, he loved his mother and hated his father in the classic Oedipal sense...a masochist, identifying with women, never with the executioner." This, of the exposé of hypocrisy, the expositor of pornography, the confirmed anti-facist who saw far over the heads of his Marxist contemporaries.

One of the fascinating qualities of this film is that it captures praise on both sides

of this complex and far-reaching genius. Whom he did not outrage with bawdy classics (*Arabian Nights*, the *Decameron*, *Canterbury Tales*), he shocked with the political implications and oppressive sadism of *Salò*. It was the making of these films, particularly the last, together with Pasolini's prolific essays and articles against all forms of repression that, it is suggested strongly, may have motivated what is now believed to be his death by planned assassination—rather than a 17-year-old Judas goat's "homosexual panic."

Pasolini's scrawl in grease pencil across the bottom of his last sketch series reads: "The world doesn't want me any more, but doesn't know it yet." Not the way Burroughs would say it, but a feeling is there. An answer lies at the intrepid heart of both films: I am that I am, and to hell with the world.

—Ponni Kimmel

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Magnesium (Amino acid chelate)	350 mg	87%
Silica	500 mcg	***
Vanadium	75 mcg	***

POTENCY %RDA

Vitamin D3	1000IU	25%
Iodine	225 mcg	150%
Iron (Amino acid chelate)	20 mg	111%
Potassium aspartate	55 mg	***
Selenium	150 mcg	***
Molybdenum	50 mcg	***
GTF Chromium	200 mcg	***
Zinc (Amino acid chelate)	100 mg	667%
Copper (Amino acid chelate)	2 mg	100%
Manganese	20 mg	***
Prostate tissue	50 mg	***
Thymus	10 mg	***
Adrenal	50 mg	***
L-Lysine	750 mg	***
L-Phenylalanine	25 mg	***
L-Glutamine	25 mg	***
L-Ornithine	25 mg	***
L-Tyrosine	25 mg	***
Saw palmetto	150 mg	***
Sarsaparilla	50 mg	***
Echinacea	300 mg	***
Lemon Balm	125 mg	***
Taraxacum	20 mg	***
Licorice	25 mg	***

***No US RDA established for these ingredients

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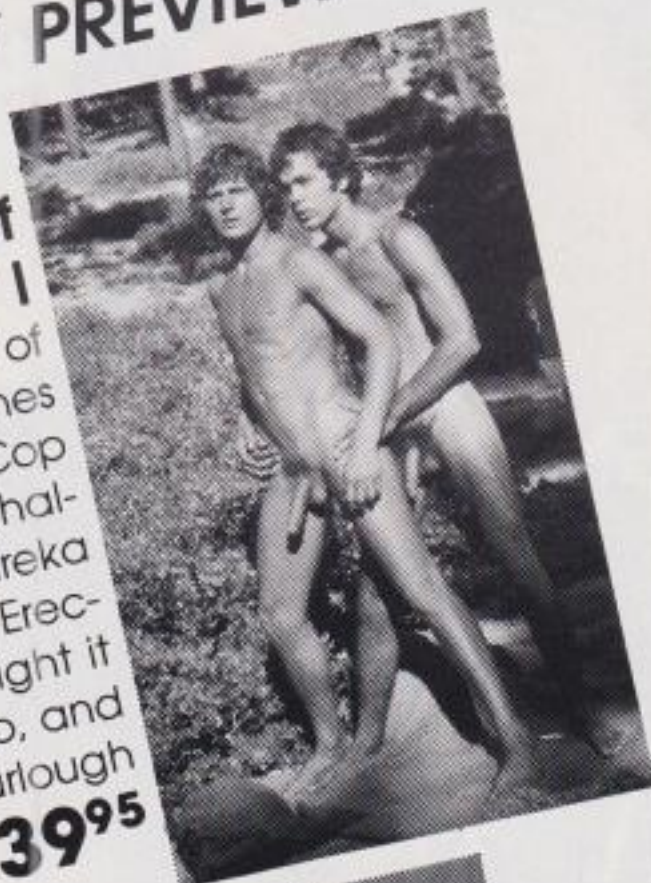
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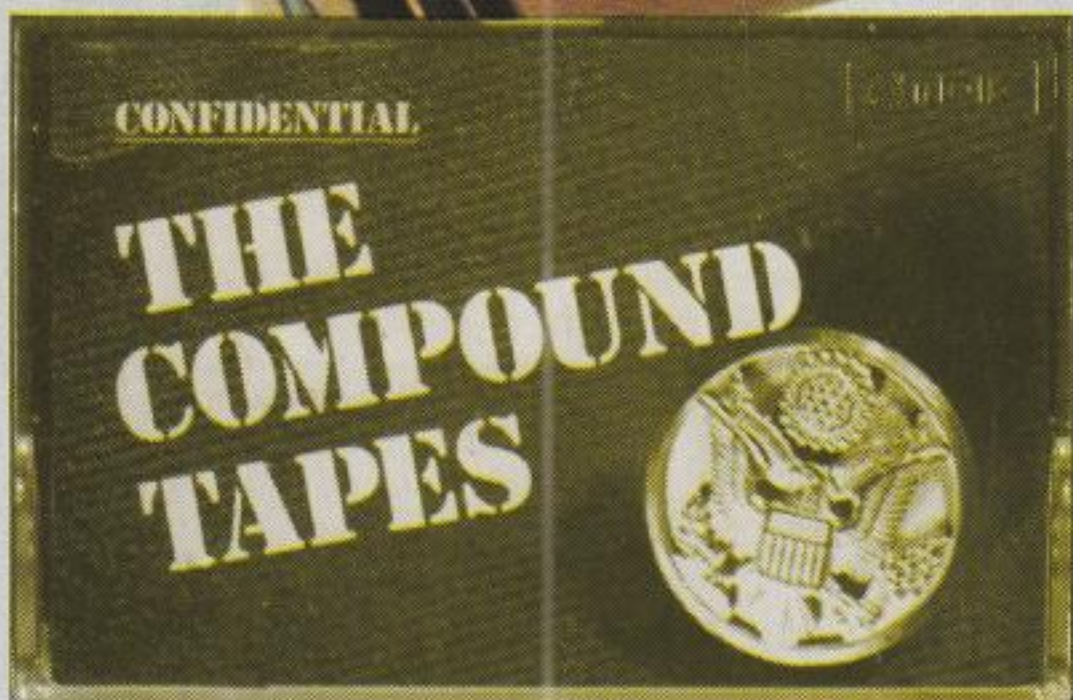
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